Google

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

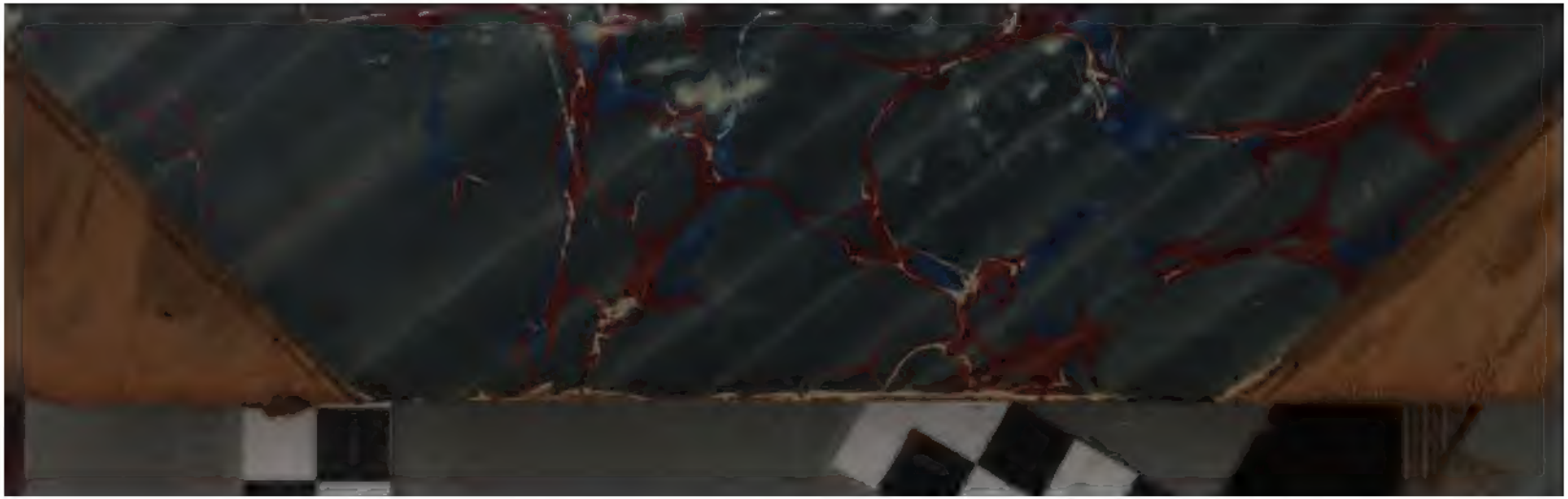
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/



052
91

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. 168.

PUBLISHED IN

JANUARY & APRIL, 1889.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1889.

100436

BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY)

LONDON:
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS, Limited,
Stamford Street and Charing Cross.

CONTENTS

OF

No. 335.

Art.		Page
I.	Lord Beaconfield's Letters, 1830–1852; New Edition of 'Home Letters and Correspondence with his Sister,' with additional Letters and Notes. Edited by his Brother. London, 1887 - - - - -	1
II.	Mémoires d'un Royaliste. Par le Comte de Falloux. In two volumes. Paris, 1888 - - - - -	43
III.	1. The Makers of Venice—Doges, Conquerors, Painters, and Men of Letters. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of 'The Makers of Florence.' With illustrations by R. R. Holmes, F.S.A. London, 1888.	
	2. Venezia, e le sue Lagune. Venezia, 1847.	
	3. Monumenti per servire alla storia del Palazzo Ducale di Venezia: ovvero serie di atti publici dal 1253, al 1797, che variamente lo reguardono, tratti dai Veneti archivii, e coordinati da Giambattista Lorenzi, coadjutore della Biblioteca Marciana. Venetia, MDCCCLXIII.	
	4. La Storia di Venezia nella vita privata, dalle origini, alla caduta della republica. Da P. G. Molmenti. Torino, 1885.	
	5. Life on the Lagoons. By Horatio F. Brown. London, 1884.	
	6. Venetian Studies. By Horatio F. Brown. London, 1887 - - - - - - - - - -	71
IV.	1. Lettere Edite ed Inedite di Camillo Cavour. Raccolte da L. Chiala. Six volumes. Torino, 1884–7.	
	2. Il Conte di Cavour avanti 1848. Per Domenico Berti. Roma, 1886.	
	3. Diario Inedito del Conte di Cavour. Publicato per cura di D. Berti. Roma, 1888 - - - - -	103

Art. Page

V. 1. The Law relating to Betting, Time-Bargains, and Gaming. By G. Herbert Stutfield. London, 1886.
2. Tempted London (Young Men). London, 1888.
3. The Gaming Table. By Andrew Steinmetz. 2 vols. London, 1870.
4. History of Playing Cards. By D. A. Chatto. London, 1848.
5. 'The Guardian,' Oct. 3, 1888 - - - - 136

VI. Lives of Twelve Good Men. I. Martin Joseph Routh. II. Hugh James Rose. III. Charles Marriott. IV. Edward Hawkins. V. Samuel Wilberforce. VI. Richard Lynch Cotton. VII. Richard Greswell. VIII. Henry Octavius Coxe. IX. Henry Longueville Mansel. X. William Jacobson. XI. Charles Page Eden. XII. Charles Longuet Higgins. By John William Burgon, B.D., Dean of Chichester. Sometime Fellow of Oriel College and Vicar of S. Mary-the-Virgin's, Oxford. Second Edition. In two volumes. London, 1888 - - - - - 167

VII. The Life of Sidney, Earl Godolphin, K.G., Lord High Treasurer of England, 1702-1710. By the Hon. Hugh Elliot. London, 1888 - - - - - 198

VIII. 1. The Story of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. By Rev. H. Rowley. London, 1866.
2. The Zambesi and its Tributaries. By David and Charles Livingstone. London, 1865.
3. Memoir of Bishop Mackenzie. By Harvey Goodwin, D.D., Dean of Ely. London, 1864.
4. Livingstone's Last Journals. London, 1874.
5. Memoir of Edward Steere, third Missionary Bishop in Central Africa. By Rev. R. M. Heanley. London, 1888.
6. Tropical Africa. By Henry Drummond. London, 1888.
7. Reports on Slave Trade on the East Coast of Africa, 1887-8. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, Nov. 1888.
8. Mission to Nyassa. By E. D. Young, R.N. London, 1877.
9. Central Africa, a Monthly Record of the Universities' Mission. London, 1888 - - - - - 229

IX. Mr. John Morley's Collected Writings:—Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Critical Miscellanies, Compromise, and Burke. 10 vols. London, 1886–88 249

CONTENTS

OF

No. 336.

Art.		Page
I.	Speeches and Addresses of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 1863–1888. Edited by James Macaulay, A.M., M.D. With a Portrait. London, 1889	281
II.	1. The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., formerly United States Minister in England; Author of 'Rise of the Dutch Republic,' 'History of the United Netherlands,' &c. Edited by George William Curtis. 2 vols. London, 1889.	
	2. John Lothrop Motley, a Memoir. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. London, 1878	297
III.	1. Goethe's Letters to Zelter, with Extracts from those of Zelter to Goethe. Selected, translated, and annotated by A. D. Coleridge, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London, 1887.	
	2. Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret. Translated from the German by John Oxenford. New Edition. London, 1874.	
	3. Life of Goethe. By Heinrich Duntzer. Translated by Thomas W. Lyster, Assistant Librarian, National Library of Ireland. 2 vols. London, 1883.	
	4. Charlotte von Stein, Goethe's Freundin, &c. Von Heinrich Duntzer. Stuttgart, 1874.	
	5. Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe in den Jahren 1794 bis 1805. 2 vols. Stuttgart, 1870	332
IV.	1. Thrift. By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. New Edition. London, 1888.	
	2. The Records of Bankruptcy, from 1869 to 1888	360
V.	Annals of the House of Percy, from the Conquest to the Opening of the Nineteenth Century. By Edward Barrington de Fonblanque. In Two Volumes. London. For Private Circulation only. 1887	393

Art. Page

VI. 1. Heaps of Money. By W. E. Norris. London, 1877.
2. Mademoiselle de Mersac. By the Same. London, 1880.
3. Matrimony. By the Same. London, 1881.
4. No New Thing. By the Same. London, 1883.
5. Thirlby Hall. By the Same. London, 1884.
6. Adrian Vidal. By the Same. London, 1885.
7. The Man of his Word, and other Short Stories. By the Same. London, 1886.
8. The Bachelor's Blunder. By the Same. London, 1886.
9. My Friend Jim. By the Same. London, 1886.
10. Major and Minor. By the Same. London, 1887.
11. Chris. By the Same. London, 1888.
12. The Rogue. By the Same. London, 1888 - - 419

VII.—1. Reports of Committees of Inquiry into Public Offices. 1848–1860.
2. Report on Civil Service Organization. 1853.
3. Orders in Council of 4th June, 1870, and 19th August, 1871, Establishing the System of Open Competition - - - - - - - - - 449
And other Works.

VIII.—1 The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, based on contemporary documents; together with his Letters now first collected. By Edward Edwards. 2 vols. London, 1868.
2. Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, 1552-1618. By James Augustus St. John. 2 vols. London, 1868.
3. Lives of Raleigh. By Louise Creighton, London, 1877; by Edmund Gosse, London, 1886; and others 483
And other Works.

IX.—1. John Wycliffe and his English Precursors. By Professor Lechler. Translated by the late Professor Lorimer. London, 1884
2 Wiclif's Place in History. By Professor Montagu Burrows. London, 1882.
3. John Wiclif; his Doctrine and Work. By Chr. Wordsworth, D.D., late Bishop of Lincoln. London, 1884 - - - - - - - - 503
And other Works.

X. 1. Frau von Stael, ihre Freunde und ihre Bedeutung in Politik und Literatur. Von Lady Blennerhassett, geb. Grafin Leyden. 3 vols. Berlin, 1887.
2. Madame de Stael, her Friends, and her Influence in Politics and Literature. By Lady Blennerhassett. 3 vols. London, 1887 - - - - - - - 532

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Lord Beaconsfield's Letters*, 1830–1852; *New Edition of 'Home Letters and Correspondence with his Sister,' with additional Letters and Notes.* Edited by his Brother. London, 1887.

THE time has not yet come to permit of a full examination and an impartial appreciation of the public life and work of Lord Beaconsfield. The spirit of party is still too high; the eccentricities and foibles which made him a mark for ridicule, and long prevented the recognition of his genius, and the malignant misrepresentations to which he was through life exposed, are still too fresh in the memories of living men to allow of a calm and dispassionate judgment of his character and services as a statesman. We may hope that, ere long, authentic materials will be accessible, which will enable the world to form a true estimate of both, and to do full justice to a man who, with all his faults and failings, is daily rising in public estimation, and who is destined to hold a very high place in the history of his country. Those materials are known to be in the hands of Lord Rowton, Lord Beaconsfield's faithful and attached friend and literary executor, to whom, on his death, he confided his papers and correspondence. The Queen, it is understood, is desirous that they should speedily be published in the form of a biography, with a view to the vindication of the policy and conduct of a Minister, who had earned her esteem, and in whom she placed no ordinary trust. But the task of Lord Beaconsfield's biographer is no easy one, and we can scarcely be surprised that Lord Rowton, if he has not shrunk from it, should have hesitated to enter hurriedly upon it. To write fully and unreservedly the life of a statesman, who but recently played a leading part in public affairs, is a delicate and difficult undertaking. There are many matters absolutely necessary to the full justification of Lord Beaconsfield's policy

in certain instances, which must remain for some time to come State secrets, and which it would be a breach of duty of those possessed of them to record, until all risk of danger to the interests of the nation by their disclosure has passed. It is true that we have of late witnessed lamentable instances of the violation of the obligation once recognized by Ministers of the Crown, and imposed upon them by oath, to abstain from all public, and indeed private, reference to what may have passed in the Cabinet. But we trust, that those who have set this bad example will find no followers. Moreover, there are the susceptibilities of former colleagues to be respected, and the fear that heated personal controversies may be revived, which it is in every way desirable should be forgotten.

We doubt whether there be any modern statesman whose biography it would be more difficult to write than that of Lord Beaconsfield; if the object of his biographer be to give such a full and truthful portrait of his subject as would enable the world to form a just estimate, and to come to a full understanding of the man. His character was so complex, it was composed of so many opposite qualities, there was so much that was great and noble in it, coupled with so much that was cynical and fantastic; his speeches and writings, abounding with fine sentiment and true poetry, are at the same time disfigured by so much that is bombastic and coxcombical; the motives of his conduct were frequently so obscure, and his actions often so abrupt and unexpected, and apparently so rash and inexplicable, that it is scarcely surprising that he came to be looked upon as an enigma, and that he was known to satire and caricature as 'the great mystery man.' Nevertheless, we are convinced that, when the life of Lord Beaconsfield comes to be written by one fully competent to place it before us in its true light, it will be found, that from early manhood he had marked out for himself a course from which he never deviated, and, after making due allowance for the frivolities and vanities of youth, and for a highly imaginative and romantic temperament, that he possessed the qualities which go to form a great statesman, and which would have raised him to the highest rank in any career that he might have chosen for himself.

It is not, however, with the public life, or the political views, of Lord Beaconsfield that we propose to deal in this article. As we have observed, it is not yet, in our opinion, the time to do so in a manner which would do full justice to his character as a statesman. It is principally to his early life that we desire to direct the attention of our readers, as furnishing, in a remarkable degree, the clue and key to his acts when he found himself in

in a position to direct the affairs and shape the policy of his country, and as an example of what can be achieved by indomitable courage, unbounded self-reliance, strength of will, and long-sighted persistency of purpose from the first entrance on the avenue of life to its very close.* We have trustworthy materials for a sketch of this part of his career in the volume containing his letters to his sister—a lady of remarkable abilities, in whose judgment he placed great value, and to whom he was fondly attached—and to other members of his family, which has been published by his brother, Mr. Ralph Disraeli, and in some other letters addressed to intimate friends, which have been placed at our disposal. We will venture to say, that more delightful and entertaining letters than those written to his family circle have rarely been given to the public. They contain fresh, spirited, and picturesque sketches of life and scenery, which we are disposed to prefer to those more carefully elaborated descriptions to be found in his works of fiction. They have been criticized as vain-glorious, egotistical, cynical, and as showing a striking absence of generous sentiments. But much in them that may bear that character must be attributed to his fondness for banter, to an affected egotism, and to his habit of mystifying even his most intimate friends. They are, on the other hand, eminently characteristic of the man, with his weaknesses, exaggerated in his youth, which never entirely left him, and which in after years interfered with the full recognition of his true wisdom and patriotism. That he was wanting in generous sentiment and affection is disproved by his conduct towards his wife and his devotion to his family, and to those whom he deemed his friends; although it must be admitted that, in some instances, he made his feelings subservient to his ambition and to the ends that he had proposed to himself. The encouragement, too, that he was ever ready to give to rising young men in political life, by advice and by kindly words in the House of Commons, and the absence of jealousy of those who might compete with him in his political career, were notable and amiable traits in his character. On the other hand, although himself a man of letters and of artistic tastes, he does not appear to have felt much sympathy for authors or artists, to have sought their society, or opened his house to them as did Sir Robert Peel.

Lord Beaconsfield appears to have, as it were, mapped out his life when but a boy, and he followed the course which he had laid down for himself with a truly wonderful perseverance and

* Such were the qualities attributed by Mr. Gladstone to Lord Beaconsfield, in the tribute paid to his memory in the House of Commons.

 assurance

assurance of ultimate success, with which he allowed no obstacle to interfere. When a mere youth of twenty he excited the laughter and derision of a circle of friends, with whom he was engaged in a political discussion, by exclaiming that, when he became Prime Minister, he would act upon the principles he was then advocating. The same absolute confidence in his future made him tell Lord Melbourne, who asked him how he could serve him, that he wanted to be made Prime Minister, and write to his sister, after hearing Macaulay's 'best speech,' and some of the most distinguished orators in the Commons:—'I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in the House . . . the time will come.'

If ever the 'child was father of the man,' it was the case with Benjamin Disraeli. There was scarcely an idea or scheme conceived in his youth that was not matured, and, as far as lay in his power, acted upon in after days. There was, with all its apparent inconsistencies, a singular consistency in his conduct and actions through life. It is principally on this account, that his private letters and early works are of so much interest, and explain so much that has been misunderstood and misrepresented in his character.

It is somewhat curious that neither the exact year nor place of Lord Beaconsfield's birth has been ascertained. His most recent biographer says that he was born in the year 1803 or 1804, and either in the Adelphi, or in the King's Road, Gray's Inn. We believe that the latter locality has the best claim to the honour, although he himself is said to have stated that he saw the light in a set of chambers in the Adelphi, and on another occasion that he had been told that it was in Bloomsbury Square.* His grandfather belonged to a family of the Sephardim branch of the Hebrew race, which had been driven from Spain in the 15th century by the cruel persecutions to which the Jews were subjected by the Inquisition after the fall of the Arab dominion. They took refuge in Venice, one of the few Christian States in which Jews were tolerated, although they suffered even there from certain disabilities; were compelled to wear the yellow O on their gaberdines, and a yellow cap as a distinctive dress; and were at times exposed to popular fanaticism, and ordered to live out of the city at Mestre. Many of them were specially protected by the Republic, chiefly on

* 'Statesmen Series. Life of Lord Beaconsfield,' by T. E. Kebbel. However, Mr. Hutchman ('Lord Beaconsfield on the Constitution,' preface, p. xlvi) states, as an ascertained fact, that he was born in a house at Islington, now numbered 218 in the Upper Street. Upon what authority he makes this statement we are not aware.

account

account of their financial usefulness, and acquired wealth and influence. They were, however, confined, as elsewhere in Italy, to a particular quarter known as the Ghetto, which yet exists, and is still inhabited by Jews, although they are no longer required, as formerly, to reside within its limits. The late Mr. Rawdon Brown, who had spent more than half a century in Venice, used to relate that, when he first came there, two old ladies, who were said to be the aunts of Isaac d'Israeli, the author of the 'Curiosities of Literature,' and the father of the statesman, were still living in the Ghetto, where they kept a small school. We have, however, heard this statement disputed.

Benjamin Disraeli's grandfather, also named Benjamin, came to England and settled there as a merchant, dying at Enfield, where he was still living as late as 1822,* at the advanced age of ninety years. The original name of the family is not known, and we attach little importance to the speculations of Mr Hitchman, founded upon the imaginative account of the ancestors of Sidonia in 'Coningsby,' that it could claim descent from the noble Spanish House of Mendoza.† The apostrophic 'd'' in the name, as originally spelt by Benjamin Disraeli in his early days, and subsequently dropped, was probably the abbreviation of the Italian 'dei' or 'degli,' used to denote the family, or tribe, to which a person belonged; d'Israeli consequently meaning one of Israelitish descent, or a member of a family named Israel.‡

Whether a prolonged residence at Venice had affected the character of Benjamin Disraeli's forefathers, or whether the Venetian traditions still handed down in the family had exercised an influence upon him in boyhood, we can detect a curious undercurrent of Venetian sentiment mingled with the Hebrew element in his writings and opinions.

It is scarcely necessary for us to describe the character and works of his father, Isaac. He was, in the strict sense of the word, 'a man of letters'; an industrious student, a careful collector of facts from miscellaneous literature, a man of wide information and learning, and the master of a clear and graceful style which rendered his books generally popular. Benjamin was accustomed to say that he himself was 'born in a library,'

* Lord Beaconsfield, in the memoir of his father prefixed to the edition of Isaac d'Israeli's works, says that his grandfather died in 1817 which must be a mistake. We have authority for stating that both his grandfather and grandmother were living in 1822.

† Lord Beaconsfield on the Constitution,' Preface, p. xxii.

‡ In writing Benjamin Disraeli's name we have dropped the apostrophe, retaining it in that of his grandfather and father.

and

and this was strictly true; for whatever may have been the place of his birth, or wherever his father resided, he was sure to be surrounded by books, which were probably the first objects he saw, and his earliest playthings. Isaac d'Israeli was also in some sense a poet. He wrote graceful and well-turned verses, after the fashion of cultivated men of a century ago. His son may consequently have inherited from him his poetic gifts as well as his literary tastes.

Isaac d'Israeli, being unwilling to subscribe to some of the tenets and practices of the Hebrew community, had differences with its chiefs, and seceded from the Jewish faith. Benjamin was born before this event, and was 'received into the covenant of Abraham.' It was not until he was about fourteen years old that, on the 31st of July, 1817, he was formally admitted by baptism, at St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, into the Christian Church. At an early age he was sent to a school at Walthamstow, kept by Dr. Cogan, a Unitarian, who had the reputation of being a good classical scholar. He was subsequently placed with a Mr. Potticary, at Blackheath. He learnt, what was usually taught in such establishments in the first quarter of this century, 'a little Latin and less Greek,' and the mere rudiments of arithmetic. Foreign languages then formed no part of education. They were utterly neglected, if not despised, even in our public schools; and to speak French, or to understand any language but English, was considered as something disgraceful, and exposed a lad to ridicule, and even to persecution, from his school-fellows. The traditions of the mighty struggle with France were still fresh in the memories of the English people, and an intense hatred of a Frenchman still distinguished the free and sturdy Briton. This feeling was heartily reciprocated in France; and it would be difficult to say whether a French, or even a French-speaking boy in an English school, or an English boy in a French one, led the most wretched existence. As Lord Beaconsfield was never at a public school or at College, he made no pretence to being a classical scholar, although he was far from being unacquainted with the works of the classic authors of Greece and Rome, and was thoroughly imbued with their spirit. He was, however, deficient in a knowledge of modern languages, a deficiency which he deeply regretted, when he found himself called upon to deal, as a diplomatist and negociator, with questions of the greatest international importance.*

Whether the absence of a University education is to be re-

* When taking part in the sittings of the Congress at Berlin he addressed its members in English.

gretted

gretted in his case is very doubtful. His character and disposition unfitted him for the training, which it is intended to afford, and which we are in no way disposed to undervalue. Men of the peculiar genius and temperament of Benjamin Disraeli are, perhaps, better left to educate and form themselves. It may be said that Lord Beaconsfield made himself what he was. From his father he may have acquired his taste for letters, and that varied and extensive knowledge of books which distinguished him even as a boy. But there his father's influence ceased. He had none whatever upon his son's future career, and appears never to have understood his character, or to have sympathized with his ambitious dreams.

Whilst cultivating letters, Lord Beaconsfield did not neglect in his youth those accomplishments, which a man of his imagination and early developed ambition would consider necessary to one who believed, that he was destined to make a great figure in the social and political world. At one time he devoted himself ardently to drawing, and might perhaps have distinguished himself as an amateur artist had he persevered in the pursuit. A taste for the fine arts remained to him through life. His knowledge on matters connected with them was considerable. When he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir William Boxall, then Director of the National Gallery, had occasion to see him respecting the purchase of some pictures for that Institution. On returning from the interview, Sir William expressed to a friend his surprise at the acquaintance with art which Mr. Disraeli had shown, adding that his remarks and criticisms showed a technical knowledge of painting, which could scarcely have been expected from a mere amateur. In his early letters there are frequent references to pictures and architecture, which had especially struck his fancy or appealed to his imagination. His opinions on these subjects were not perhaps such as would be generally accepted in the present day. The standard and knowledge of art were different sixty years ago from what they are now. Since then attention has been directed to the works of men who hold a far higher place, and are far more deserving of our admiration, than the painters of the Bolognese and other eclectic schools, which it was once the fashion to commend to students as fit subjects for study and imitation. In Lord Beaconsfield's youth the masters of Italy who lived previously to the 16th century were, comparatively speaking, unknown; and if we find him in his early travels admiring the pictures of Guercino, Guido, the Caracci, and Domenichino, and passing by those of Giotto, Masaccio, Fra Angelico, and others, who are to Italian art what Chaucer and Spenser are to English poetry,

poetry, it was because those painters, who now delight us by the beauty, purity, and simplicity of their works, were not brought to his notice. They were ignored by guides and guide-books, upon whose information a traveller had in those days almost necessarily to rely. But he later became alive to the merits of those great painters, whose works were more calculated to appeal to his imagination, than the cold and academical, although skilful productions, of the Italian masters of the 17th century.

It was this love of art and a just estimate of its value and influence, not only upon the taste but upon the material interests of the nation in improving its manufactures and thereby promoting its trade, and thus adding to the national wealth, which made him, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards as Prime Minister, give so liberal an encouragement to the fine arts, and never hesitate to sanction any expenditure for the purchase of pictures or objects of antiquity which might enrich, or add to the completeness of, our National collections. When he was applied to for public funds to enable the Trustees of the British Museum to buy the famous Blacas collection, he did not hesitate to sanction its unconditional purchase. The late Director of the National Gallery, Sir William Boxall, when about to leave England for Madrid, with the object of seeing the altar-piece known as the 'Colonna Raphael,' which had been offered by its owner, the Duke of Ripalda, to the Trustees of that Institution, waited upon Mr. Disraeli, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to submit to him the desirability of acquiring it for the nation, should it prove on examination worthy of the Gallery. Mr. Disraeli at once acquiesced. 'But sir,' observed Sir William, 'a very large sum indeed will be expected for it'; a million of francs, if not more, were, we believe, asked. 'Never you mind,' was the reply, 'you buy the picture and I'll find the money.' We are glad to record these liberal and statesmanlike views with regard to art and our national collections, when somewhat different views appear to prevail amongst our present rulers.

As he early sought to cultivate his artistic faculties, so he recognized the necessity of athletic exercise for the development of his physical powers. The earliest recollection of the writer of this article of Lord Beaconsfield is connected with a visit, to which he was taken when quite a child, to Mrs. d'Israeli —his mother. 'Ben' was sent for, and appeared in his shirt-sleeves, with boxing-gloves, having been interrupted in the middle of a lesson from a professor of the noble art. In his youth he was a constant rider. He used to say, that some of his best

best thoughts and ideas came to him when scouring the country mounted on a good horse.

His father considering it desirable that he should enter a profession, and not be dependent upon literature, the law was chosen for him, and he was placed in the house of Messrs. Swaine & Stevenson, respectable solicitors in the City. Whether he was actually articled to them is doubtful. But to a youth of his temperament and imagination, the studies and drudgery, which were then required to qualify a man for this branch of the law, must have been utterly repugnant. It is not surprising that, to the great disappointment and regret of his father, he neglected the work required of him, and soon renounced the idea of becoming a solicitor. The dry, technical books on law, which he was expected to master, were abandoned for the more congenial volumes which were on the shelves of Isaac d'Israeli's library. He was an omnivorous and desultory reader, confining himself to no special branch of literature, but placing himself to a certain extent under the guidance of his father. This love of reading, coupled with a singularly retentive memory, will account for the remarkable knowledge of books and men shown in his earliest productions, written when he had scarcely reached manhood. In this respect he resembled his father, who is said to have begun his 'Curiosities of Literature' before he was twenty-four years of age.

Isaac d'Israeli had removed with his family, in 1827, to Bloomsbury Square,* a locality then inhabited by many of the most distinguished members of the legal profession, judges and others, who have since migrated to the more fashionable regions of the 'West End.' In the immediate neighbourhood resided Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Austen, who lived in intimate social relations with the d'Israelis. Mr. Austen was a solicitor of extensive practice, who enjoyed a high reputation in his profession for probity and trustworthiness.† Mrs. Austen was so remarkable a woman, and exercised so much influence on the development of young Disraeli's character and genius, that she deserves more than a casual mention. She was the daughter of a gentleman of the name of Rickett, who resided at Oundle, in Northamptonshire. He was descended from a good old English family, and was a man of literary and scientific tastes. In youth she was endowed with no ordinary beauty. She was highly accomplished, a proficient in music, an amateur artist of no common skill, possessed great conversational powers, and had a rare command of her pen. Disraeli wrote of it: 'the com-

* The house which he inhabited was one at the corner of Hart Street.

† Lord Beaconsfield's brother Ralph was articled to Mr. Austen.

prehensive

prehensive circuit of your lively pen;' and in one of his many letters to her says: 'you appear to be the only person in the world, except myself, who have any energy; what would I give to have you always at my right hand!' She had gathered round her a circle of men of letters and artists, including some of the foremost authors and painters of the day, with many of whom she maintained a correspondence. It was a proof of her sagacity that she at once recognized the genius of Benjamin Disraeli, and encouraged him in his literary ambition. A woman of her attractions and intellect could not fail to exercise a considerable influence over a young man of his character and temperament. He confided to her the secret that he was writing a novel; consulted her during its progress; received from her much valuable advice; and ultimately placed the MS. of 'Vivian Grey' in her hands to arrange for its publication. It was accepted by the well-known publisher of such works, Colburn. The proofs were regularly sent to Mrs. Austen, who superintended the book in its passage through the press.* She had rendered similar services to Plumer Ward, whose novels 'Tremaine' and 'De Vere,' published anonymously, had excited the liveliest interest, and great public curiosity as to their author.† Later on, when struggling with pecuniary difficulties which caused him serious anxiety and embarrassment, Disraeli received from Mr. Austen the most generous assistance; and to the timely aid thus afforded him, as he frequently averred, he owed much of his success in life.

As the work of a youth who had only just attained his twenty-first year, 'Vivian Grey' was an extraordinary production, and gave unquestionable proofs of genius. The picturesqueness of its descriptions, the audacious pungency of its political sketches, the novel views, political and social, of its author, its brilliant dialogue, and its keen and polished satire, were more than sufficient to account for the popularity which it at once obtained. The knowledge of men and manners which it displays, although in many respects crude and inaccurate, is certainly wonderful, as the young author had at that time no personal acquaintance with

* The MS. of 'Vivian Grey,' and that of 'Captain Popanilla,' Disraeli's second work, were found among Mrs. Austen's papers on her death, which took place in June last, when she had reached the advanced age of ninety-two years. It was even believed by her friends that she had had a share in the composition of 'Vivian Grey.'

† See Memoir of R. Plumer Ward,' by the Hon. E. Phipps, vol. ii. chap. iv. Benjamin Disraeli was greatly interested in 'Tremaine,' which doubtless had no inconsiderable influence upon his earliest works. Plumer Ward was evidently under the impression, that Mrs. Austen had assisted Disraeli in writing 'Vivian Grey.' In a letter to her, criticizing the book, he speaks of 'the authors.'—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 147.

with

with the society which he describes, and what he knew of statesmen, statecraft, and politicians could only have been acquired from books and hearsay, and perhaps from a short residence in Germany with his friend, Mr. William Meredith, before the novel was written. The fashionable world, of which he attempts a picture, was not then open to him; and his experience of life and manners must have been confined to his family circle, and to that of the Austens and of the late Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street—with whom he was on terms of the most intimate friendship—in which, although he met many eminent literary men, he was not likely to learn much of the language and habits of 'May Fair.' 'Vivian Grey' has taken a place in our national literature, and may still be read with amusement, if not profit, and with the interest that it naturally excites as being the first recognized work of one of the most extraordinary men that our age has produced. It has been so often dissected and criticized, that we have no intention to discuss its literary merits. It is most deserving of notice, on account of the curious insight it affords into the character and motives of its author, and the confident prescience it shows of what he himself was to do and to be. Even so early in life he had apparently sketched out in his own mind his future career, and had almost foreseen his future greatness, choosing for the title of one of his personages that which he himself afterwards bore. We doubt whether biographical history furnishes a more remarkable instance of schemes of ambition so early and so deliberately formed, and so perseveringly and successfully developed.

Before 'Vivian Grey' was written, or probably while being written, the young author was trying his pen on anonymous contributions to the press. Although in after life he disclaimed having had anything to do with the 'Representative'—a daily newspaper published by Mr. Murray, who was one of the first to recognize his talents—we have reason to believe that he did take no inconsiderable part in suggesting to Mr. Murray this untoward speculation. It proved a failure, and had but a short existence. He was also the principal contributor to the 'Star Chamber,' an equally ephemeral weekly sheet, and was the author of the 'Dunciad of To-day,' a mock-heroic poem, which appeared in it, and was left unfinished when that short-lived periodical came to an end.

The mental labour and excitement he had undergone in writing and publishing 'Vivian Grey,' and probably anxiety caused by the failure of the 'Representative' and 'Star Chamber,' so seriously affected his health, that his medical advisers insisted upon the absolute necessity of abstinence from all literary

literary work, and of change of scene. His tried friends, Mr. and Mrs. Austen, came at once to his help. They proposed that he should occupy a seat in their travelling carriage in a tour through France and Italy. He accepted the offer in a bantering letter: –

'As the man says who is going to be hired,' he wrote, '"I think the situation will suit." It ill befits any man to dilate upon his own excellence, but I may perhaps be allowed to observe that my various, not to say innumerable, accomplishments are not altogether unknown to you; and as for my moral capacities, why, I have a good character from my last place, which I left on account of the disappearance of the silver spoons. I defy also any one to declare that I am not sober and honest, except when I am entrusted with the key of the wine cellar, when I must candidly confess I have an ugly habit of stealing the claret, getting drunk, and kissing the maids. Nevertheless, I have no doubt that we shall agree very well. You certainly could not come to any person better fitted for ordering a dinner; and as to casting up accounts, if there is anything in the world which I excel in, that's the very one, and as I've got the habit of never attending to the shillings and pence because they make my head ache, I generally detect the Aubergiste in a super-charge.'

The travellers left England on the 4th of August, 1826, crossing from Dover to Boulogne. We have before us Mrs. Austen's Journal kept during their tour. They spent five days at Paris; posted through France by the route usually pursued in those days, and arrived at Geneva on the 18th. The only noteworthy record of Disraeli during this portion of their expedition was his appreciation of a good French dinner, and his love of Burgundy, of which he liberally partook. His preference of this wine over all others remained to him, we believe, through life. He would say, jokingly, that it required a bottle of Burgundy –'rich and red Tonnerre' was his favourite—to make him talk and speak his best.

Reminiscences of Byron were still fresh at Geneva, and anecdotes of his eccentricities, true or false, were in many mouths. Disraeli passed the greater part of his time when there, indolently reclining in a boat, gazing on the beautiful scenery of the lake, and listening to stories of the poet from the boatman who had served him: how that Byron never exchanged a word with him when they were together on the water, but sat gloomily and silent, with a loaded pistol on each side of him; how, after being rowed in tempestuous weather to the Castle of Chillon, when the waves were so menacing that he stripped himself to the skin in order to swim for his life, in the very probable event of the boat foundering, he descended into Bonivard's

Bonivard's dungeon, always with his pistols, and remained there for many hours writing; and how, after taking tea with Madame de Staël, he had challenged his boatman to swim across the lake, and beat him by five minutes, his courier keeping close to him in a boat and constantly giving him wine. These tales were probably in part apocryphal, and formed the man's stock-in-trade for the benefit of tourists; but they appear to have had much effect upon the imagination of young Disraeli, which was increased by a magnificent storm of thunder and lightning which he witnessed, and which recalled to him the grand description of a similar storm in 'Childe Harold,' watched from the same boat by the poet, to his imminent peril for several hours. He appears, henceforward, to have taken to imitate Byron in his eccentricities, in the variety and magnificence of his costumes, in seeking romantic adventures, and in the love of Eastern travel. In many respects there was, indeed, a similarity in the youthful character and genius of the two men.*

The Simplon was crossed to Milan. There the monuments, churches, and galleries, were duly visited under the guidance of an intelligent Italian gentleman and connoisseur. Disraeli, in accordance with the taste which prevailed in those days, admired a picture by Salvator Rosa, representing Angels releasing souls from Purgatory, the 'Abraham dismissing Hagar,' by Guercino, which had appeared to Byron the truest expression of profound grief that had ever been portrayed by painter's brush, and 'The Dance of Cupids' by Albano. The exquisite work of Raphael's youth, 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' and the masterpieces of the early painters of the North Italian schools, which are the glory of the Bera, were passed by with only a casual glance. Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper' received, however, the tribute of admiration which this unrivalled composition deserves; and the travellers were requested by their Italian friend and guide to remind Sir Thomas Lawrence of a promise which he had made, when recently at Milan, of sending a competent artist to make a worthy copy of this great work.

From Milan they went to Venice, where they spent a week, visiting with great assiduity its churches and palaces, struck with their magnificence, and delighted with the masterpieces of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, which they then con-

* 'Tita,' Lord Byron's favourite servant, in whose arms he died, subsequently travelled with Disraeli, by whom he was described as 'a very agreeable companion indeed.' From him Disraeli no doubt learnt many particulars of Byron's mode of life. 'Tita'—the Venetian contraction for Battista—was originally a gondolier. He lived as valet with Isaac d'Israeli until the latter died.—'Lord Beaconsfield's Letters,' p. 37.

tained.

tained. The moonlit nights were spent in luxurious repose in a gondola on the Grand Canal. This poetical life, and the marvellous beauty of this unique city, could scarcely fail to appeal vividly to the imagination of Disraeli, and to furnish materials for future use. At the same time he was busy collecting anecdotes and recollections of Byron, of which there was then no lack at Venice. Unwillingly leaving her, he could not take the high road to Florence without making a pilgrimage, like Byron, to the Tomb of Petrarch at Arqua, and to the prison of Tasso at Ferrara.

At Florence the party spent a fortnight principally engaged in visiting the churches and public and private galleries. The master of the Florentine school, who seems to have principally excited Disraeli's admiration, was Fra Bartolommeo. At that time Mr. Saunders, an Englishman in the Russian service as Professor of the Fine Arts at the University of Wilna, was engaged on his fine engraving of the masterpiece of this painter, known as the 'Madonna della Misericordia,' then in the church of S. Romano at Lucca, and now in the public gallery of that city. In this work Disraeli took great interest, and gave every encouragement in his power to the accomplished engraver who resided at Florence, and by whose knowledge of and taste for the Fine Arts he appears to have been much impressed. He also sat for his bust to Frugoni, a sculptor of local reputation in those days.

From Florence the traveller returned to England by Genoa, Turin, the Mont Cenis, and Paris, arriving in London on the 29th of October.

Lord Beaconsfield's biographers appear to be unacquainted with this period of his life. They state that, after the publication of 'Vivian Grey,' and 'satisfied with the sensation which he had created, he seems to have spent the next two years in rambling through Italy, Switzerland and parts of Greece.'* We have seen that he was only absent from England for about three months, that he made the usual tour in Switzerland and Italy, and did not visit Greece. The scenery of Italy and its treasures of art made a deep impression upon him, and he constantly recurred to the delights of this journey. In one of his many letters to Mr. Austen (14th June, 1827) he recommends the memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini as 'the most amusing book in any language,' and says that he would 'have been entranced with rapture' had he read it when in Italy; and especially refers to that great artist's history of the modelling and casting

* 'Life of Lord Beaconsfield,' by T. E. Kebbel (Statesman Series), p. 3.

of

of his Perseus—'his beautiful Perseus in the more beautiful Palazzo Vecchio at Firenze.'* In the same letter he refers to the sale of Lord de Tabley's collection of English pictures for 7000*l.*, a much smaller sum than it was expected to fetch, as it contained the picking of the English school, and the finest Gainsboroughs. He remarks 'that the affair had turned out as badly for the British school as it well could,' and that some fools thought it a wise and profitable thing to invest in the works of British artists, and that he had at one time thought so himself! And yet probably one of Lord de Tabley's Gainsboroughs would in the present day sell for a much larger sum than the whole of his collection then did.

In 1827 he was living at Fyfield, a place in the county of Oxford, which his father occupied before permanently settling at Bradenham House in Buckinghamshire, where he resided for the rest of his life. Although 'Vivian Grey' had at once achieved popularity, its anonymous author, who had maintained for some time his secret, was scarcely known in what is called 'society.' It was not until after his return to England from his travels in the East, that 'Disraeli the younger,' as he now called himself with his wonted affectation, was admitted into the fashionable circles of Mayfair, and became one of their most prominent and notorious members, or that he formed any of those political connections which he considered necessary to his future advancement. Judging from the style of a letter to Edward Bulwer, written from Constantinople on the 27th of December, 1830, and published by Mr. Hitchman,† it would appear that he had then only recently made the acquaintance of that distinguished writer with whom he had so much in common. It is therefore a mistake to state, as some of his biographers have done, that the appearance of 'Vivian Grey' at once opened the doors of the great world to its author, and that his head was turned by the petting and adoration he received from fine ladies and gentlemen. He appears to have lived almost in complete retirement at Fyfield and Bradenham for nearly four years, coming rarely to London, and engaged in literary work. Soon after his return he published the second part of 'Vivian Grey,' and in 1828 'Captain Popanilla,' a squib on the manners, customs, and politics of

* We cannot mention Benvenuto Cellini's Memoirs without expressing our admiration for the masterly translation of them recently published by Mr. Addington Symonds, in which that writer has succeeded in giving the spirit and even the vernacular of the author with a perfection rarely attained in a translation.

† 'Lord Beaconsfield on the Constitution,' Preface, p. xxxiii.

England,

England, in imitation of 'Gulliver's Travels,' which is written with much spirit and even brilliancy, but met with moderate success. In the following year he appears to have completed the 'Young Duke,' his second novel, which was not, however, given to the press until 1830.

During all this time he was meditating a journey in the East. His family disapproved of his intention, being still desirous that he should settle down to some profession in England, the Bar being apparently thought of. But he would have preferred the life of a country gentleman, and endeavoured to persuade his father to purchase an estate for him. In December 1829 he wrote to Mr. Austen:—

'I am sorry to say that Stockton is no go. The fact is, that great and general as is the agricultural distress, this county (Buckinghamshire) is suffering much worse even than its neighbours, and the governor is fairly frightened. Here rents are never paid, farms are daily thrown up, and stock is given away. . . . I have said all that I can venture . . . Therefore I must give up all idea of an estate which would have exactly suited me. I am sorry to say my other and still more important plan (a journey to the East) prospers as badly. I have partly broken it, and it was at once fairly knocked on the head in a calmer manner than I could have expected from my somewhat rapid, but too indulgent, sire.'

He did not, however, he added, despair of being able to carry it out; 'a sanguine temper supported him still;' there was yet time, and '*that*, according to the Great Frederick, was *everything*.' 'He was spell-bound within the clustering "Cyclades,"' and 'go he must.' But he sorrowfully admitted that he would have to 'hack' for it, and whilst disclaiming having ever been 'a literary prostitute,' he intimates that he will probably have to yield to the temptations of 'mother Colburn.' He begs that his secret may be kept, and especially that it may not be confided to a lady. 'Women,' he writes in truly Disraelian strain, 'are delightful creatures, particularly if they are pretty, which they always are, but then they chatter (they can't help it) and I have no ambition, in case my dearest project fails, to be pointed out as the young gentleman who *was* going to Constantinople.' He ends by the prophetic recommendation to his correspondent to keep his letters, as, if he 'became half as famous as he intended to be,' they would at some future period be of value.

His health was again breaking down under the mental overwork and anxiety as to his future. In the autumn of 1828 he went to Lyme Regis for rest and change of air. In November of 1829 he writes that he is 'desperately ill,' and at one time his

his life appears to have even been despaired of. In a letter to Mrs. Austen of the 7th of March, 1830, from Bradenham House, he says of himself, 'that he cannot be worse;' that of all places London was the one least suited to him, and that 'solitude and silence do not make his existence easy, but they make it endurable.'

'My plans about leaving England,' he writes, 'are more unsettled than ever. I anticipate no benefit from it nor from anything else, but I am desirous of quitting England that I may lead even a more recluse life than I do at present, and emancipate myself from perpetual commiseration. When I was in town last I consulted many eminent men. I received from them no consolation. . . . I grieve to say my hair grows very badly, and, I think, more grey, which, I can unfeignedly declare, occasions me more anguish than even the prospect of death.'

Later on he described himself as being in a constant state of stupor, and unable to write a line without the greatest effort. He had passed a whole week nearly in a trance from digitalis, and had slept sixteen out of the twenty-four hours. He complained of giddiness in the head, and palpitation of the heart. He had, he said, given up all idea of the East, and doubted whether, if even the opportunity offered, he would have the strength and spirit to avail himself of it; and he ends his letter by begging his correspondent to consider him 'his deceased, though sincere, friend.'

Mr. Austen again came to his assistance, and enabled him to carry out his absorbing wish, of visiting the East. 'Let me express my grateful sense,' he wrote, 'of your unparalleled kindness, and pardon me if I add, that I think better of myself for having excited so warm a friendship in the heart of an honourable and excellent man.' Upon bidding farewell to his friend he complained of his 'confounded head, which had retrograded with the weather, but continued heat might yet cure him. In the meantime,' he exclaimed, 'I will be sanguine, for if I despair, all is over.' In June 1830, he left England for Gibraltar in company with Mr. Meredith, his former travelling companion, who was then engaged to be married to his sister, and commenced his wanderings in Spain and the Levant, which he describes in the highly interesting and graphic letters to his sister, and to other relatives, given to the world by his brother in the volume which we have placed at the head of this article.

It is unnecessary to follow him in his travels, as few of our readers will not have read the letters in which he himself so fully relates them. But they contain so much which

furnishes the key to his conduct and policy in after life, that we cannot refrain from referring to some of them. His descriptions are always singularly picturesque, and although he saw what he describes and what particularly appealed to his fancy and imagination with the eyes of a poet, and depicted them with the licence of a novelist, they are always life-like, bringing the scenes he had witnessed, or the principal features of the country in which he was travelling, and the appearance and customs of the inhabitants, vividly before us. Thus of Gibraltar he writes to his father: 'This rock is a wonderful place, with a population infinitely diversified. Moors with costumes radiant as a rainbow, or an Eastern melodrama; Jews with gaberdines and skull-caps; Genoese, Highlanders, and Spaniards, whose dress is as picturesque as that of the sons of Ivor.' And to Mr. Austen: 'I never saw anything more sublime than the Straits, with Europe and Africa frowning on each other; but our sultry sister has the advantage in picturesque beauty, though both are very fine.'

The letters are equally characteristic of the man. The almost puerile vanity and affectation which distinguished him in youth, if not through life, appear in almost every line of them. But they furnish at the same time ample proofs of that kindness of heart and playfulness which were pleasing features in his disposition. If their tone is occasionally caustic and cynical, it has been assumed more in the way of frolic and banter than in sober earnestness. That love of flashy and fantastic dress which he always possessed—and which is not rare in his race, although he may have indulged in it partly in imitation of Byron—is constantly peeping out. At Gibraltar he excites the admiration of the dandies by wearing some studs which his mother had given him, and by possessing two canes—it was then the fashion for fine gentlemen to carry a cane at all times—one of which he used in the morning, exchanging it for another at gun-fire; and he heard with dismay of the King's death, as it was the destruction of two richly embroidered dress-waistcoats which he could no longer wear!

He was enchanted with the beauty of the Spanish cities, their sunny warmth, 'the calm voluptuousness of life which accorded so well with his disposition,' their 'white walls and verdant jalousies sparkling in the sun,' the romantic nature of the life of their inhabitants, 'Figaro in every street; Rosina in every balcony.' He expressed the most unbounded admiration for Murillo, whom he places at the head of the Spanish school, 'if not of all schools of painting.' This painter appears to him the most original of artists. No man has painted more or oftener

oftener reached the ideal. He never fails.* He is convinced that, after all, 'these Spaniards are at the top of the tree,' an opinion which, we conceive, he must subsequently have found reason to modify. He travels in a district 'peopled by brigands and smugglers,' and narrowly escapes falling into the hands of the celebrated robber-chief Jose Maria, who, it will be remembered, on a general invitation to dinner at Seville from Richard Ford, appeared to accept it at the house of his quondam friend, when he was entertaining the Governor and authorities of the city.

He 'had, at length, found a country where adventure is the common course of existence, and from necessity must be so,' he told Mr. Austen. The life that he was leading, his wanderings on horseback by day and by night through the plains and sierras of Andalusia, with their exhilarating air, and the novelty and romance of the scenes which he was daily witnessing, had a most favourable effect upon his health. He described himself, however, as occasionally suffering from the distressing symptoms connected with his head and heart, which had so much disturbed him in England, had alarmed his friends, and had baffled the skill of the physicians. 'I thought,' he wrote to his sister, 'that enthusiasm was dead within me, and nothing could be new. I have hit perhaps upon the only country which could have upset my theory.'

He 'visited Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, and Granada, among many other cities which must not be named with these romantic towns;' 'sailed upon the Guadalquivir; cheered at the bull-fights, lived for a week among brigands, and wandered in the fantastic halls of the delicate Alhambra.' Nothing could be more graphic than his description of travelling in Spain before the introduction of diligences and railways:—

'All travel by night and in armed companies. A moon so brilliant that you might see for miles lights up a country alternately formed of sierras, or mountain passes, and immense plains. Merchants in armed bands, muleteers defiling, a couple of friars secure in the sanctity of their character and of their poverty, some lords and ladies of high degree with a military escort which always scampers off at the first shot, with a few adventurous travellers like ourselves, form the interesting and constant groups. In the cities, the church is

* Letter to his father, July 26. One of his letters contains a curious dissertation upon Saracenic architecture, which he appears to have preferred to all others. It shows that his artistic taste was at that time but imperfectly formed and that his judgment was warped by his too lively imagination. What would Mr Ruskin have said if told that the Ducal Palace at Venice was 'a barbarous though picturesque building,' greatly inferior in every respect to the painted stuccoed walls of the Alhambra?—Letter to his father from Malta, Aug. 23th.

still the Royal Exchange of assignations, and through the whole warm night the castanet reminds you of the fascinating fandango.'*

At the end of August he arrived at Malta, where he was joined by Mr. James Clay, afterwards well known in the House of Commons as Member for Hull. He gives a sketch of the many and various acquirements of this gentleman in a letter to his father, which would serve for the hero of one of his own romances, and concludes by these characteristic sentiments:—'To govern men you must excel them in their accomplishments or despise them'—a maxim upon which he seems to have acted throughout his career; and adds, 'Clay does one, I do the other, and we are both equally popular. Affectation tells here even better than wit.' Of 'affectation,' indeed, he had a large stock. We have heard it said that the cards, which he left upon the authorities and his acquaintances in the island, had simply inscribed on them 'Vivian Grey.' He tells how he dined at the mess of the 73rd, when leaving for the Ægean, in an Andalusian dress, which he exchanged for the theatrical costume of a Greek pirate, 'a blood-red shirt, with silver studs as big as shillings, an immense scarf for girdle, full of pistols and daggers, red cap, red slippers, broad blue-striped jacket and trousers.' He relates with puerile vaunt how he sits upon an easy divan, puffing from a Turkish pipe seven feet long with an amber mouthpiece and a porcelain bowl; and boasts of a meerschaum, and 'one of Dresden china, set in silver.' Smoking, he found, relieved his head.

A violent outbreak of small-pox, which had placed Malta in quarantine, prevented him from visiting Sicily. When about to leave the former island, he had written to Mr. Austen:—

'With regard to myself I have certainly made great progress, but not enough. I have still illness enough to make my life a burthen, and as my great friend, the sun, is daily becoming less powerful, I daily grow more dispirited, and resume my old style of despair. Had I been cured by this time I had made up my mind to join you in Italy—as it is, I go I know not where, *but do not be surprised if you hear something very strange indeed.*'

He accordingly informed his correspondent from Corfu, where he had gone in a yacht hired by Mr. Clay, instead of proceeding direct to Egypt, as it had been his original intention, that his object in visiting the island was to arrange for putting into execution a resolve he had made to join the Turkish army as a volunteer, in the warlike operations then being carried on by

* Letter to Mrs. Austen. For another spirited and picturesque description of travelling in Spain, see a letter to his sister of August 9, from Gibraltar.

the

the Grand Vizir Reschid Pasha, in person, to suppress a formidable rebellion against the authority of the Sultan in Albania.* He again appears to have wished to imitate, if not to rival, in romantic adventure, Lord Byron, whose well-known portrait by Phillips, in the Albanian costume which he adopted, he may have seen. During his travels he provided himself with a singular variety of costumes. In one of his letters to Mr. Austen, whilst protesting that he was travelling with the greatest economy, he says that his only serious expense was caused by the many costly dresses that he considered it necessary to furnish himself with.

On arriving at Corfu he learnt that 'the Porte had proceeded with such surprising energy, that the war in Albania which had been begun so magnificently had already dwindled into an insurrection.' He determined, therefore, to turn his intended campaign into a visit of congratulation to the Grand Vizir. Provided with letters from Sir Frederick Adam, the Lord High Commissioner, he accordingly crossed with Mr. Clay and Mr. Meredith to Prevesa, whence he could most easily reach Janina, where Reschid Pasha had his head-quarters. His first experience of what was then considered 'the East' exceeded all his expectations, and all that his exuberant fancy had imagined.

'I can give you no idea in a letter,' he wrote to Mr. Austen, 'of all the Pashas, and all the Silictars, and all the Agas that I have visited, and who have visited me; all the pipes I smoked, all the coffee I sipped, all the sweetmeats I devoured. . . . For a week I was in a scene equal to anything in the "Arabian Nights." Such processions, such dresses, such corteges of horsemen, such caravans of camels! Then the delight of being made much of by a man who was daily decapitating half the Province! Every morning we paid visits, attended reviews, and crammed ourselves with sweetmeats; every evening dancers and singers were sent to our quarters by the Vizir or some Pasha.'

He may have contributed to the strangeness of the scene by his own fantastic and gorgeous garments. He tells his father how he produced 'a most extraordinary effect on that costume-loving people,' the Albanians, by making up a dress 'with the united assistance of his English, Spanish, and fancy wardrobe.' 'Many Turks,' he says, 'called upon me expressly to see it. But I was aptly asked by a Greek doctor, who had been at Pisa, whether "questo vestito era Inglese o di fantasia," to which I oracularly replied, "Inglese e fantastico!"' His

* He also mentioned the intention he had formed to join the Turkish army as a volunteer, in the letter to Edward Bulwer to which we have already referred.

description

description of his journey through Albania to Janina, and of the scene at headquarters, is very picturesque and vivid, although no doubt considerably over-coloured, according to his wont. The pomp and display which even in recent times marked the progress of a high Turkish functionary; the troops, chiefly irregulars, consisting of men from every part of the vast Ottoman dominions in their varied costumes; the strings of high-bred Arab steeds and stately camels; the wild martial music; the ceremonies attending an audience of the great man; the mob of secretaries, pipe-bearers, and armed attendants in his ante-chambers; the tumult and disorder of a Turkish camp, are all sketched with a master hand.

At the end of November he reached Athens, after sailing for a fortnight on the Ægean sea, with 'a cloudless sky, a summer atmosphere, and sunsets like the neck of a dove,' and after visiting Navarino, 'the scene of Codrington's bloody blunder, which had become quite a little French town—the French having covered the scene of Spartan suffering with cafés and billiard tables'—Argos, Mycenæ, and Corinth. The city was still in the possession of the Turks, but was about to be handed over to the Greek Commission appointed to receive it. The Greeks, who were seeking for a King, were so 'utterly astounded' by the magnificence and strangeness of his whimsical costume, and so much impressed by his general appearance, that he 'gathered a regular crowd round his quarters, and had to come forward and bow, like Don Miguel and Donna Maria.' 'Had he 25,000*l.* to throw away he might, he really believed, increase his headaches by wearing a crown!' The Acropolis, which had been closed for nine years, was for the first time opened to the English travellers. The war of independence, which had only recently been brought to a close, had left the city in ruins, but the ancient remains had been respected, and the injury to the Parthenon and the other temples in the Acropolis was but slight, whilst that of Theseus looked 'at a short distance as if it were just finished by Pericles.' Disraeli and his companions made an excursion to Marathon, and 'lived for a week,' he wrote, 'on the wild boar of Pentelicus, and the honey of Hymettus'—a slight stretch of the imagination, we presume.

Of Athens he wrote little; but, in a letter to Mrs. Austen, he remarked that of all he had visited in his travels 'nothing had more completely realized all that he had imagined and all that he could have wished. Independent of associations, it is the most beautiful assemblage of all that is interesting in art and nature.' All his enthusiasm was, however, reserved for Constantinople. When, in December, he saw the cupolas and minarets

minarets of Stamboul rising before him at sunset, he felt 'an excitement which he thought dead.' He was not, as travellers have usually been, disappointed when better acquainted with the city. He can scarcely find words to describe all that he saw — the costumes of its inhabitants of many creeds and races; the phase of Eastern life which he beheld for the first time; the beauty of the Bosphorus, with its palaces, mosques, villages, groves of cypress, and woods of Spanish chestnuts; and the magnificence, novelty, and variety of the goods on sale in the bazaars, including all the products of the Empire, 'from diamonds to dates.' 'In short, all here is very much like life in a pantomime or Eastern tale of enchantment, which I think very high praise.' He appears, too, to have taken a liking for the Turks. He wrote in his imaginative style to Edward Bulwer:*

'I confess to you that my Turkish prejudices are very much confirmed by my residence in Turkey. The life of this people greatly accords with my taste. To repose on voluptuous divans, and smoke superb pipes; daily to indulge in the luxuries of a bath which requires half-a-dozen attendants for its perfection; to court the air in a carved caique, by shores which are a perpetual scene; and to find no exertion greater than a canter on a barb; this is, I think, a far more sensible life than the bustle of clubs, all the boring of drawing-rooms, and all the coarse vulgarity of our political controversies.'

He found that 'the habits of this calm and luxurious people entirely agreed with his own preconceived opinions of propriety and enjoyment.' He even took to wearing a turban, as well as to smoking a six-feet-long pipe and squatting on a divan. He was greatly gratified by a certain Mehemet Pasha telling him that he could not be an Englishman, but rather one of an Eastern race, because he walked so slowly. The measured gravity of his gait will be remembered by those who knew him in after years. This predilection for the Turks remained to him through life, and may possibly have influenced him at the most important period of his career, when called upon to direct the policy of England at the time of the wanton aggression of Russia upon the Ottoman Empire. 'He detested the Greeks,' he wrote, 'more than ever'; and we doubt whether he ever entertained a more favourable opinion of them than he had formed from his experience of them when in the Levant.

He passed Christmas at Constantinople, and then departed on his long-contemplated and long-deferred visit to Egypt. On his way he landed in Cyprus, and spent a day on shore. Did

* Letter already quoted.

the

the idea then occur to him, which he developed in 'Tancred,' and years after put into execution, that the true policy of England, if she desired to maintain her influence and ascendency in the East, was to occupy this island? From Cyprus he sailed to Jaffa, whence he rode 'with a party, well-mounted and well-armed,' to Jerusalem. His sensations on visiting the Holy City of his race may be easily imagined. His description of it as seen from the Mount of Olives, in a letter to his sister, is so truthful, as well as so poetic, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

'The next day we commenced our journey over the delightful plain (of Ramle), bounded in the distance by the severe and savage mountains of Judæa. In the wild stony ravines of these shaggy rocks we were wandering the whole day; at length, after crossing a vast hill, we saw the Holy City. I will describe it to you from the Mount of Olives. This is a very high hill, still partially covered with the tree which gives it a name. Jerusalem is situated upon an opposite height, which descends as a steep ravine, and forms, with the assistance of the Mount of Olives, the narrow valley of Jehoshaphat. Jerusalem is entirely surrounded by an old feudal wall, with towers and gates of the time of the Crusaders, and in perfect preservation; as the town is built upon a hill, you can from the opposite height discern the roof of almost every house. In the front is the magnificent mosque, built upon the site of the Temple, with its beautiful gardens and fantastic gates; a variety of domes and towers rise in all directions; the houses are of bright stone. I was thunderstruck. I saw before me apparently a gorgeous city. Nothing can be conceived more wild, and terrible, and barren than the surrounding scenery, dark, stony, and severe; but the ground is thrown about in such picturesque undulations, that, the mind full of the sublime, not the beautiful, rich and waving woods and sparkling cultivation would be misplaced. The city on the other side is in the plain, the ravine not being all round. It is, as it were, in a bowl of mountains. . . . Except Athens, I never saw anything more essentially striking; no city, except that, whose site is so pre-eminently impressive. I will not place it below the city of Minerva. Athens and Jerusalem in their glory must have been the finest representations of the beautiful and the sublime.'

Whilst gazing upon Jerusalem those thoughts and emotions must have come to him, which he afterwards embodied in 'Tancred.'

He arrived in Alexandria on the 12th of March, 1831, and remained some time at Cairo, the life in that city enchanting him. He saw, but was not presented to, the celebrated Mehemet Ali Pasha, and ascending the Nile 'to the confines of Nubia,' spent a week at Thebes on his way with the learned Egyptologist, Sir Gardner Wilkinson. The state of politics in

in England, and the impending Reform Bill, made him anxious to return home; but his departure from Egypt was delayed by a sad event which caused him inexpressible sorrow, and cast a gloom over his life for many years, the death by small-pox of his companion and friend, and the intended husband of his sister, Mr. Meredith.

He returned to England in the summer of 1831 greatly improved in health by his travels. The day after his arrival in London he wrote to Mr. Austen that he was 'in famous condition; indeed better than he ever was in his life, and full of hope and courage.' He at once returned to his literary labours, and already in February of the following year the MS. of 'Contarini Fleming' had been accepted by his old friend Mr. Murray. It was published in the following May. The pictures in it of Oriental life, with which his recent travels had furnished him, were pronounced by competent authorities to be better than anything which had appeared since the travels of Bruce. Dean Milman, no mean critic, declared it to be a work 'in no way inferior to "Childe Harold," and equally calculated to arrest public attention even in those times.'

The reputation which he had acquired by 'Vivian Grey,' his travels in countries at that time rarely visited by Englishmen, and his calculated eccentricities of dress and manner, now opened the doors of society to him; and we find him intimate with Edward Bulwer, Count d'Orsay, Lady Blessington, and most of the leaders of fashion, male and female, who appreciated his genius and encouraged his foppishness. 'He was as popular,' he wrote, 'with the Dandies as he was hated by the second-rate men, and made his way very easily in the highest set.' He was admired and petted by fine ladies and beautiful women, and revelled in their admiration and flattery, and in the curiosity which his appearance and opinions excited. It would have been surprising if his head had not been turned by his social success. But he was too shrewd to confine himself to the delights of the fashionable world. He sought the acquaintance of men who, he believed, might be of service to him when, as a Member of Parliament, he could enter upon political life. He met Peel at a dinner party, and found him most gracious, and in a very condescending mood. But 'I reminded him by my dignified familiarity,' he writes to his sister, 'both that he was ex-Minister and I a present Radical.' At a *soirée* given by Edward Bulwer he was introduced 'by particular desire' to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, his future wife, whom he describes in the same letter as 'a pretty little woman; a flirt and a rattle, gifted with a volubility which he thought unequalled,

unequalled, and of which he could convey no idea.' She told him 'that she liked silent and melancholy men,' a character that he could have had little difficulty in assuming to please the fair lady. About the same time he acquired the friendship of Lord Lyndhurst, who soon detected his genius, understood him whilst he was a riddle to other men, and gave him advice and encouragement which profited him greatly in shaping his political career.

In 1832, Mr. Thomas Baring having been raised to the Peerage, the seat in Parliament, which he held as Member for High Wycombe, became vacant. Disraeli, anticipating the event, had entered into communication with persons of some influence in the borough, with a view to offering himself as a candidate for its representation. His family had already some connection with the county of Buckinghamshire, as his father had lived for several summers at Hyde Hall, near Chesham, a house belonging to his friend Plumer Ward. On the 10th of June he wrote to Mr. Austen :—

'I have just received a despatch from Wycombe, informing me that the crisis has commenced. I must go down, declare, and canvass. Baring is my opponent. . . . I start on the high Radical interest, and take down strong recommendatory epistles from O'Connell, Hume, Burdett, and *hoc genus*. Toryism is worn out, and I cannot condescend to be a Whig.'

He had to please, he said, all parties, 'Whigs, Tories and Radicals, Quakers, Evangelists, Abolition of Slavery, Reform, Conservatism, Corn Laws,' and he feared that he might 'compromise himself with the ten-pounders'; but he was sanguine of success, although he had as his opponent so formidable a personage as Colonel Grey, the son of the Prime Minister.

A few days later he tells Mr. Austen :—

'We are hard at it. Sir Thomas, you know, has resigned. His son was talked of. I have frightened him off, and old Pascoe Grenfell, and Buxton. Yesterday the Treasury sent down Colonel Grey with a hired mob and a band—never was such a failure. After parading the town with his paid voices, he made a stammering speech from his phaeton. All Wycombe was assembled. Feeling it was the crisis, I jumped upon the portico of the Red Lion, and gave it them for an hour and a quarter. I can give you no idea of the effect. I made them all mad. A great many absolutely *cried*. I never made so many friends in my life, and converted so many enemies. All the women are on my side, and wear my colours, pink and white. Do the same. The Colonel returned to town in the evening, absolutely astounded out of his presence of mind, *on dit* never to appear again. If he come, I am prepared for him.'

The

The portico of the 'Red Lion,' which was adorned with a wooden image of that noble animal, existed not many years ago —if it does not still exist—and was pointed out by old inhabitants who were present at the scene, as the place whence 'the young man of genius,' as he announced himself in the 'posters,' placarded on the walls of the borough, and on every available space in the neighbourhood, addressed the electors in his first public speech on record. It probably had, on those who heard it, the effect he described, for his oratorical powers must even at that time have been remarkable, as he was told that 'Grey spoke highly of them to Bulwer,' saying that he had never heard 'a finer command of words.' But in those days it was not a brilliant speech, or the cheers of the mob, or the sympathy of the women which decided an election. Government influence, and a very liberal outlay of money in a borough containing but few voters* and notoriously corrupt, greatly outweighed the eloquence of even a 'young man of genius' destitute of both. After a gallant struggle he was beaten.

He stood for Wycombe a second time, at the general election on the passing of the Reform Bill in November, 1832; but having lost the Radical support, and receiving only very lukewarm help from the Tories, he was again defeated. Both parties were distrustful of him, and failed to comprehend his peculiar political views; for even then he claimed to be 'the preacher of a new creed and the founder of a new party.' He, however, attributed his want of success to the neglect of his agent in attending to the registration, and to the rates of many of his old supporters not having been paid up.

Although much absorbed in politics, and engaged in fresh negociations for obtaining a seat in Parliament and in publishing a pamphlet entitled 'What is he?' to explain his political opinions, he worked, to use his own expression, 'like a tiger' to finish a romance which he had contemplated writing during his travels, and in which he could turn to account the scenes which he had witnessed in the East, and had described in his letters. He chose for his theme a romantic tale founded upon a tradition existing among the Jews of the Captivity, that they were to find amongst the descendants of David a prince of the House of Judah, who was to restore them to their native land, and to establish them once more as a great and independent nation. The subject was one which suited his poetic imagination, and which was especially congenial to his taste as con-

* The numbers were, for Gray, 23; for Disraeli, 12; only 35 voters having polled!

nected

nected with the race to which he belonged, and of which he was so proud. It enabled him to indulge to extravagance his descriptive powers, and to combine with skill and effect the supernatural with the possible. He had completed by the end of 1832 the 'Wondrous Tale of Alroy,' which was published in March, 1833. It is written in a kind of rhythmical style, neither prose nor verse, and, although containing some fine passages, is frequently so turgid and bombastic as to lend itself to ridicule. Beckford, himself the author of a well-known Oriental tale, and consequently competent to judge of such a production, wrote him a laudatory letter about it which afforded him the greatest delight. In writing to Mrs. Austen to thank her for 'a charming letter' about the book, he says:—

'It is delightful to be understood and appreciated. I have received a great many letters, but none are to be placed with yours, except one from Beckford, in which you will rejoice. As far as I can infer in so early a stage of his career, "Alroy" is pre-eminently successful.'

It was read with interest and pleasure by the public; the critics, for the most part, spoke favourably of it, and it speedily went into a second edition; but it has not held a place in our literature, and has been long forgotten.

The 'Wondrous Tale of Alroy' was followed by the 'Rise of Iskander,' a story of the wars of Amurath II., which again enabled him to make use of his experiences in Albania and Constantinople in descriptions of men, manners and costumes, and which being historical would, he thought, 'form a contrast to Alroy.' At the same time, in order to meet the pecuniary difficulties in which he found himself involved, he entered into an arrangement with 'two booksellers' for publishing an edition of the 'Arabian Nights' to be brought out in six or eight monthly volumes, very splendidly illustrated, with notes, and with a preliminary essay on the work and on Oriental life. He was to add a supplementary volume, consisting of an original tale called 'An Arabian Nights' Entertainment by the Author of "Vivian Grey."' He described the undertaking as 'a job which would not take up more than a month of his time,' but by which he hoped to 'sack' 1200*l.* or 1500*l.*, as he counted upon the sale of many thousand copies. The scheme, for some reason, fell through.

Whilst employed on these works he was also contemplating the composition of a poem, the first idea of which came to him, he says, when on 'the windy plain of Troy.' On the 2nd of September (1833) he informed Mrs. Austen that he had written about 4000 lines of a 'Revolutionary Epic,' which was all that he

he would then venture to print, although the whole of it was matured in his mind, though probably it could not be completed under 30,000 lines:—

'What do you think of it?' he asked. 'The conception seems to me sublime. All depends on the execution. I have finished the three first books. The two first cost me much the most trouble: the rest is play-work. I thought to have been out in February, but many petty annoyances disturb the serenity of my mind, and I cannot write unless I am fairly inspired.'

On the 15th of January (1834) he informed her that he intended to dine with her on the following day, and that he should put a canto of his work into his bag, and would perform the part of the Importunate Author, and bore her with a grand recitation:—

'I have got,' he adds, 'a grand simile about a S.-Wester, I think they call it. I am perfectly ignorant of the geography of the wind, and have no atlas here—I mean that wind that blows, I think, about the Cape, and knocks the Hon. Com. ships about. Daniel has a famous picture about it, consisting only of one ship and one wave. Is it a S.-Wester that I mean, and whence does it blow?'

He accordingly read the first canto from the MS. to a few friends assembled at Mrs. Austen's. To them he thus explained its object:—

'All great works that have formed an epoch in the history of the human intellect have been an embodification of the spirit of the age. An heroic age produced in the Iliad an heroic poem; the foundation of the Empire of the Cæsars produced in the Æneid a political poem; the Reformation and its consequences produced in the Paradise Lost a religious poem. Since the revolt of America a new principle has been at work in the world, to which I trace all that occurs. This is the Revolutionary principle, and this is what I wish to embody in the Revolutionary Epic, and I imagine the Genius of Feudalism and the Genius of Federation appearing before the Almighty Throne and pleading their respective and antagonistic causes.'*

Standing with his back to the fire, he proceeded in his usual grandiloquent style and with his usual solemn gesture to ask why, as the heroic age had produced its Homer, the Augustan era its Virgil, the Renaissance its Dante, the Reformation its Milton, should not the Revolutionary epoch, in which we live, produce its representative Poet? The scene was one not to

* He has explained, in nearly the same words, the conception and object of the poem, in his published introduction to it.

be

be forgotten by those who witnessed it. There was something irresistibly comic in the young man dressed in the fantastic, coxcombical costume that he then affected—velvet coat of an original cut thrown wide open, and ruffles to its sleeves, shirt collars turned down in Byronic fashion, an elaborately embroidered waistcoat whence issued voluminous folds of frill, and shoes adorned with red rosettes—his black hair pomatumed and elaborately curled, and his person redolent with perfume—announcing himself as the Homer or Dante of the age! After he had left the room, a gentleman who excelled as a mimic, assuming the attitude and voice of the poet, declaimed an impromptu burlesque of the opening lines, which caused infinite merriment to those present.

The conception of the Epic, as he described it, was not wanting in grandeur and originality; and its aim, it must in justice to the author be added, was, as in all his early works, lofty and magnanimous. But the execution was not equal to the conception, although the poem undoubtedly contains some fine lines and noble sentiments, mixed with much that is stilted and even grotesque in style. It fell flat upon the public, although he declared that its success had exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and had been almost forgotten until some lines supposed to justify regicide were quoted from it, in debate in the House of Commons, against the author many years after its publication.

The vast amount of brain-work upon which he had been engaged since his return to England—the Epic, two novels, political pamphlets and newspaper controversies—must have severely taxed his mental powers. Few men have been engaged at one time in more multifarious and arduous labours. He was working harder, he wrote to Mr. Austen, than any man in the kingdom. His pecuniary difficulties, which he described as 'overwhelming,' caused him, at the same time, serious anxiety, and impeded the full exercise of his imaginative faculties. A poet 'suddenly disturbed in the midst of the rapture of creation by a dunning letter,' was, he pleaded, an object of pity; and he complained of the cruelty of having his powers of creation marred at the moment when he believed that he was about to produce something great and lasting. He even feared to leave his house on account of 'the Philistines' who were lying in wait for him. These manifold troubles could not fail to have a very serious effect upon his health, and he began to suffer from a return of the symptoms which had caused him so much alarm in 1830. He was seized in August with a determination of blood to the head when mounting his horse, which obliged

obliged him 'to throw himself on the floor of the hall,' and led to 'a strange illness,' which confined him to the sofa for two months. However, by the end of October his health was completely restored, and he was hard at work again. In the following February he was hunting 'with Sir Henry Smythe's hounds, and although not in pink, the best mounted man in the field, riding an Arabian mare which he nearly killed—a run of nearly thirty miles and stopping at nothing.' He was then living at Southend, 'solely on snipes, and riding a good deal.'*

Between 1833 and 1836 he appears to have abandoned poetry and works of fiction—with the exception of contributions of a light character to Lady Blessington's 'Book of Beauty'—for political treatises, and for political controversies in the press, frequently of a very angry and irritating nature. In 1834 he published, under the title of 'The Crisis Examined,' the substance of a speech delivered at High Wycombe on the occasion of a third unsuccessful attempt to represent that borough. It was followed in 1835 by the 'Vindication of the English Constitution, in a letter to a noble and learned Lord' (Lyndhurst). This treatise contains a sketch of Lord Bolingbroke, which is evidently intended to represent what he aspired to be, and his own political opinions. It drew from Lord St. Germans the prophetic remark, that he 'could not help thinking that, if opportunities were not withheld, the author might become what Bolingbroke might have been.'† In acknowledging a copy sent to him by the author, Sir Robert Peel wrote of it that he was 'gratified and surprised to find that a familiar and apparently exhausted topic could be treated with so much of original force of argument, and novelty of illustrations,'—praise of which Disraeli was not a little proud as coming from a statesman, whom he not unjustly describes as 'the most jealous, frigid, and haughty of men.'‡

On the resignation of Sir Robert Peel, and the accession to office of the Whigs under Lord Melbourne, Mr. Labouchere, the high-bred gentleman as well as Liberal politician, having been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, was under the necessity of vacating his seat at Taunton and of seeking re-election. Disraeli availed himself of the opportunity to present himself to the electors as the opposition 'Blue' candidate. He was supported by the Tory party, and aided by a subscription opened for him at the Carlton Club headed by Lord Chandos. He was received in the borough with an enthusiasm to which

* Letter to his sister, Feb. 15, 1834. † Ibid. Jan. 9, 1836. ‡ Ibid. Dec. 1836.

he

he declared that High Wycombe was 'a miniature,' and 'in point of energy, eloquence and effect, far exceeded all his former efforts.' He obtained the show of hands at the hustings; but all his energy and eloquence were of no avail against the influence of various kinds brought to bear in favour of the Whig nominee. He was beaten by a considerable majority; but was consoled in his defeat by assurances that, at the next general election, he would be certain of success, two-thirds of the electors having promised to vote for him—promises usually made on such occasions, and as usually not kept.

It was in a speech at Taunton that he stigmatized the notorious 'Lichfield House compact' in terms which led to his celebrated quarrel with Daniel O'Connell, who retaliated by bespattering him with that foul and virulent abuse of which he was the acknowledged master, denouncing him as the descendant of 'the impenitent thief on the Cross,' and as a political apostate, whom he had been induced to recommend to the electors of High Wycombe as a Radical, but who had turned Tory to serve his personal interests. On being 'called out,' after the custom of those days, he refused to fight, alleging that having once killed a man in a duel, he had made a vow never to engage in another. Disraeli then challenged O'Connell's son, Mr. Morgan O'Connell, who had already acted as his father's substitute in an affair of honour with Lord Alvanley, but who declined to do so a second time. Failing to obtain the satisfaction he required, either from the father or the son, he revenged himself by publishing in the 'Times' an insulting letter addressed to O'Connell, warning him that they would 'meet at Philippi,' and that 'confident in a good cause and in some energies which had not been altogether unimproved, he would seize the first opportunity of inflicting upon him a castigation which would make him remember and repent the insults lavished upon Benjamin Disraeli.'*

His quarrel with O'Connell, and the charges brought against him by the Whigs and Radicals of political apostasy, led to a correspondence with the 'Globe' newspaper, in which both sides indulged in vituperation which could not be now employed, except by Irishmen, in political controversy. All that can be said in favour of Disraeli is that his invective had a higher polish, more 'finish' in his own words, than the coarse abuse of his opponent. He was himself highly satisfied with its

* It would appear from a letter to Mr. Austen that Disraeli had, on some occasion been summoned out as a second 'in an affair of honour of the most disagreeable and difficult nature.' As the letter is without date, we cannot fix the time of this occurrence.

effect,

effect, and was convinced that he had fully vindicated his consistency, and had confuted the charge of having abandoned his political principles. He told his sister, triumphantly, that his letters had 'made a great sensation,' as he was 'the first individual who had silenced the press with its own weapons.'

Whilst engaged in this angry and exciting correspondence, he appears to have been contributing political articles to the 'Morning Post.' 'It is the only paper now read,' he wrote to his sister, 'and in its columns some great unknown has suddenly risen whose exploits form almost the sole staple of political conversation. All attempts at discovering the writer have been baffled, and the mystery adds to the keen interest which the articles excite.' The mystery he leaves her to solve.

In the winter and spring of 1836 appeared in the 'Times' the celebrated 'Runnymede Letters.' His love of mystification induced him to tell his sister that they were 'the only things talked of in London, especially the latter ones—the Author is unknown. One or two papers have foolishly ascribed them to me. There is certainly some imitation of my style, and the writer is familiar with my works.' We believe that he never publicly owned their authorship; but they bear ample evidence of his pen.

He had now achieved the objects for which he had so persistently laboured, notoriety and fame. He was the subject of general curiosity, and was everywhere talked about. He figured at Almack's, and appeared at fancy balls in whimsical costumes. He met at dinner, in great houses, the men 'of light and leading' of the day, and the rising statesmen, amongst whom was 'young Gladstone.' To his social success, and to the fashionable circles to which he had access, to his dress, and to the effect produced by his personal appearance, he constantly refers in his letters with womanish vanity and delight. He was specially pleased with the portrait which Count d'Orsay had made of him, and which had been published. In presenting a copy of it to his friend, Mrs. Austen, he advises her to 'let Cribb make for it a frame of maple wood according to a pattern which I have given him for a portrait of the Duke of Devonshire for Mrs. Norton.' He was certainly at that time a very handsome young man, with a countenance in which beauty of feature and intellectual expression were strikingly combined.

In the winter of 1835 he was concerned in some mysterious financial operation which he considered of great political importance. 'Circumstances,' he wrote to Mr. Austen, 'have placed me behind the curtain of financial politics.' What the precise nature of this operation was we have been unable

to ascertain. It was seemingly connected with the issue of a loan for a foreign Power in Holland, as he informed Mr. Austen that he was in frequent secret communication with the Secretary of the Dutch Legation in London, and twice went over to the Hague in connection with the affair. He was in expectation of making a considerable sum of money by it, at a moment when he was in serious monetary straits; but it came to nothing, and we merely mention the circumstance as it affords curious evidence that, in his description of Sidonia, in 'Coningsby,' he had himself in view in that great and all-knowing politician and financier, or that in Sidonia he sketched a character to which it was his ambition to attain. The purchase by him in after years, when Prime Minister, of the Suez Canal shares, affords a striking instance of his conception of 'financial politics.'

It was not till late in 1836 that Disraeli returned to fiction, and published his novel of 'Henrietta Temple.' It was written under the pressure and anxiety of financial difficulties, from which he had in vain endeavoured to extricate himself, and which were daily increasing. They seriously interfered with his literary work; but he bore up against them with his usual courage and self-confidence. 'Henrietta Temple' was received by the public, and especially by London society, in a manner that afforded him the most intense gratification. He describes, in his letters, the compliments addressed to him upon it by fine ladies and men of fashion. Its success, indeed, was such as to induce Colburn, the publisher, to accept with great readiness a second novel, 'Venetia,' which was produced in the following year.

The dissolution of Parliament, which took place on the death of the King in 1837, at length afforded Disraeli the occasion so long and anxiously sought for to enter Parliament. He presented himself as one of the Tory candidates at Maidstone in company with Mr. Wyndham Lewis, a gentleman who had for some years represented the Borough. He was opposed by a well-known Liberal, Colonel Perronet Thompson, and after a contest of no great severity was elected by a majority of 204 over his opponent, Mr. Wyndham Lewis being at the head of the poll. He has himself, in his letters, given a most graphic description of his first appearance in the House of Commons, and of the scene which occurred when he was howled down by a band of Radicals and Irish, in revenge for his attack upon O'Connell, and when he made the celebrated exclamation, that 'the time will come when you will hear me.' The manner in which he ended in gaining the ear of the House, by judiciously acting upon

upon the advice of friends who, in face of a reputed failure, had discerned even in this first attempt his abilities as a Parliamentary orator, and foretold his future eminence, proves that he possessed those qualities—tact, temper, courage, and self-restraint—which, in combination with genius, go to form a great Party leader.

The public career of Lord Beaconsfield belongs to history, and, as we have said at the commencement of this article, we do not think that the time is yet come to enter upon it. As to events of a personal character, we need only mention, that in the year following the Maidstone election his colleague, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, died, and that in supporting, before a Committee of the House of Commons, a petition against the return of Mr. Fector, who was elected in his stead, the famous Parliamentary counsel, Mr. Charles Austin, made statements which Mr. Disraeli considered offensive to his honour, as accusing him of 'public corruption and private dishonesty.' He consequently wrote an intemperate letter to the 'Morning Post,' declaring these statements to be utterly untrue, and stigmatizing them as 'the blustering artifice of a rhetorical hireling, availing himself of the vile licence of a loose-tongued lawyer, not only to make a statement which was false, but to make it with a consciousness of its falsehood.' Mr. Austin filed a criminal information against him for libel, and Mr. Disraeli, suffering judgment to go by default, appeared in person before the Court, over which Lord Denman presided, to receive it. In an able speech, in which he tendered to Mr. Austin an apology, satisfactory to that gentleman and to the Attorney-General, the matter ended by the prayer for judgment being withdrawn.

In 1839 he married the widow of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, 'the pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle,' whom he had met several years before at Edward Bulwer's. His marriage may be said to have been, under the circumstances, a happy one. It relieved him from his pecuniary difficulties and their attendant cares and troubles, and left him free to pursue his career.* In one of his letters to his sister,† he had jokingly asked her whether she would like for a sister-in-law a lady who had 25,000*l.*, adding, 'As for love, all my friends who married for love and beauty either beat their wives or live apart from them. This is literally the case. I may commit many follies in life, but I never

* It has been stated, we know not on what authority, that his financial embarrassments were at one time so considerable that he was ready to accept a diplomatic appointment, but refused a consul-generalship in South America which Sir Robert Peel had offered him.

† May 22nd, 1833.

intend to marry for "love," which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity.' Whatever may have been the motives for his marriage, there is no more amiable trait in the character of Lord Beaconsfield, no more convincing proof of his kindliness of heart, his affectionate disposition, and his honourable conception of duty, than his conduct to his wife throughout the many years they passed together.

We might here have brought our notice of the early life of Lord Beaconsfield to a close, but it would be incomplete, if we did not point out the marvellous manner in which the dreams and forecasts of his youth, as to his future greatness, were fulfilled in the closing years of his eventful career.

In 1868 Mr. Disraeli, on the resignation of Lord Derby, attained to the height of his ambition, as the leader of the Conservative Party and Prime Minister of England. But his tenure of office was too short to enable him to carry out any measures with which his name can be connected, and which are impressed with his political views. On the fall of Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1874, Mr. Disraeli was again called to the head of the Government. He was now in a position to put into practical execution many of the ideas and schemes which his fertile imagination had conceived before he had scarcely reached manhood. A notable occasion soon presented itself when, in consequence of the refusal of the Porte to accept the reforms for the amelioration of the condition of the Sultan's Christian subjects proposed to it by the Great Powers, Russia availed herself of the long-sought-for opportunity of invading Turkey with the ultimate view of acquiring Constantinople and the entrances into the Black Sea.

Lord Beaconsfield, following in the footsteps of our greatest statesmen, from Chatham to Lord Palmerston, had always accepted as a cardinal axiom of British foreign policy the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire. It was out of no love for the Turks, although, as we have seen from his early letters, he had formed a favourable opinion of the character of this much-maligned and misrepresented people—as, indeed, every impartial traveller who has acquired an intimate knowledge of it has done—but because he had convinced himself, that it was of vital importance to England that the rule of the Sultan should be maintained in his European Provinces, until it could be replaced by that of some Power not dangerous to her interests. At the same time, he was as desirous as any English statesman could be, both on the grounds of humanity and of policy, that the Turkish administration should be brought more into accordance

with

with that of civilized nations, and that the fullest protection for life and property should be secured to the Sultan's Christian subjects. This policy, he believed, afforded the best prospect of preserving the Turkish Empire, and of preparing the Christian populations of European Turkey to form a nation strong enough to maintain its independence, should the time arrive for the substitution of Christian for Mahommedan rule. These views were opposed to those of Russia, who was far from desiring that the Christians should be well governed, or that an independent State should be established to the south of the Danube. It was her object to keep the European Provinces of Turkey in a continual state of disorder, and to frustrate every attempt on the part of the Porte to improve the condition of, and to conciliate, the Christian populations. Whilst their misgovernment and consequent discontent furnished her the means of carrying on her intrigues and undermining the authority of the Sultan in time of peace, they afforded her an excuse for making war to promote her ambitious designs, when she thought the moment opportune for doing so. The occasion for the latter course was afforded by the cruelties alleged to have been committed by the Turkish authorities in suppressing an attempt on the part of the Bulgarians, to rise against the Turkish authorities. This insurrection was known to have been brought about by the intrigues of Russian agents, acting under the directions of the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople. Had it proved successful, it would have led to a general massacre of the Mohammedans, and to the burning and sacking of Turkish towns.

Russia availed herself of the sensation, which the enormously exaggerated reports of outrages perpetrated by the Turkish irregulars had excited in England, to separate herself from the other Powers, and, under the pretext of being their mandatory in compelling the Porte to accept their proposals for the improvement of the conditions of its Christian subjects, prepared for war against Turkey.

Lord Beaconsfield held, that this was but an insidious pretence for carrying out her design for the further dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, and that her proceedings were a violation of the law of nations, of the treaty of Paris, and of the understanding come to with the other Powers, which would have justified England in going to war. But his Cabinet being divided on the subject, he limited his action to the solemn and indignant protest against the conduct of Russia, contained in Lord Derby's despatch of 1st of May, 1877. This protest, as well as other efforts of Lord Beaconsfield to maintain peace, and to uphold the true interests

terests of the British Empire, by pursuing its ancient and traditional policy, were thwarted by Mr. Gladstone, who boasted that for many months he had devoted all his energy, his eloquence, and his great influence, to defeat and upset his rival. With this object he appealed to the passions of the English people, which were easily roused by the highly-coloured picture he placed before them, in moving and eloquent language, of shocking cruelties inflicted by barbarous Musulmans upon unoffending Christians, and of their unparalleled sufferings. His speeches and pamphlets, describing what were known as the 'Bulgarian atrocities,' threw a large portion of the nation almost into a state of frenzy, which rendered it incapable of either reflection or prudence. He eagerly accepted every horrible and revolting detail of torture and outrage, with which sensational newspaper correspondents or designing agents of Russia could furnish him, to excite popular prejudice and indignation against the Turks, who were to be driven, 'bag and baggage,' out of Europe. Evidence from the most authentic sources was in vain produced, to prove that the accounts coming from these sources were totally untrustworthy. His object was to discredit and embarrass Lord Beaconsfield and the Government, by leading the world to believe that they tolerated and condoned, if they did not actually approve and promote, all the horrors of which the Porte and its officers were accused. He succeeded in doing so to a great extent; and thus encouraged Russia to enter upon the war which led to such terrible bloodshed and such indescribable misery. For these results Mr. Gladstone must be held responsible, as he must be for similar results of his policy and intemperate language elsewhere. Had it not been for his action, the war would have been prevented, and history would have been spared one of its bloodiest pages. At the same time England would have been saved from the dangers which now threaten her Indian Empire from the rapid advance of Russia in Central Asia, and from the enormous expenditure which Russia's nearness to our Indian frontiers, and the constant alarm which it causes, now impose upon us. This conviction was more than once publicly expressed by Lord Beaconsfield.

We cannot but contrast Mr. Gladstone's conduct in this instance with that of Lord Beaconsfield under nearly similar circumstances. When Mr. Gladstone's Ministry found itself in grave difficulties during the American Civil War, the opposition, of which Lord Beaconsfield was then the leader, might have caused it the most serious embarrassment. Lord Beaconsfield, considering only the interests of his country, and putting aside

aside all personal and party feelings, restrained his followers, which was at that time no easy task, and left the Government a free hand to deal with the many complicated and dangerous questions, which were then constantly arising, and which, unless treated with the utmost prudence, might have led, sooner or later, to war. History will decide which of the two statesmen shewed the greater patriotism and the higher sense of public duty.

After the war between Russia and Turkey had broken out, Lord Beaconsfield retained his opinion, that England had a right to interfere by force of arms should diplomatic measures fail to restore peace, and to aid Turkey in resisting an unprovoked and unjustifiable aggression, which, if Russia attained her object, would prove of incalculable injury to the interests of the British Empire. His first endeavour was to prevent war, and with this object he did his utmost, and not without success, to prevail upon the Porte to make such concessions and sacrifices as he considered ought to satisfy the ostensible complaints and demands of Russia. His efforts in this direction having failed, in consequence of the encouragement given to Russia by the feeling excited by Mr. Gladstone in England, he determined to avail himself of the first opportunity to interfere to arrest her attempt to dismember the Ottoman Empire.

This opportunity nearly presented itself after the defeat of the Russians before Plevna. Had the Turkish commander followed up his victory, as there is every reason to believe that he might have done, by pursuing the flying Russian army, not only could it have been totally destroyed, such was the panic with which it was seized, but the Emperor himself would in all probability have been made prisoner; England might then have stepped in, and might have brought the war to a close on her own terms and with due regard to her interests.

The next occasion upon which, we have reason to believe, Lord Beaconsfield was prepared to give armed assistance to Turkey was after the fall of Plevna, and after the Russians had forced the Shipka Pass. He was informed, on high military authority, that the invading army was so greatly reduced in numbers, and was so much demoralized by the losses it had sustained from disease, exposure, and the stubborn resistance it had experienced, that, if the Turks were to make a determined stand at Adrianople, it would be under the necessity of retreating. The Porte had taken measures to place that city in a state of defence, and it was garrisoned by a sufficient number of troops to hold it against any force that the Russians could then bring against it. It was abandoned by their commander at the first news of the approach of the enemy, who entered

entered it without resistance. This unexpected and unaccountable collapse caused bitter disappointment to Lord Beaconsfield, who had been led to believe that the advance of the Russians upon Constantinople would be effectively checked, and that they would have no means of renewing the campaign until the following spring, thus giving time to England to interfere by diplomatic means, and if these failed to procure peace by more effective measures. The Porte, by its folly and irresolution, and by the incapacity, if not treachery, of its generals, lost the assistance which might have saved it from the disasters and fatal consequences of the war, and might have secured to the Sultan, for some time to come, the possession of his European Provinces.

The fall of Adrianople was followed by the march of the Russian Army upon Constantinople, by its encampment near the city in the lines of Buyuk-Tchekmedji, and ultimately by the signature of the Treaty of San Stefano, extorted from the Porte in the moment of its despair, which would have put an end to the Turkish dominion in Europe, and would have handed over the Turkish European Provinces to Russia. The Grand Duke Nicholas, acting upon instructions which he is known to have received from St. Petersburg, would have occupied Constantinople, had it not been for the prompt and courageous action of Lord Beaconsfield in ordering the British fleet into the Sea of Marmora, and for the notice that was privately conveyed to the Russian Commander-in-Chief, that it would at once be brought before San Stefano, whence it would command the approach to the Turkish Capital, if the Russian troops made any further progress. By this step Lord Beaconsfield stopped the Russian advance upon Stamboul, which must have led to most disastrous consequences, and in the end, in all probability, to a general war.

The Congress of Berlin, and the part which Mr. Disraeli, now Earl of Beaconsfield, played in it—the reputation for wisdom, patriotism and statesmanship which he acquired by it, not only in his own country but throughout the civilized world, and the impression which his character and bearing made upon his colleagues, the foremost statesmen of Europe—are of too recent a date and are of too great notoriety to require any further notice here. He returned to England bringing 'Peace with Honour,' and having achieved perhaps all that could possibly have been achieved in the interests of his country amidst difficulties which only his sagacity, courage, perseverance, and temper, could have overcome. He was consequently received with enthusiastic welcome by all classes of his countrymen.

Lord Beaconsfield knew full well that, although he had succeeded

succeeded in checking Russia by compelling her to abandon the most objectionable clauses of the Treaty of San Stefano, she would not renounce her secular policy with respect to the final possession of Constantinople and the Ottoman dominions in Europe and Asia. She had, indeed, acquired a better position, than she had held before the war, for furthering her designs as soon as she saw a favourable occasion for doing so. He deemed it, therefore, of vital importance to England, that she should be possessed of some station in the Levant, from which she could be ready to meet Russia, should the latter attempt to advance upon the Bosphorus and the Euphrates Valley through Armenia, for which she had prepared the way by acquiring Kars and Batoum. His thoughts reverted to Cyprus, where nearly fifty years before he had landed, and had apparently conceived the idea, that the occupation of this island by England would enable her to maintain that preponderating influence and position in the East, which were necessary to the retention of her Indian Empire. Whether Cyprus was the most favourable position to establish what Lord Beaconsfield described as a '*place d'armes*,' may be open to question. But as to the wisdom of his policy there can scarcely be a doubt.

A proposal was made to the Sultan for the temporary cession of Cyprus to England, who, in return, was to guarantee to him the possession of his Asiatic territories, and to be prepared to aid him in resisting any attempt that Russia might make to invade them; the Porte undertaking, at the same time, to introduce certain reforms for the improvement of the condition of its Christian population. Lord Beaconsfield has been accused of having taken undue advantage of the fears of the Sultan, consequent upon the disasters which he had experienced, to impose upon him by threats the Cyprus Convention. No charge could be more unfounded or unjust. The Sultan himself, fully alive to the importance to Turkey of an agreement which would secure to him the help of England in repelling an invasion by Russia of his Asiatic provinces, was most anxious for the speedy conclusion of the Convention. He personally superintended the negociations for it, which were carried through with a secrecy and promptitude of which we doubt whether the annals of diplomacy in Turkey furnish any example. The advantages to be obtained by it were reciprocal, and the arrangement was a just and equitable one. If it has not hitherto had all the results that were expected from it, the fault does not lie with us but with the Sultan himself, who has weakened, if not annulled, the obligations we imposed upon ourselves, by neglecting to put into execution the reforms for the

the amelioration of the condition of his Armenian subjects, which he had solemnly pledged himself to introduce, and by listening to the perfidious counsels of those whose object it has ever been to create suspicion and distrust in his mind of the motives and objects of England.

Lord Beaconsfield had now reached the highest pinnacle of power and fame that a British subject can hope to attain. He had, indeed, exceeded all that his imagination, vast and romantic as it was, could have conceived possible even in its most heated moments. To one who had known him in his youth—the object of ridicule and contempt as a wild visionary and a fop, and as belonging to a despised race, beginning life without powerful friends or the influence of station and wealth, and having to struggle with every disadvantage that could impede a successful public career; to see him preside at a banquet in that historic house in which the most illustrious of our statesmen had dwelt before him, with the heir to the Crown of England at his side as his guest, an Earl with the Garter at his knee, and the blue riband of this ancient order and the star, usually resplendent with diamonds, on his breast, the Prime Minister of the most powerful Empire on the face of the earth, just returned from representing his country in a European Congress, the most important since that of Vienna, and the chief of a great party which he had himself formed, and which he had led to victory—was more marvellous than the wildest and most improbable fiction that ever issued from his imaginative and fertile brain, more wonderful than even the achievements of 'Sidonia,' the favourite creation of his youth! Whatever may have been his reflections and emotions, and they must have been mingled with legitimate feelings of pride and triumph, they were veiled by that imperturbable and impassive countenance which, in the hours of sorest disappointment as in those of the most signal success, never deserted him. We are inclined to think that, with his romantic disposition, he would have been even more proud and more triumphant, could he have foreseen that he was to become a popular hero, whose memory was to be annually recorded throughout England by the display, by high and low, rich and poor, of his favourite flower—the Primrose.

ART. II.—*Mémoires d'un Royaliste.* Par le Comte de Falloux. In two volumes. Paris, 1888.

IN these Memoirs we have a record of the feelings, thoughts, and experiences, of a man eminently loyal and honest, and of transparent character. Count de Falloux was a thorough Frenchman; unlike his friend Montalembert, he had no English blood in his veins, yet he possessed, in an exceptional degree, those characteristics which Englishmen most admire. Untiring in his fidelity, he tempered his zeal with prudence. His conservatism was intelligent; his philanthropy was replete with common sense, and eminently practical, and his religious sentiments were manly and sincere. His zeal for the Church never led him to sanction or desire an act of bigotry or intolerance, and his devotion to the Comte de Chambord never restrained him from opposing various acts of that prince and of his friends, with a vigour which the circumstances of his parentage and early education make the more noteworthy. Over and above the value that the work possesses as the picture of a noble life, and as a revelation of a special type of French thought and character, it has another and much wider interest; for it shows how great is the delusion of those who think, with the late Mr. Buckle, that the influence of individuals on the course of history is small. The influence of two men, extremely divergent in character, acting in opposite ways from opposite motives, are here shown to have unconsciously concurred in bringing about a calamitous result. Perhaps no personage in history so gratuitously ruined his own cause and that of his friends as did the Comte de Chambord. He was the main founder of the present French Republic. Its second author was M. Thiers.

We read in these pages, with increasing wonder, authentic revelations of the lamentable vanity, weakness, and shortsightedness, of M. Thiers. From 1830 to 1880, his defects of character were most injurious to France; and yet it must be affirmed that, but for the action of the Count de Chambord himself, M. Thiers would have performed an act of self-abnegation which might have gone far to compensate for the errors of his earlier years, and have saved him from the political degradation which attended the end of his career. We see in these pages how, after the Revolution of 1848 and the disasters of 1870, the most enlightened and patriotic Frenchmen united, with extraordinary unanimity and accord, in an endeavour to found a stable system of free government, as we understand it in England; and how in each case one or two persons, on whose action all depended, ruined everything by their vanity or folly. Every Englishman who

who reads this book must feel, that he has indeed cause to be both grateful to Providence, and proud of his country, which has so long been happily preserved from calamity by the good sense and moderation of most of its politicians, and especially has escaped that evil combination of opposite extremes, which has again and again proved so fatal to the prosperity of France.

M. de Falloux was born at Angers on the 7th of May, 1811, in a small house near the old family residence, which his parents were not then wealthy enough to inhabit. In summer they dwelt at Bourg d'Iré, a village in a picturesque but most primitive part of Anjou, close to Brittany. His parents had each good cause to detest the French Revolution. His father had emigrated when only fourteen (serving in the Talleyrand-Périgord regiment at Maestricht and Quiberon), and had returned, under the Consulate, to find but a small part of his fortune left. His mother was the daughter of the Marquis de Soucy, who held a command at Cherbourg when the Duc de la Rochefoucauld was planning a retreat there for Louis XVI. The King had said, 'Soucy, I count upon you,' and this had prevented his emigrating, and cost him his life. His wife had been governess to the royal children, and was called to the Temple when the young Princess was exchanged for the Olmutz hostages. Born and brought up as a child in Versailles, she and her mother, the Baroness de Mackau,* also refused to emigrate, in order to be near the Queen. They stood by her on the 20th of June, and when violently separated from her on the fatal 10th of August, they retired to Vitry to be still near her. M. de Falloux's paternal grandmother died in prison, in consequence of having received in her house General de La Rochejacquelin.

Thus M. de Falloux's childhood was passed amongst persons who either after having lived at Court had made all sorts of sacrifices for royalty, or who professed and practised the same devotion without even having known Court life, and whose conversation was a reiterated eulogium of either the splendour of Versailles, or the courage and merits of royal occupants.

Young De Falloux began his education at the Lycée of Angers; and while there was greatly taken with pulpit eloquence. He showed some juvenile oratorical talent, and his parents, who had inherited a large property from a cousin who died intestate,

* A sister of the Baroness had married the Marquis de Bombelles, who had four children by her, and became a priest after her death. He was named Bishop of Amiens at the Restoration, and used to relate how, in 1814, on visiting the Hôtel de Rougé, he was asked by an old servant, '*Que dois-je annoncer?*' 'Annoncez l'evêque d'Amiens et ses enfants'—'Monsieur, je n'annoncerai jamais cela à Madame la Marquise.' Afterwards the Bishop, in introducing his sons, would playfully say, 'Je vous presente les neveux de mon frère.'

removed

removed him to Paris for study, but under the superintendence of a private tutor from Angers. This tutor sometimes took his pupil to the Théâtre Français, where the dramatic genius of Talma soon caused his love for sermons to yield to a new-born passion for tragedy. So enthusiastic was his admiration for the great actor, that one day he played truant from school to pay a clandestine visit in the Rue Tour-des-Dames, where the tragedian resided. He soon got access to him, but, once in his presence, he could say nothing, and began to cry. Talma spoke to him with extreme gentleness, and when he had drawn forth the confession that the boy's one object had been to see him, he said: 'Mon enfant, j'ai reçu beaucoup d'hommages, mais je vous assure que le vôtre me touche tout à fait.' He did not dismiss him till he had made kind enquiries about his studies, and encouraged him to work hard. A little time afterwards, having persuaded his mother to leave the theatre as soon as the tragedy had ended, while waiting for their carriage, Talma passed them, and, recognizing the boy, saluted him, saying, to the astonishment of the mother and the embarrassment of the lad: 'Eh bien! mon petit ami, avez-vous été content ce soir?' Confession, reproof, and ready pardon followed, and shortly afterwards Talma died. A few years passed, and the days of the Restoration were drawing towards their close.

In June 1830 the dull Court of Charles X. was enlivened by the visit of the King and Queen of Naples, the parents of the Duchesse de Berri, who were going to Spain with their daughter Christina, the great-grandmother of the present child-King. This visit offered young De Falloux his solitary experience of Court splendour; he was present at a ball given by the Duke of Orleans, and for a few moments even close to the King himself, who was walking on the terrace and rejoicing in the fine weather for his fleet then on its way to Algiers. The Opera of *la Muette de Portici* (Masaniello) first appeared at that time; and its lively airs, so soon to be popular with Belgian revolutionists, were played frequently at Paris as a compliment to the King and Queen of Naples.

M. de Falloux having, after the fall of Charles X., no more chance, which he had previously anticipated, of a residence abroad in the character of a diplomatist, determined to travel; and having passed rapidly through Belgium and Holland, he went up the Rhine to Mayence, and thence to Prague by Frankfort. It was at Prague, in the palace of the Hradschin, that Charles X., the Dauphin and his wife, with the Duc de Bordeaux and his sister resided, with a small number of followers. The little exiled Court, which seemed lost in the innumerable chambers

and

and passages of the vast palace, so rarely inhabited and only half-furnished, is thus described by M. de Falloux:

'The old King maintained a serene affability; one felt that events had made no change in him, and that he thought it was impossible to have acted otherwise or more wisely. He received French visitors with pleasure, but without emotion, and one was puzzled whether to regard him as a model of religious resignation, or as being naturally indifferent, to a fault. The Dauphin was taciturn and melancholy: and one saw that his respect for his father suppressed the external signs of very severe mental distress. The Duchesse d'Angoulême had, beyond all comparison, the best right to complain of her country; but it was she who, beyond all comparison, loved it the most. . . . Every evening the King played his game at whist with the Cardinal de Latil, the Duc de Blacas, and the Prince Louis de Rohan. A bad player, he often lost his temper: and I have more than once heard the Duc de Blacas reply, "Quand le coup sera fini, Votre Majesté verra si elle a raison. . . ." About ten o'clock the King finished his whist, and with a few gracious words, dismissed his little Court. Every one rose; the Dauphin broke off his game of chess, and his wife folded up her tapestry. At the Hradschin this was called "étiquette"; but it might also be described as a spontaneous manifestation of unreserved respect.'

M. de Falloux soon discovered, that the aristocracies and sovereign houses of Europe were by no means so warmly Legitimist in their sentiments as he had supposed them necessarily to be. In the drawing-rooms, even of Vienna, he not only heard the conduct of Charles X. very freely commented on, but also political regrets for the death of the Duke of Reichstadt; a pacific Napoleon introducing the Austrian system into France, being evidently a favourite idea.

M. de Falloux's next visit was to Italy and to Rome under Gregory XVI., the last Pope to receive and transmit intact his temporal power, of whom he says:—

'He maintained upon the throne the customs and austere simplicity of his Camald dese cloister. His features were commonplace, but intelligent and benevolent. Etiquette was maintained in his antechamber, but dispensed with in his presence, where one knelt as to a father rather than to a sovereign. . . . . At our last audience we brought so large a basket of rosaries for him to bless, that he laughingly asked how we had got them there. We replied that our servants had carried them up to his very door. "Are they," he asked, "also from your good province of la Vendée? then make them come in. I will give my blessing to them at the same time as to you." He had them sent for, and with great affability asked various questions of both the man and his wife, without any apparent consciousness that he was setting an example of that sort of equality which Christianity introduced, and of which it is still the only model.'

There

There was a great variety in the members of the Sacred College. Amongst them was Cardinal Mastai, the future Pio Nono, of whom Gregory remarked, with an indulgent smile, 'In casa Mastai, anche il gatto e liberale!' Another was the celebrated linguist, Mezzofanti, who was fond of improvising verses. One day, when giving the prizes at the College of the Propaganda, a young Chinaman, affecting to translate the Chinese equivalent of his name into Latin, said: 'Hic est qui *tacitus* virtutes perficit omnes.' To which the Cardinal immediately replied: 'At loquitur semper, perficit ergo nihil.' At Rome he met M. de Montmorency, who, in spite of his antipathy to all the more modern ideas, had felt, when at Geneva, that family claims bound him to pay a visit to Madame de Stael. She, on receiving him, said: 'I ought to be very grateful to "Corinne," who, no doubt, has occasioned this visit.' 'No, Madame, for I have never read it, and must frankly say I never shall, and wish that others would not either, for I believe there would be much less disorder in the world if romantic literature had never been invented.' Madame de Stael, much astonished, and wishing to administer a gentle rebuke, replied: 'Are there not some gifts given us by God which impose corresponding efforts on our part? Those to whom the gift of imagination has been imparted ought no more to refuse to employ it than you, born a Montmorency, can help being chivalrous and courteous.' Ignoring the sarcasm, the old Marquis rejoined: 'Every comparison is necessarily imperfect; I cannot help having been born a Montmorency, but those persons whose fingers itch for a pen can refuse to grasp it.'

In 1835 M. de Falloux came to England, and saw among other distinguished persons the Duke of Wellington, whose grave natural dignity, he tells us, 'was expressed at once by a peculiar art of shaking hands which some Englishmen possess.' The cordiality of his reception was augmented by the Duke having been sent as a youth to Angers, where, before the Revolution, there was a cavalry riding-school with a European reputation, and where, in 1835, his name was to be seen over the door of a small room. He found London, he declares, more astonishing and enormous than attractive; but as soon as he was outside it, he declares that 'England assumes an unequalled charm. Nothing elsewhere is comparable, not only with English country houses, large and small, but with the shady, winding roads, so different from the inflexible regularity of those of France.' He gave Windsor greatly the preference over Versailles, but nothing delighted him so much as Oxford. After a hasty visit to Scotland, and a pious pilgrimage to Abbotsford, he

he returned to Grillon's Hotel, where he was introduced to Vicomte de Persigny, an acquaintance which ripened into a warm friendship that was continued throughout their subsequent careers.

De Persigny had surprised him by extreme frankness in expressing his political views. One morning he entered De Falloux's room, saying that unexpected news compelled him to leave suddenly without waiting for money which he expected from France. His luggage, he said, was ample security, but he begged M. de Falloux to take charge of a few books and some other things he valued, and bring them back with him to France. Our author immediately placed his purse at his disposal, and begged him to pay and take all his property with him; an offer accepted with cordiality and dignity.

'I thought he was gone, but he returned, saying, "I feel so grateful for your kindness; I must tell you why I have to go. Prince Louis Napoleon, to whom I am entirely devoted, insists on my joining him immediately in Switzerland. Let me beg of you to come with me. You will see for yourself that the future of our country is there; and I know the Prince well enough to be sure he will do you justice." . . . "You know," said I, "that I come from a Province where fidelity to the Royal cause is not to be shaken, the eagerness of your wish is gratifying, but absolutely impotent to change me." A last effort having convinced him that my determination was invincible, he said, with a certain solemnity of manner, "I respect your sincerity, but I also know your patriotism. Your eyes will be opened hereafter; Prince Napoleon will reign, and you will form part of his first Ministry." In spite of his prophetic air I received his prediction with a peal of laughter, and in a joking tone replied, "Promise me, in that case, that you will give me my portfolio." "Well, then, I promise it." What is really sad is that the destinies of France were unsettled enough to make it possible for two young men of twenty to enter, even jokingly, into such an agreement.'

On returning from England he resided for a time in Paris, where he saw more of De Persigny, and was on really friendly terms with him. He also made the acquaintance of Madame Swetchine, the Abbé Lacordaire, and Lamartine, and proceeded on a tour in Russia, returning thence through Munich and Strasburg. On leaving the Strasburg Opera-house one evening he was addressed by a friend, the Comte de Bruc, who said:

'"I think you will be pleased to learn that M. de Persigny is here, but quite *incognito*." M. de Falloux replied that he should like to see him, but was compelled to leave early next morning, when his friend urged him to pay his visit at once, as midnight was just the time to see de Persigny. Our author then tells us: "I yielded to his urgent request,

request, . . . and after traversing two or three winding streets, and a low entrance, we ascended to a garret, where I found myself face to face with six or seven young men round a bowl of punch. It was Prince Louis's *état-major*."'

De Persigny was for a moment overcome with astonishment, and then putting his arms round my neck exclaimed, 'Can we at last then count upon you?'—'Always as a friend, never as a Napoleonist.' The circumstances having been explained, he remarked: 'Rest assured, it is Providence who sends you to us. The Prince is close by, just across the frontier. The garrison is ours, and in two or three days we shall be welcomed by the whole of France. . .' After an hour's useless discussion I arose, and cordially embracing M. de Persigny, but with sad forebodings, regained my lodgings at five o'clock in the morning, and started for Paris without breathing a word of my secret. A few days after Prince Louis was a prisoner. M. de Persigny had escaped across the frontier.

De Falloux was about to publish a study of the reign of Louis XVI., when the newspapers announced that the Count de Chambord would assist at the manœuvres of the Austrian Camp at Verona. The temptation was irresistible, and he set out at once for Italy, where at Parma he saw Maria Theresa, Napoleon's widow, now married for the third time.

'I do not know whether the Empress had been beautiful; at any rate, when I had the honour of seeing her, her person was by no means attractive . . . and looked older than she was. . . . As to the Emperor Napoleon, there was no bust or portrait of him anywhere, not of the Duc de Reichstadt. Everything betokened either the most complete forgetfulness, or the most courageous resignation.'

He found Rome in a great state of agitation on account of the presence there of the Count de Chambord, who had arrived without notice, out of consideration for the Pope's relations with Louis Philippe. The Count had taken up his residence in the Palazzo Conti with the Duc de Levis, and several other distinguished persons. The impression he produced was in most respects favourable, but already an excess of timidity displayed itself in his *entourage*. By degrees the Duc de Levis established a sort of quarantine about the Court

'which allowed no ideas and no advice to reach him without having first passed through a sort of fumigation. The doors were thrown widely open for short, cordial audiences, which only admitted homage full of emotion on one side, and manifestations of an unaffected kindness on the other. But if one wished to go further, and by indiscretion, or on the strength of some special claim, one ventured to ask a question or give a grave reply, or enter upon some question of any

 political

political importance, immediately M. de Levis's face became clouded, and access was diminished or even denied.'

Already the Count showed that vague indecision as to what was to be his course of action, which was the real cause why he died without having attained, for however brief a time, the throne of France.

Soon after M. de Falloux's second return from Italy, Louis Napoleon made his singular attempt at Boulogne, and his trial was to begin in September, 1840. M. Berryer was engaged to defend him, and had to go daily to consult his client at the Luxembourg. There also was imprisoned his enthusiastic follower, Vicomte Fialin de Persigny, whom M. de Falloux obtained permission to visit through M. Berryer's aid, and whom he was able subsequently to befriend; thus adding a link to the chain which bound together the two faithful, but strangely divergent, friends.

In 1841, M. de Falloux married Mlle. de Caradeuc de la Chalotais, an ardent Royalist and an ardent lover of his cherished Anjou. The following year he became an almost successful candidate for the Chamber of Deputies; and he was actually elected for Angers in 1846. It was the period of struggle between Thiers and Guizot, and the new deputy was at first under the spell of the latter's influence.

M. de Falloux became the ardent and persevering advocate of free education, and, after many efforts, succeeded in passing the equitable law which is known as 'la loi Falloux.' M. Guizot was not opposed to such freedom in principle, and might have gained, by adopting it, considerable support. But he dreaded the storm it might raise, and the opportunity it might afford for the hostile eloquence of M. Thiers and the Left of the Chamber. He even vehemently opposed an inoffensive postal reform which M. de Falloux, who was quite outside all party disputes, warmly supported. De Falloux was placed on the Committee appointed for the subject, and spoke so successfully in the Chamber that M. Guizot found himself compelled to submit to a reduction of rates. The question of liberty of education was making progress. M. de Salvandy, Minister of Public Instruction, even proposed a law upon the subject, when the 24th of February arrived; and Ministry, Chamber, and King, were carried away by the revolutionary torrent.

The Revolution of 1848 has more than once been referred to as an effect without a cause; it was rather an effect out of proportion to its causes, whereof the more decisive was the unexpected weakness of the King. He had seen the fall of Napoleon through war, and this had made him cling to peace. He

He had seen Charles X. fall after having violated his 'Charter' of 1814, and he was deeply persuaded that a scrupulous fidelity to his Charter of 1830, would secure his throne from every danger.

'A contemporary and friend of La Fayette, and owing his election to the National Guard, he had never contemplated the possibility of a rupture with the citizen force; and when, in his presence, in the Place Carrousel, some of its battalions cried, "Vive la reforme!" he retreated, overcome by a cry he felt himself quite unable to repress. Pale, overwhelmed, unresisting, he returned to the Tuileries, took, without resistance, the pen presented to him to sign his abdication, and allowed himself to be carried into exile without giving an order or taking a single measure in favour of a regency he thought little about or had little faith in. He may have been also the victim of some remorse, for he was heard to repeat several times in a low voice, "Like Charles X., like Charles X.!"'

As we all know, the prohibition of a banquet in honour of electoral reform brought about the actual explosion. In spite of their opposition to the July regime, M. Berryer and his followers refused to take part in this attack upon it. At a general meeting of all parties of the opposition, he spoke twice; warning the supporters of the movement, that the ground they were marching towards would give way beneath their feet. M. de Lamartine violently repelled every counsel of prudence and moderation. He was then enjoying, with a sort of intoxication, the popularity which his 'History of the Girondins' had procured him, and he assumed the attitude of a man no longer content with mere description, but aspiring to play a great part himself. The conduct of M. Thiers was by no means straightforward. He kept at the door of the meeting-room without saying a word, though he heard everything, and every now and then, by some gesture, gave encouragement to the most vehement expressions.

'When the increasing tumult showed that the time of reasoning was over, M. Berryer retired. I and M. Rainneville followed him, M. Thiers leaving at the same time, and accompanying us a short distance. On the way, I said to him, "Are you not alarmed at all we have just heard and seen?" —"Not in the least." "But we seem to be on the eve of a revolution!" He shrugged his shoulders and cheerfully replied, with the utmost confidence, "a revolution! a revolution! It is plain you know nothing of the power of a government! I do; it is ten times greater than the strength of any possible revolt. With a few thousand men commanded by my friend, Marshal Bugeaud, I would answer for everything. You will pardon me, my dear M. de Falloux, if I frankly say the Restoration was

overthrown by nothing but stupidity, and I will guarantee that we shall not be overthrown as that was. The National Guard will give M. Guizot a good lesson. The King's ear is sharp enough, he will understand and yield in time."'

The next day the aspect of the Chambers of Deputies seemed to justify Thiers's words. The majority were full of confidence in the firmness of Guizot, as was Guizot in that of the King. But soon after, he suddenly ascended the tribune, and with melancholy calmness told them that M. Molé had been summoned to the Tuileries to form a new Cabinet. Immediately there were loud cries of 'Treason! Betrayal! It is the King's Abdication—a revolution!' At six o'clock next morning M. Thiers was Prime Minister; at seven he was powerless; at noon the King had abdicated, and Thiers, greatly agitated, 'too much so for a man who had sought so great a responsibility,' was seeking in the Chamber of Deputies an exit by which he could safely make his escape.

M. de Falloux gives abundant evidence of that patriotic union of men of very different parties which took place on the fall of the Monarchy of July. The 'Moniteur' of March 11, 1848, even announced the names of the most aristocratic ladies of the faubourg St. Germain, side by side with those of Mesdames Dupont (de l'Eure), Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, Crémieux, &c. &c., as patronesses of a charitable effort. Still more remarkable, as contrasted with the Revolution of 1830, and with the existing French Republic, was the absence of anti-religious passion. The Archbishop of Paris, attended by his two 'grands vicaires,' assured M. Dupont de l'Eure of the friendly aid of the clergy, and received a corresponding reply.

The Legitimists of the West worked shoulder to shoulder in support of the cause of order, and M. de Falloux was elected to a seat in the Constitutional Assembly.

It had been absurdly decreed that the deputies, at the first meeting of the Assembly (May 4th), should wear as their official costume a coat and waistcoat *à la Robespierre*. No one, however, but the members of the Government assumed that odious costume, and the impression produced was such, that they dare no more appear in it. His excessive vanity, and deficient political ability, made the eloquence of Lamartine at that time a great danger; which was strongly brought home to M. de Falloux by a fact told him by Marrast. It appears that the latter wanted to know what the old Liberals thought of him and his Provisional Government. De Falloux told him that Thiers, speaking of the admirable harangue of Lamartine against the Red flag, had said :—

'That is more than I expected of him. I should have thought him more ready to yield to every wind that blew, and I could have fancied him saying -"You are right; every new crisis demands a new symbol, and I salute the red flag!" To this statement Marrast replied. "Thiers is a devilish sharp fellow! He said that, did he? Well, that is just what Lamartine did really say, word for word, in our private deliberation . . . finding himself in a minority, he loyally carried out our desire, and supported, with all the powers of his eloquence, the very arguments we had used against his own view."

'On the 23rd of June, barricades were raised all over Paris, the Committee of Five resigned, and General Cavaignac was entrusted with the executive power and repressed the revolt with vigour, as every one knows, but it is not so well known that in the four days' violent struggle France lost more general officers than were killed in the most memorable battles of the Empire. M. de Falloux went with a friend to the Hôtel Dieu to carry relief to the wounded.

'At first the wounded National Guards and insurgents had been placed in the wards indiscriminately; but it was soon found necessary to separate them. Some insurgents were found to have dragged themselves from their own bed to that of a wounded Guard, and bitten him till the blood came, if he could not be wounded afresh in other ways. It is necessary to have witnessed such scenes to be able to appreciate the crime of those who, by lies coolly reiterated, had aroused such fury in the masses.'

On leaving the hospital he met the Archbishop of Paris on his way to the barricade, where he so nobly ended his life:—

'I solicited the honour of accompanying him; but, touching his own purple cassock with one hand, and my representative's scarf with the other, he smilingly said, "I think, for my protection, that this is better than that."'

General Cavaignac encountered what was at first but a vague opposition from the friends of the old Government, the most prominent being MM. Jules Favre, Paguerre, and Garnier-Pagès. His main supporters were a group known as the 'Union of the Rue de Poitiers,' consisting of Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans, intent only upon maintaining order; and so desirous of not being hampered by the past, that they had excluded all members of former political notoriety. After the terrible days of June, however, they admitted Odilon-Barrot, Molé, Thiers, and some others.

The first sign of discord arose from the General's persistence in appointing M. Carnot Minister of Public Instruction; a vain effort, for on Bonjean bringing forward some school-books authorized by Carnot, the latter was forced at once to resign.

His

His second ill-advised but fruitless attempt was to send commissioners into the provinces with almost unlimited powers to stimulate republican feeling. The next task was the settlement of the Constitution. M. de Falloux only took part in the discussion of its eighth article, which proclaimed the natural rights of French citizens—those of 'association,' 'peaceable assemblage,' 'petition,' and 'proclamation of opinions,' orally or by the press. M. de Montalembert and M. Roux-Lavergne proposed to add to these, 'freedom of instruction.' As we know, the critical question was the mode of electing the President of the Republic. The first tendency was to confer that power on the Assembly who would, without doubt, have elected General Cavaignac; but he either refused to give guarantees to the majority, or, what was worse, gave only evasive replies. The Bonapartists and the Left advocated a plebiscite. It was then that Lamartine, hoping thus to be elected himself, emerged from the obscurity in which he had dwelt, and once more misled his country with his fatal gift of eloquence. He said:

'"I well know that a multitude may have moments of aberration and that some names carry away crowds as a scarlet rag may attract senseless animals." Nevertheless he added: "Men may be corrupted in groups, but not in masses. A glass of water may be poisoned, but not a river. An assembly is open to suspicion, but a nation is as incorruptible as the ocean."'

As if masses of men could not be misled, or an ocean be tempest tossed! His fluent folly carried away the majority of his auditors, a memorable warning of the danger that a nation runs which has but a single legislative body.

Soon after the vote which elected Louis Napoleon, M. de Falloux learnt what had really been Lamartine's anticipations, which had been naively expressed in the following words:—

'With universal suffrage no individual will obtain a sufficient majority; but Prince Louis, Ledru-Rollin, and I shall obtain enough to have to appear before the National Assembly. When that comes I will give full vent to my political aspirations, and I will paint the future in such magnificent colours that the Assembly, carried away, will elect me, perhaps unanimously.'

M. de Falloux would have strongly supported Cavaignac, if the General would have allowed him to do so. But Cavaignac outraged the sentiments of the majority by gratuitously recalling to mind his father's vote in favour of Louis XVI.'s death, and by other similar exaggerations; and it was asserted in the Assembly that public recompenses were to be given to the accomplices

accomplices of Fieschi. Votes then became rapidly transferred to support the plebiscite, and to favour Napoleon. Thiers expressed frankly his views thus:—

'"I had myself thought of becoming a candidate; but I see that idea must be given up, and Louis Napoleon supported, without, however, assuming his livery. If I were to try and fail, it would be a disaster for the cause of order, while, if I were to succeed, I should be obliged to wed the Republic, and I am not the lad for such a worthless bride as that." Thereupon he became the most ardent supporter of the Prince, seduced by the latter's apparent incapacity, thinking he could lead him as he liked, and ready once more, as in February, to "answer for everything."'

In the first days of December, 1848, M. Odilon-Barrot came in the name of Louis Napoleon to M. de Falloux and offered him, to his great surprise, the Ministry of Education and Public Worship. He refused for a considerable time, but yielded at last to the arguments of his friends, especially those of the Abbé Dupanloup. Before assenting, however, he went to Thiers, and made it a condition, that the latter should aid him to carry a Bill in favour of freedom of education.

'"I promise it you, I promise it you," Thiers answered, with emotion; "and, believe me, I do it willingly. Count on me, for my conviction is now the same as yours; I and my Liberal friends have been on the wrong road in religious matters; I own it frankly."'

On the 20th of December a list of the Ministry of Odilon-Barrot was published in the 'Moniteur.'

'When,' says M. de Falloux, 'I took my place as Grand Master of the University, the first thing which struck my eyes in the office, was a beautiful portfolio of red morocco, on which was inscribed, "From M. de Persigny, in remembrance of London in 1835." . . .

'The relations of Louis Bonaparte with his Ministers were much embarrassed at first, and sometimes amusing. Odilon-Barrot was the only one he had previously known. One may say that he was familiar with no one outside the little group of Napoleonists, in the midst of which he habitually lived. He had really to make acquaintance with France itself. He was thus liable to all sorts of mistakes; and his foreign accent, which the "Charivari" was always ridiculing, added to his embarrassment.'

The initial meeting took place in the drawing-room of Madame Clary in the Rue d'Anjou. The Ministers found the Prince alone, and he shook hands with each in a cordial manner, saying simply, 'I thank you.' Misunderstandings arose almost immediately, and it was found impossible to put trust in the President, who would pass from an apparently profound calm to some

some sudden, unexpected action. Never was the proverb 'Silence gives consent' less true than in his case. Though he did not sustain his opinions, he did not, for all that, renounce them; and they felt the justice of Lord Palmerston's saying, that the projects of his brain were as numerous as the rabbits of a warren, and as ready to retire and hide themselves. An amnesty for the insurgents of June was one of the first projects of Louis Napoleon which his Ministers strenuously opposed.

M. de Falloux, however, persevered with his great project of freedom of education; his clerical and Conservative friends made a strong point of insisting on liberty for all and no privilege; and he gained the warm support of Thiers and Victor Cousin. On quitting the final sitting of the Commission on the subject, Thiers caught hold of the philosopher's arm, exclaiming: 'Cousin! Cousin! what a lesson have we not received! The Abbé Dupanloup is right. Yes, we have fought against reason and justice, and we owe them reparation.' After prolonged and persevering efforts, and in spite of the violent opposition of the Radicals and of that vicious journal 'l'Univers,' the Law was voted by 399 against 237 on the 15th of March, 1850. A few months after, De Falloux had relinquished office.

The expedition to Rome and the letter to Edgar Ney are of course familiar to us all, but the firmness through which M. de Falloux obtained a public disavowal in the 'Moniteur' of its intentional publicity should also be known. He had entered the Ministry with two objects in view, the Law on Education, and the restoration of the Pope's temporal power. These appearing both secured, he felt justified in retiring and seeking that repose which his failing health had for some time seemed to render necessary.

Immediately after the Revolution of February, the Orleanists split into two factions. Louis Philippe, at Claremont, fully admitted that only the Count de Chambord could sustain the monarchical cause, and that his undoubted right coincided as fully with the political needs of the country now as they had diverged in 1830. The Queen Marie-Amélie, the Duc de Nemours, and the Princess Clémentine took the same view. The Duchess of Orleans, however, would not agree to the postponement of her children's hopes, and she was more or less supported by the Prince de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale. M. Molé and M. Guizot followed the King, while M. Thiers, with Generals Changarnier, De la Moricière, and Bedeau took the opposite side. In justice to Thiers, it must be said that he then desired above all things to maintain the union of the Conservative party.

General

General Changarnier, as Commander of the Army of Paris, lived at the Tuileries, and spoke his mind about what had happened at the Elysée and other matters, such as the President's debts and gallantries, with utter carelessness; and this although the servants who waited at table were not his, but were attached to the palace. He was possessed with the idea that, before the monarchical restoration took place, a dictatorial interregnum was necessary, with himself for Dictator. He had no doubt of his own power and influence over the army. M. de Falloux was convinced that the time had come to oppose the Legitimate Monarchy to the Republic. The Legitimists had as early as 1832 * been divided into two parties; the parliamentary party, and the party which dreamt of an appeal to arms. In 1850 the immense majority of the Legitimists desired to make the country see that M. Berryer was the true representative of the sentiments and intentions of the Comte de Chambord; and the Orleanists, headed by Thiers and Guizot, treated with him much as they would have done with the Prince in person. The only thing which seemed necessary was that this view should be officially confirmed. M. de Falloux had conceived certain suspicions; but he was on the point of starting to see the Count de Chambord to set the matter at rest, when a remarkable incident took place.

Louis Philippe had died in August, and the Comte de Chambord was at Wiesbaden with a considerable number of Frenchmen. He immediately put on mourning and ordered a funeral service, as also did the Duchesse d'Angoulême at Frohsdorf. The Legitimists generally, and especially all those who had been at Wiesbaden, were full of hopes of reconciliation and fusion, when a manifesto suddenly appeared, known as the 'Circular of Wiesbaden.' Therein the most uncompromising principles of ultra-royalism -of absolutism -were expressed, and not only was any *appel au peuple* formally and absolutely condemned, but no loophole was left for any assertion of the right of the nation to determine its own future. This manifesto threw the Legitimist party into consternation and confusion, which gave rise to remonstrances, one effect of which was the publication of another letter more favourable to constitutional principles.

Meantime the plans of Louis Napoleon were maturing, and the critical question of a revision of the constitution, which would allow of his continuing at the head of the State, was

* Vol. i. p. 220.

started

started by the Elysée.* Although the suspicions of the Assembly were aroused, that body felt secure as long as General Changarnier (then called 'le Sphinx'), remained at the head of the army of Paris. He was, however, dismissed after General Neumayer, for having, like the latter, forbidden the troops, while under arms, to utter cries—such as the *Vive l'Empereur!*—which had been shouted at Satory.

At this time the question of the flag to be adopted by the Comte de Chambord appears to have been first discussed without any definite result. It was declared in his name, that he by no means repelled the symbol of a reconciliation which he had at heart, but that, until he was invited by the country to do so, he could not display before the eyes of the daughter of Louis XVI. a flag that recalled to her such agonizing recollections. The Duc de Levis declared, that the matter was to be decided by the nation itself, and it was asserted by M. de la Ferronnays that the Count had ordered a new uniform with a tricolored cockade. But no movement was made by him to invite a fusion, and the Royalist party remained profoundly divided, as also was the Republican Left. The result of the confusion of parties was that the revision was rejected; the majority being almost one hundred less than was required to carry it, and this was followed by a prorogation from July to the 4th of November. Before the latter date the President openly showed his hand by dismissing his Ministry, and choosing one altogether outside the Assembly, General Saint-Arnaud being made Minister of War. The alarm thence resulting moved the Chamber to attempt an energetic measure of self-defence, but the attempt was defeated by the Radical party. Among them were some real accomplices of the Elysée, while many others preferred the despotism of a Bonaparte to a Monarchical restoration. Amongst the supporters of the Government were Jules Favre and Crémieux. Not freedom, but domination, was always the real aspiration of that section of the Liberal party. Still more guilty, however, were Louis Veuillot and the coterie represented by 'L'Univers.'†

Everything was now prepared for the *coup d'état*, except the selection of the day; and the anxiety of those men who were neither accomplices nor blind continually augmented. At the end of November the Duc de Noailles, M. Berryer, General Changarnier, M. Vitet, and M. de Falloux dined with M. Molé. When the servants had left, they consulted General Changarnier

* Vol. ii. p. 43. † Vol. ii. pp. 128–133.

as to the chances of the attack and the defence. His confidence was complete, believing himself able to lead the army. Irritated at the incredulity of his friends, he frankly stated the grounds of his confidence. He did not believe that the President would be able to employ any but obscure and contemptible agents, and certainly none of his (Changarnier's) companions in arms. All that was needed, therefore, was a brief opposition. 'My lodging,' he said, 'is a little fortress; the people in my house are devoted to me, especially the confectioner on the ground floor and his cooks.' This speech filled his auditors with sadness and consternation. The end was evidently at hand.

When Thiers was seized in his bed he was as astonished as he had been in 1830. Changarnier was so cleverly and suddenly attacked that he had not time even to seize the pistols he kept ready. Bedeau was the only general who was able to make a brief struggle in the street, and he was quickly overpowered and carried off in a *fiacre*.

It was not till next morning that De Falloux heard from his servant what had happened. He arose immediately, and was quickly visited by some of his friends. They went at once to a meeting of representatives in the Rue de Lille, where 300 members had just voted the President's dismissal, when they perceived a mass of troops under their windows. They were quickly invaded; but the Vice-Presidents and General Oudinot addressed the soldiers, in the name of the law and military honour, with so much dignity, that their leader, visibly overcome, retired after a little hesitation, taking his men with him.

Fresh orders and reinforcements were necessary; and then a hand was placed on each of the Vice-Presidents, and the whole 300 were made to descend and pass between two rows of soldiers and a mocking crowd, to the barrack on the Quai d'Orsay, where they were turned first into the courtyard, and at night into a large hall. An officer from Anjou, M. de Jourdan, recognized M. de Falloux, and procured him a room, which he shared with M. de Rességnier and M. Berryer. At midnight a commissary of police summoned them to be driven elsewhere, and their surprise was great to find they were to be taken in prison vans to an unknown destination, which proved to be the fortress of Mount Valérien. There some infantry officers and soldiers made excuses for the disorder of the dormitory, saying, with great politeness, 'We did not expect you;' and received a laughing reply from M. de Falloux's friends. At the end of the dormitory was an outlook over all Paris, and then two members of the Left said one to the other, not seeing M. de Falloux, 'It is strange no place on fire yet!' showing what were the hopes of

of some even of the so-called Moderate Republicans. Fire had often been threatened by the demagogic press.

Soon a letter was brought to M. de Falloux, expressed as follows:—

'If you will consent to see me, I am waiting for you in the porter's lodge. 'PASSIONY.'

He hesitated, but feeling no bitterness against M. de Persigny, who had been ever faithful, at serious risks, to one cause, he went to him. He had not, however, succeeded in obtaining his friend's release, which only took place three days later. It was then proposed to detain certain individuals, but the rest refused to leave unless all could do so. They only yielded to a threat of force; and, similarly, they refused to quit the omnibuses voluntarily. This second difficulty was got over by taking out the horses, and leaving the Deputies to do what they liked.

It is impossible to affirm that the *coup d'état* was truly unpopular, when six millions of votes sanctioned it. That the overthrow of the moderate Monarchy of Louis Philippe should have resulted in the establishment of a despotic Monarchy astonished not a few observers; but the tide had turned.

Meantime M. de Falloux retired altogether from political life, and occupied himself with rebuilding his house at Bourg d'Iré, with the peaceful struggles of agricultural competition, and with very active and intelligent philanthropy.

M. Berryer also loved his country residence of Angerville, with its old towers and moat. In 1855 Mgr. Dupanloup, M. de Salvandy, Montalembert, Thiers, and De Falloux happened to be there assembled as guests, when the following conversation, which richly merits preservation, took place. Looking at a portrait of Charles X. given to M. Berryer by the King, M. Thiers said:—

'"There is a face which breathes loyalty and goodness. Tell us, Berryer, what was really in the King's mind when he signed the ordonnances. Did he positively intend to violate the Charter, or did he sincerely believe in his right, on account of Article XIV., to do as he did?"

'"I will answer with complete frankness, if you, in turn, will tell me what was in the mind of the Duke of Orleans, and what you really meant in bringing about the revolution in July."

'"It is a bargain," answered Thiers, who seldom wanted much asking to relate a tale; and, leaning against the fireplace with his hands behind his back, he described the three days with the most perfect good nature, in true and lively colours, much as follows:

'"I must first tell you that in bringing on the Revolution of July neitho

neither the Duke, Laffitte, nor any of us knew clearly how far we should be carried. The Duke willingly courted popularity; but he desired it as a safeguard against the mistakes of the King, and to protect his property, for which he cared more as a family man than as a miser, for he was not the miser he was said to be. I admit he had no elevation of taste, but he liked to spend money in his own way, and every now and then could be prodigal of it. He had really but two fixed ideas. One was not to overthrow the King, the other was not to be driven into exile after him. His one object was to make a separate place for himself, without absolute devotion, but also without treachery. When, after the three days, one wanted to give him the crown, one had to drag him out of his retreat, just as if one had to put him in irons, and make him see that he had no choice but the throne or proscription. M. Laffitte was a vain, honest, simple bourgeois, who hated riots, but wished to play a part. He would just as willingly have accepted Charles X. as Louis Philippe, if the offer had been made soon enough. Casimir Périer roared like a lion when one spoke of interfering with the dynasty, and Guizot was too completely a disciple of Royer-Collard to go along with us. It was only La Fayette who had a vindictive feeling against the Bourbons; and it was necessary to gain him over to our view in order that he might gain others. As for myself, I was frankly a child of the Revolution, and I only loved my mother; but, for that very reason, I had no desire to compromise it lightly. I thought the Restoration was much stronger than it really was. There was not the slightest reason to doubt the fidelity of the Army, and I never could have supposed it would not have been made use of.

"'We gained courage and confidence every hour in proportion as the defence became weaker, while nevertheless expecting, and being resigned to, a renewal of the attack. You may be quite sure that for several hours the Duc de Mortemart really held the destinies of France in his hands. If he had been quicker, cleverer, or more resolute, we should have had to have given in. Several of us secretly wished that it should be so; and all would have submitted with more or less grumbling. Even at Rambouillet the Monarchy might have been saved, if the King himself would have made the effort. When we saw the rabble sent off in pursuit of the King, we were convinced they would come back to Paris the worse for their venture. They were sent off much more with the idea of preserving Paris from serious disorders, than from any hope that they could overcome soldiers and artillery commanded by brave General Vincent, and only waiting for one sign from the King.

"'We carried through the Revolution of July simply because we were allowed to carry it through. If the Charter had been again offered us, with a regency under the Duke of Orleans, we should have jumped at it." M. Berryer then told his tale with as good a grace as M. Thiers.

"'I never knew," he said, "a more amiable and loyal disposition than that of Charles X. He had the faults common in his generation,

tion, and those due to his bringing up: but he also had their good qualities. He loved his country, and sincerely believed that the best way to save it was carefully to preserve and maintain all the rights and prerogatives of the Crown. That in this idea he was fundamentally right, subsequent events have shown. But that fraction which is inseparable from periods of transition alarmed him beyond reason, and his alarm was kept up by friends less sincere than he was himself. If the Left of the Chamber had given a better reception to the Martignac Ministry, the King would not, of his own accord, have abandoned that policy. He had long been the friend of several members of the Cabinet, notably of MM. de la Ferronnays and Hyde de Neuville, and he, like every one else, felt the charm of M. de Martignac.

"'He had no great opinion of the political competency of Prince de Polignac, and rather distrusted him, though he was a friend of his youth. His sudden, importunate adhesion to him was due to the fact, that M. de Polignac and his friends at the Tuileries had always told the King, that his concessions would be useless, that they would never disarm the Opposition, and that sooner or later he would be compelled to summon an exclusively Royalist Ministry, in order to wage and win the last battle between Royalty and the Revolution.

"'On his return from his progress in Alsace, the King was in a state of exultation, and he lavished signs of his satisfaction on his Ministry. But when the Left, thanks to the connivance of the extreme Right, committed the unpardonable fault of putting M. de Martignac in a minority, the King recalled to mind M. de Polignac's prophecies. He believed himself thus doing but tardy justice to the political penetration of a friend he had under-estimated, and put himself altogether into his hands, not, as has been generally believed, on account of any personal affection, but rather as a sort of *amende honorable*. Even after that it took a whole year to lead him, with great difficulty and sorely against the grain, to sign the ordonnances. At that very last moment, if only some of the Ministry had been as courageous as they were clear-sighted, if they had not given in to the fatal doctrine of mute and passive fidelity, if they had placed their resignation in the King's hands, instead of silently risking their own heads for him, the Monarchy might still have been saved.

"'Of Prince Polignac I will only speak with regret and respect,' said M. Berryer, after a little hesitation. 'He, it was, who started me on my political career. He had great respect for his family, and a high opinion of his own destiny. The Polignacs came from Auvergne, where popular sayings witnessed to their great importance. . . . 'If the King came to an end, who would then be king?—M. de Polignac. If God came to an end, who would then be God?—M. de Polignac, that is, if he was willing.' This ancestral pride,' M. Berryer added, 'was not the only danger which beset him. I must admit he was a visionary, and believed himself the object of supernatural Divine communications. . . . This is how I came to know it. M. Mandaroux-Vertamy, a distinguished member of the Paris

Paris Bar, was also from Auvergne. He laboured there to carry my first election, and, immediately after it, presented me to the President of the Council. I had the kindest reception. Prince Polignac spoke to me of my father and of myself in terms, the remembrance of which yet moves me, and offered me the Ministry of Justice. I refused the offer on the ground of my political inexperience. 'There are some men,' he replied, 'who do not need experience.' This expression in his mouth pained me much, for I felt that he referred to himself. I was about to protest against such a view, when he added, 'You think me rash, but do not like to say so. Then I shall have more confidence in you than you have in me. Well! I should not perhaps have strength enough to carry all through successfully, if I was alone. But I will confide to you a matter that I have only let very few friends know. God assists me daily, by communications, as to the source of which I cannot be mistaken.' "At these words," said M. Berryer, "a perfect terror seized me. I saw at once the ruin of the Monarchy, and the era of revolutions reopened. I muttered a few incoherent words, and retired precipitately."'

An anecdote about certain expressions used by M. Thiers the next day, is also worth perusal. He had come suddenly into the Bishop of Orleans' room, who was closeted with M. de Montalembert and M. de Falloux, when the latter said to him:—

"'Will you allow me to express freely to you a feeling which has haunted me since yesterday? You have shown us how the Revolution of July was due to a misunderstanding, and M. Berryer showed us that Charles X. no more desired to destroy public liberty than the Duke of Orleans to snatch the crown from him. Well! Ought France always to continue the victim of mere mistakes? Will you consent to say publicly what you have told us confidentially? . . . Do you not fear that one day your country may write on your tomb: "M. Thiers, who saw clearly all our ills, but would heal none?"'"

'"No! no!" he replied, with an accent of profound resolution; "my country will never appeal to my patriotism in vain. . . . I am a Monarchist as much as you are, if in a somewhat different fashion. I am convinced of the superiority of the monarchical system, and I am especially convinced that the republican system and the French temperament are incompatible. When nothing more is needed than that we should come to an understanding about small matters, you will see that I will do for Monarchy what you have already seen me do for religion in conjunction with my venerated friend the Bishop of Orleans."

'With these words M. Thiers rose and pressed the hand of the Bishop, who was moved to tears. I am convinced Thiers at that moment was sincere. There are various proofs of it. His conviction and language never varied till the terrible year 1871.'

M. de Falloux

M. de Falloux was a member of the Academy, and in 1857 had to be presented to the Emperor, because since its foundation that institution counted amongst its privileges the right of demanding an audience for such a purpose, without the formality of applying to a minister. It was its duty to inform the Chief of the State concerning each nomination, and these customs had been carefully adhered to through all the various regimes which had successively governed France. Napoleon III. liked these audiences, and he spoke on such occasions exceptionally well, if not taken suddenly aback. When in the preceding year he received the Duc de Broglie—who in his speech had praised the *coup d'état* of Napoleon I.—he said: 'I hope, Monsieur le Duc, that your grandson will speak of the 2nd of December as you have spoken of the *Dix-huit Brumaire*.' M. de Falloux was presented by M. Brifont* in the usual, formal terms. But the Emperor interrupted him, saying, in a very gracious manner, 'Oh! I know M. de Falloux very well,' and after a short pause added the evidently premeditated words: 'M. de Falloux, public disorder brought us together, I regret that order has not re-united us.' His visitor had it in his mind to reply, 'Sire, this is not order;' but repressing it, he answered simply, 'I have always retained a grateful recollection of M. le Président's goodness to me.'

Three years later, it was our author's duty to go and announce to the Emperor the election of Père Lacordaire, who had dared from the pulpit to utter a most scathing denunciation of despotism. He therefore anticipated some Imperial epigram, when he officially asked the sanction of Lacordaire's election in the place of M. de Tocqueville. The Emperor merely said:—

'"I sanction the election with pleasure, although I will not disguise from you that it appears to me a somewhat strange one, which has not been made with any intention of pleasing me."'

Thereupon followed a long and interesting colloquy, wherein M. de Falloux protested against the Imperial policy, the Emperor defending himself on the ground of the difficulties which surrounded him, and ending with the words:

'"I have been pleased to see you and to hear what you say."

'He then squeezed my hand sadly and kindly as I withdrew. In the course of the long conversation the Emperor appeared oppressed

* During the Revolution of 1830, when so many persons of different views assumed the tricolor for protection, M. Brifont refused to wear it. A workman meeting him in the street addressed him with, 'Citizen! why do you not wear the badge of freedom?' To which he promptly replied, 'Why, my friend, to show that I am free, to be sure.'

with

with melancholy, and hardly disguised the painful docility of his obedience to the secret difficulties he had referred to without explaining.'

M. de Falloux had no further relations with the Emperor. He was occupied with the interests of religion and Legitimacy, and broken-hearted at the loss of his most valued friends, Lacordaire, Berryer, and Montalembert. Soon afterwards war was declared, and the Empire fell.

The elections for the National Assembly took place during the armistice, and were the expression of the supreme need of peace which was felt by the nation. The fact that Gambetta and the Left advocated a continuance of the war was probably the cause of their electoral defeat, which would have been yet more crushing, had not the Right spontaneously given them a place on their lists. The Assembly, though very conservative as a whole, nevertheless included men of very divergent views. Yet more unfortunate was the ascendency which M. Thiers was universally allowed to exercise, as the great opponent of war and the principal negociator of peace.

When the Assembly removed to Versailles, M. de Falloux, on the 1st of July, 1871, took up his residence there,* and on that day received a visit from two secretaries of the Assembly.

'"You have just come in time," they said joyously; "the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres dine with Thiers to-day, and go to Belgium on Monday, where the Comte de Chambord is waiting for them." Resisting their pressing invitation to be present, they promised him to return next day and tell him the result.

'They kept their word, and M. de Meaux, who came first, showed by his radiant appearance that all had gone well.

'It was the Monarchy that was the host yesterday in the house of the Republic. The Princes stood in the middle of the drawing-room, and the guests were presented to them by M. Thiers, who was no longer the master of the house. During dinner and all the evening, nothing was talked of but the reconciliation of the Royal Family. The Princes freely announced their intention of going to Bruges, where the Comte de Chambord resided, and every one warmly expressed good wishes.

---

* M. de Falloux, on account of his health, absolutely needed quiet, and this he obtained in a large house with a fine garden in the Rue de Satory, belonging to the Baroness de Frenille, who had lent it to the Bishop of Orleans, whose mode of life just suited the Count's infirmities. The Bishop went to bed at nine and rose at five, getting to work in his study before six, as soon as he had said his mass. Then the door-bell was muffled, and no one could come in who was not provided with a key. M. de Falloux, of course, had one, and was thus able, as he says, 'without causing any disturbance, to introduce myself into Little Orleans diocese almost worldly ways, not coming home till ten o'clock at night, and not getting up till seven or eight in the morning.'

'"And

'"And how did M. Thiers speak?"—"Excellently! excellently He seemed enchanted with the success of the two Princes, and spoke in the highest terms of the head of the house of France. Some one having said to him, 'Nothing is wanting at your dinner but the Comte de Chambord's presence,' he answered with vivacity, 'Mais le Comte de Chambord would have been most welcome, and I do not despair of having that honour.'"'

The Monarchists had one day full of happiness; on the next, in the twinkling of an eye, all their hopes were overthrown by the following frigid letter, written in the third person, and addressed to the Comte de Paris;—

'"M. le Comte de Chambord has been happy to learn the desire of the Comte de Paris to be received by him.

'"M. le Comte de Chambord is in France. The moment therefore has arrived to explain himself on certain questions hitherto reserved.

'"He hopes that nothing he shall say will be an obstacle to that reunion of the house of Bourbon which has always been his most cherished desire.

'"Nevertheless loyalty demands that the Princes, his cousins, should be informed beforehand, and M. le Comte de Chambord believes it to be his duty to ask M. le Comte de Paris to defer his visit a little till France has been made fully acquainted with his intentions. He would have wished to have received the visit of his cousin at Chambord, did he not think it undesirable to prolong his stay at the present moment.

'"On leaving Chambord, he will go to Bruges, there to remain from the 8th to the 14th of July.

'"Blois, 2 *July*, 1871."'

It was impossible, of course, for the Princes to refrain from making known the sudden obstacle which, from no fault of theirs, put a stop to their journey; but they did this with the greatest discretion.

No one in the Assembly would at first believe the news, crying, 'It is impossible;' but they sooner or later learned that before going to Chambord the Count had passed four-and-twenty hours in Paris, where he had visited certain monuments and received a few friends in the strictest *incognito*. Among them was the Marquis de la Ferté, President of the Royalist Committee, appointed by the Count. He was a man who not only would have risked his life at the slightest sign from the King, but one who had repeatedly sacrificed his own sentiments with the most passive obedience. Nevertheless on this occasion his perception of the danger of the Count's projects made him resist, and, for the first time, he gave expression to his love's alarm. Having exhausted his objections, he refused to remain any

any longer the official representative of the retrograde policy, which was about to be initiated by the unexpected proclamation concerning the white flag. The Prince became enraged; his faithful servant vainly insisted and entreated; and they then separated never to see each other again. M. de la Ferté at once went to Versailles to the Bishop of Orleans and M. de Falloux. 'They anxiously questioned him, and he frankly answered us, and while he told his tale great tears fell from his eyes—tears which spoke much, for he was a large, powerful man, by disposition and inheritance essentially a soldier.' *

The Royalists in consternation quickly chose a Committee of Three to represent them to the Count. They were commissioned to say, 'The signature of the Manifesto would be an abdication, and the certain destruction of a monarchical restoration.' But all their efforts were in vain. The Count received every representation made to him with courtesy and calmness, and with a confidence, which did not admit of discussion, but which seemed to rest upon some supernatural assistance. Even his own intimates joined in the attempt to move him, but he remained inflexible, and would not even agree to give time for the Royalists of France to make their feelings known to him. The well-known fatal Manifesto from Chambord immediately appeared.

'The Bishop of Orleans received the Manifesto as we were rising from table. We read it with inexpressible sadness without saying a word. M. Vitel arrived a few minutes afterwards. He exclaimed, "Oh! blood of Charles X.!" and remained long silent, his head between his hands. M. Saint-Marc Girardin soon joined us, and was no less concerned. "We were so happy," he said, "at being at last reconciled and working together for the regeneration of our country. What now is to become of France, and what will be her destiny?"'

It was with reluctance and hesitation that M. de Falloux again visited M. Thiers, but he was very cordially received.

'"Well!" said the latter, "M. le Comte de Chambord conducts his affairs in a singular way! As for me, I did not desire the return of the Orleans Princes. I thought it rash and premature. It was the Count and his friends who forced my hand and brought them to Versailles, where they had success after success with the army and Assembly. And now it is the Count himself who breaks with his

* He had proved this in 1848, during the insurrection of June. Then a young man of noble, scarcely sixteen years of age, had jumped upon a barricade to capture the red flag, and had fallen struck by a ball. Seeing M. de la Ferté rushing forward to take his place, he exclaimed, 'Ah! you are in luck, you big men of the National Guard, you will get the flag!' 'No, my boy, I shall not;' and taking him in his arms, he put the flag in his hand, and descended with his dead load before the insurgents had time to fire again.

cousins and throws everything out of the window. People accuse me of wanting to found the Republic. No one can say that now; no one can deny that the founder of the French Republic is the Comte de Chambord."'

Thiers was naturally amiable and unaffected, and though excessively vain, by no means touchy, on account of his excessive self-confidence. Neither he, nor his wife, nor Mlle. Dosne changed, when he was the head of the State, any of their habits of life, which were not only simple, but more parsimonious than luxurious. Nevertheless he seems to have had an extreme love of money which he allowed to be seen in a painful manner, with respect to the rebuilding of his house destroyed by the Communists. The Commission appointed for the purpose proposed to spend 1,000,000 francs, but he demanded the absurd sum of 1,600,000, and is even said to have enumerated amongst his losses objects which he well knew were safely hidden away. As he verged more and more towards the Left in politics, he seems to have indulged, even at council meetings, in profane and obscene jokes, such as he had never been known to make before. M. de Falloux contrasts him with Guizot, much to the advantage of the latter, terminating his comparison * as follows:—

'M. Guizot died at an advanced age with calm serenity, surrounded by relatives and friends of many years' standing, and worthy of the grateful homage of a party he had never deserted. M. Thiers attained about the same age, but he died almost suddenly, in bitterness of heart, and in the midst of intrigues; regretfully abandoned by old friends who despaired of his return to them, and given up either to secret enemies, or to new friends who made a profit even of his bier.'

The Government which succeeded that of Thiers was as modest and unpretending as it was earnest, if mistaken. M. de Falloux being invited to breakfast by M. Ernoul, the Chancellor and Minister of Justice, to meet the Duc de Broglie and other ministers, found him in a little lodging in the Place Hoche, and the cook brought in her dishes from the adjacent kitchen. In a letter to a friend he writes:—

'This present Government is quite touching in its simplicity when one is intimately acquainted with it. Each member lives *sans façon* in the most friendly way, without carriages, without servants, without disputes, in poor lodgings, with breakfasts of 25 sous, and all this accompanied by a very passion to do good.'

The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier and the Duc Decazes were still

* Vol. ii. pp. 544-546.

still ardently anticipating a monarchical restoration. General Changarnier also continued to cherish his illusions, saying, 'if only I had been trusted in 1851, we should have had the Monarchy sixteen years ago, and lost neither Alsace nor Lorraine.' Every one supposed that at last the Comte de Chambord had distinctly accepted the tricolor, when came the well-known fatal letter of Salzburg of the 27th October, 1873.

Its effect was once more decisive and immediate, and it is instructive to learn* from M. de Falloux that there were not two opinions about it amongst the Royalists; indeed the most ardent ones were the most vehement in their expressions. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, recognizing that the return of the Count had become for the present impossible, proposed that the Prince de Joinville should become Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. This the Prince declined unless chosen for that position both by the Assembly and the Count, and the Septennate of Marshal Macmahon was decreed.

No one seems to have been more surprised at the result of his letter than the Comte de Chambord himself. His astonishment was so great, that he at once came to France *incognito* to struggle against the definite appointment of any provisional chief. He came to Versailles and asked to see Marshal Macmahon confidentially, who replied that, if the Count was in any danger, he was ready to defend him at the peril of his life, but that his obligations to the Assembly forbad him to acquiesce in any secret interview. The Count saw but a few friends, and seemed full of care, and almost irritable. His anxiety became so poignant, that he waited in the courtyard, at the foot of the statue of Louis XIV., and there heard with the bitterest despair that almost all the members of the extreme Right had voted the Septennate. The next day he returned to Paris, saw, hidden in a carriage, the march-past of some soldiers at the Invalides, and left France at once and for ever. M. de Falloux passes on him what we deem an equitable judgment.

'M. le Comte de Chambord had, as it seems to me, three lines of conduct, any one of which he had the right to choose. If he believed that the white flag was indispensable to the Monarchy and did not fatally excite French prejudices, he might have raised it during one of our revolutions, and boldly taking Henry IV. for his model, have led it to victory or death. If he had not that absolute faith in his country or in himself, how could he refuse the compromise of powdering the tricolor with fleurs de lys, thus making plain by the juxtaposition of these symbols, the fact that the two parties, the divisions between which had so divided and weakened France, had

* See vol. ii. p. 580.

become

become reconciled? How could he continue to speak as if he believed in nothing but the magic of the white flag, and yet remain inactive as if he believed in the invincible might of the tricolor? Finally, if at last convinced of the true situation of our unhappy country, he recognized the necessity of a painful concession which he had no right to impose on himself, he should have abdicated. A disinterested act never dishonoured or lowered any one. Abdication has often been an honour to a king and salvation to a people. A double abdication had prematurely placed the crown upon Henry V.'s head, and all the Monarchists had regarded that act of his grandfather and uncle as a generous submission to cruel but inevitable necessities. But to adopt frankly no one of these three lines of conduct, but to mingle them so as to obtain neither the advantage nor the dignity of any one of the three; to lead men to expect concessions and then suddenly withdraw them on the eve of a decisive action; to come near enough to success to render it a possibility, and then, emboldened by the proximity of victory, to compromise and destroy everything by an incomprehensible want of foresight, or by a rash precipitation in grasping at a prize which a little patience would have brought to his hand—all this is inexplicable conduct which, to our misfortune and the world's amazement, undid the best combined attempts at monarchical restoration and national prosperity!'

M. de Falloux died in 1885; having lived long enough to taste the full bitterness of the degradation which the Radicals had brought on his country, without being consoled by any evidence that better days might be at last in store for it, though his very last words are full of pious and patriotic hope. The present prospects of his country may well inspire his surviving friends with fear and anxiety. In concluding our notice of this remarkable book, we wish to call attention both to the encouragement and the warning it holds out to ourselves. The happy continuity of our political evolution renders it probable that we may continue successfully to avoid sudden and radical changes. Nevertheless, the wider our democracy becomes, the more evident is the danger which may arise from the popularity of some gifted speaker, like Mr. Gladstone or Lamartine, capable of suddenly breaking with the most cherished convictions, and carrying the masses to their ruin on a torrent of baneful eloquence. We have but to look across the Channel to recognize the fatal effects of any sudden and complete rupture of the conditions of Church and State. But the near approach to success, which was achieved by the hand of true patriots of various political views who acted with M. de Falloux, may well encourage us, more happily situated as we are, to renewed and persevering efforts in order to stem the tide of revolution which menaces our country.

ART. III.—1. *The Makers of Venice—Doges, Conquerors, Painters, and Men of Letters.* By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of 'The Makers of Florence.' With illustrations by R. R. Holmes, F.S.A. London, 1888.

2. *Venezia, e le sue Lagune.* Venezia, 1847.

3. *Monumenti per servire alla storia del Palazzo Ducale di Venezia: ovvero serie di atti publici dal* 1253, *al* 1797, *che variamente lo reguardono, tratti dai Veneti archivii, e coordinati da Giambattista Lorenzi, coadjutore della Biblioteca Marciana.* Venetia, MDCCCLXIII.

4. *La Storia di Venezia nella vita privata, dalle origini, alla caduta della republica.* Da P. G. Molmenti. Torino, 1885.

5. *Life on the Lagoons.* By Horatio F. Brown. London, 1884.

6. *Venetian Studies.* By Horatio F. Brown. London, 1887.

MRS. OLIPHANT, in her pleasant and painstaking book, does not venture far enough out to sea to incur much peril from adverse criticism. We have little criticism to make, except in respect of her title, which the authoress has apparently adopted from no other reason than to follow suit with her previous work, 'The Makers of Florence.' In the case of Florence, the title is fairly appropriate, for the Medici were in some sense the makers as they were also the marrers of Florence; but as regards Venice, no greater misnomer than that of 'The Makers of Venice' could well have been chosen. If human makers must be assigned to the City of the Sea, we should go back, first, to Alaric, and secondly, to Attila, whose ravages on the mainland drove a host of refugees to found their homes in those lagoons which eventually became Venice. Besides, to designate certain citizens as chief authors of the State is to suggest that to which the whole character of the people was opposed. Their hoarded liberty is somewhat overclouded by the jealous checks and counterchecks with which it was environed. So determined were the Venetians that no individual should attain preponderance in the government, that for the first seven centuries—the period of her truest greatness—no one citizen, whatever his merits, could be said in a political sense to hold a place above another. To this the position of the Doge presented no exception; and, in truth, as we shall have occasion to explain, it only confirmed the rule; for most changes, and they were frequent, were in the direction of a diminution of his authority. That Venice had her makers there can be no doubt; and these were neither her soldiers, her sailors, nor even her statesmen, but rather three great overruling causes. Her Freedom, so called, her Commerce,

merce, and her Position: her Freedom founding that Commerce to which her Position gave an ever-widening range.

The three Italian works on our list throw fresh light on these agencies, and are calculated to create some revolution in the ideas generally current on Venetian history.

The first—'Venezia, e le sue Lagune'—is a work of great authority compiled by the members of a well-known club, called '*I Dotti*'; comprising the most eminent men in the departments of history, literature, and science; each taking the subject in which he is an adept; and all alike anxious, as regards the history of the Republic, to place it on a foundation of unimpugnable accuracy.

The second, by Signor Lorenzi, formerly 'Assistant Librarian' of St. Mark's Library, is beyond all modern challenge; being, as the title sets forth, a collection of public acts taken from the archives, and bearing on the history of the Ducal Palace for five centuries and a half.

The third work, by Signor Molmenti, is in one sense the most important; being a more consecutive history, illustrated by incidents of the private life of the Venetians, drawn from the inexhaustible riches of Venetian documents. The value of this work has received a twofold certificate; it has been adjudged the prize of 3000 francs bequeathed by Count Giovanni Querini Stampaglia to the Venetian Institute of Science, Letters and Art, and it has gone through several editions.

Viewed under one aspect, the Position of Venice was her most active maker; for, as there were no fields to till and no corn to reap, the new settlers transferred their ploughs to the deep, and reaped the fruits which the winds and waves and their own good oars brought them. How those three overruling causes we have cited further worked together to form the most extraordinary State that the world has known, points, however, to a combination of causes lying deep and in some instances lost in early history. Venice is built, as we all know, upon seventy-two islands; but their aggregate—the great State herself—constitutes a moral island in history. The Venetians used to boast first, that they were born free, *i.e.* without those early fetters of feudalism which to this day cripple some other European races; and, secondly, that they were born to Christianity, such as it then was. Certainly no State, in the conduct of its own affairs, ever showed greater sagacity, caution, and prudence, more aptitude for what is known in modern terms as 'business,' a higher spirit of adventure, with, at the same time, a greater absence of what can only be called Sentiment. The annals of Venice are human History, with all the softer parts left out.

peculi-

peculiar feature, which may be fairly accepted as partly solving this problem, at once meets us in the total absence of all female influence, whether domestic or political. And though the sex was in like manner without influence in the chief countries of Europe for many centuries, yet there were circumstances in the local position of Venice which especially account for this want of influence. She faced the East, she trafficked mainly with Oriental peoples, she learned their languages, coined their money, and adopted their habits; and her women, though surrounded with the observances of the Church, and living in so-called Christian homes, were almost as much secluded as if they had been inmates of a harem. To this total suppression of the sex may be partly attributed the phenomenon that, in spite of having furnished modern fiction with some of its most romantic features, the Government of Venice was the most matter-of-fact, worldly-wise, and unromantic that ever existed. It is on her imaginary history that poets and novelists have fastened. No 'Bravo' would have been written, nor hardly the immortal words of 'Childe Harold,' had the real history of Venice been as current as the false one. Even in her palmy days, it may safely be said, the city never inspired that sense of the romantic and the picturesque which she does now. Considered, however, as a field for antiquarian research, it would be strange if Englishmen had not been forward to cultivate it. The late Mr. Rawdon Brown, visiting Venice in his youth, with the intention of remaining a few weeks, found the place so fascinating, and the materials so fertile, that he remained above fifty years, and ended his days there. He is succeeded for the present by a namesake, Mr. Horatio Brown, to whom we are indebted for the interesting and important works we have placed at the head of this article.

Meanwhile, it is hard that the elaborate work by Count Daru—written and published under the protection of Napoleon, but drawn up literally upon the most impudently false lines, though at once testified and protested against by many a Venetian publication, too obscure and unheeded to serve as its antidote—should have been the one most studied by the modern European public, and most used in the compilation of school books. Of all the states in the world, Venice has best insured the veracity of her own history. Both publicly and privately nothing was allowed to transpire within her canals unnoted; nor, when noted, uncopied. No city ever possessed such a host of scribes and transcribers. The copying of the public records constituted part of the education of the young. The plunder by the French and Austrians of State papers—of Marino Sanudo's Diaries, for example—

example—was neutralized by the ample copies that remained behind. It was one of their forms of precaution to keep notes of occurrences even comparatively private. Every great house had its diary; some of them, as bearing upon public history, have found their way to the British Museum; and few marriages of importance took place without the compilation by a competent pen of some incident of public or family interest, which was printed in honour of the pair.

The early history of a part of Europe subsequently so famous is very indistinct. A Venetia, peopled by a distinct race, existed, there is no doubt, on the mainland long before there was one on the Lagoons; and these Veneti are identified by some with the Veneti on the western coast of Gaul. But the similarity of the name is probably accidental; and there is good reason for believing that the Italian Veneti were not of Celtic origin. After conquering and absorbing the neighbouring Gallic and Etrurian tribes, they were themselves in turn absorbed by the great conquerors of the world, who founded in their territory the powerful colony of Aquileia (B.C. 181). Of their close amalgamation with their Roman conquerors evidence survives in the durable tokens—coins, ornaments, and utensils—so plentiful wherever Romans lived. These were not left behind by the refugees in their flight, but, on the contrary, strewing the historical foreground of the new colonists, point straight in descent to the amphitheatre and other imperial buildings on the opposite coast. Nor are these outward evidences all, for from whom but from Rome did the new Republic derive that activity and energy, which grasped the sceptre just falling from the paralysed hand on the Tiber, and which for centuries wielded it with new power and purpose?

For a people, even of such strong fibre, flying from their homes, a less promising refuge than a region which neither afforded firm land nor deep water could hardly be imagined. It had its fish, its salt, and its tides—what an old chronicler designates as the right and left hand of the early settlers. It might not therefore be difficult to foretell, that the trade arising from the immemorial nets and salt pans, would quickly, under the needs of the new-comers, expand to larger dimensions. Still, it would have been a bold prophecy to predict that these humble industries would be succeeded by those of silk, of satin, of cloth of gold and silver, and of lace of exquisite texture; that the neutral contrast offered by the surrounding lagoons would develop the finest colouring that Art has known; and a still bolder one to foresee those masses of proud buildings which to this day cast their reflections on the same quivering waters.

waters. Not, however, without bitter conflicts, both among themselves and with the peculiar nature around them, were the foundations laid of an era of power and prosperity unequalled in contemporary history. As soon, it would appear, as the terror of the Barbarians began to subside, those jealousies and dissensions arose which frequently crimsoned the waters of the '*Canale Orfano*.' The Venetian mud and sand banks had, however, been peopled before; and the different groups of islands had been held under the domination of different cities on the mainland. In the confusion of the escape, burdened with the old, the sick, the women and the children, many a fugitive from Aquileia, for instance, found himself landed on some half-submerged shoal belonging nominally to Padua, or *vice versâ*, which gave scant footing even to those who claimed it as their right, but for which they were ready to fight.

The researches of modern times find no trustworthy evidence in support of the tradition, that the island of Rialto was, probably on account of a spring of fresh water that once existed there, the earliest place of refuge. Not till these conflicts were over, and the rising generations had been taught to merge their interests in the common good of the colony—and that, a full century after the flight from the mainland—does it appear that the island of Rialto was formally recognized as the seat of government. So entirely is 'Rialto' considered by commentators the seat of government, that Mr. Horatio Brown, in his 'Venetian Studies,' applies the name 'Venice' to the whole lagoon, and that of Rialto to the city only. With the letter of Cassiodorus we emerge into the light of history. In the sixth century, Cassiodorus, himself a curious link in this historical crisis, between the old and new—for the man of Roman stock was now so-called Minister to Theodoric, King of the Ostro-Goths—addresses a letter to '*The Maritime Tribunes*' of the Venetians, ordering them with '*their numerous vessels*' to transport stores of food from the shores of Istria to Theodoric's seat at Ravenna. Adding also this significant sentence, whether in a literal or figurative sense, 'With your hard-earned salt, you coin money.' Thus, in Signor Molmenti's words, 'While the plebeians were still living in bondage and degradation in the plains of Lombardy and beneath the feudal castles of Tuscany, and while Romans, high and low, were groaning under the yoke of the Barbarians, the new Venice had started on her course; her vessels were scouring the Adriatic, and pushing their way to the East. A great people, rescued from the ruins trampled by the Huns, were reviving the forms of antique civilization, and applying them to new uses.' In other words, Venice rose as Rome

Rome sank; the spirit of the old State being continued in the new.

To the lagoons, formed by the washings down of the Po and the other rivers, Venice owes not only her existence but her safety. The intricacy of the channels was a natural defence. No vessel of war of any importance could approach the infant colony without getting aground, while the deeper channels through the ports, which for the purpose of traffic have been outlined by the well-known Venetian piles, could be concealed from view by merely sawing the piles to a certain level below the water. These were the defences which defied the advance of Pepin for six months (809–10). He had seized Brondolo, Chioggia, and Pelestrina; but Rialto, the capital, which fired cannon-balls of bread in derision into the enemy's camp, remained untouched.

Thus far the peculiar conditions of the site may be allowed to have helped the inhabitants; in other respects the people have been compelled to help themselves. It was comparatively easy for them to profit by a position which placed them, neutral, between the two worlds of East and West, and to evolve a new State, politically, morally, and commercially, from the attraction and resistance offered by each. But there were strange and peculiar conditions within the State, arising from its very position, which required that quality which, above all others, it fell to the Venetians to develop, the quality of *adaptiveness*, which may be justly said to have been one of the Makers of Venice. The colonists had not been cast on a desert island; nevertheless they experienced some of the difficulties incidental to such a condition. There was food enough of one sort to be had on all sides; but with no river nearer than the mainland, and but one natural well in the city, where was fresh water sufficient for their growing numbers to come from? and at one time the city numbered a population of 190,000. The method of the requisite supply is simple enough. Every drop of rain that falls upon the city is caught upon the roofs, and led down by pipes into wells lined with cement, passing through a filtering substance, called a 'sponge,' which, acting like the natural process, supplies the water, cool and pure, as if from a natural spring. Of these *pozzi*, peculiar to Venice, seen in every *campo* and in every courtyard, no less than 6782 exist in the city; a few, devoted to the use of the poor, the rest belonging to private houses. These suffice for the main household needs; while for commoner purposes a service of wherries has for centuries taken out empty casks to the mainland, chiefly to the river Brenta, and brought them back

back full. Still, occasions may occur when both roofs and casks may fail. What if there were a siege of the city—and there has been one in our day—and a drought at the same time; no water from the skies, and all intercepted from the land! The possibility of such a contingency led, about forty years ago, to curious experiments and results. There was a tradition that a lake of fresh water existed under the Adriatic. The bed of the lagoon was accordingly perforated in more than one spot by an artesian screw. Water followed in abundance; bursting, with no small violence, the bonds that had confined it for ages; but it was not water that could be utilized for the everyday needs of man and beast. In one spot, thus tapped, it was so strongly impregnated with iron, as to be used medicinally; in another, so permeated with gas—both peculiarities owing to a forest of submarine vegetation—that it blazes, on the application of a lighted match. The question, therefore, what Venice would do under the combined forces of siege and drought, remains unsolved, and, it is to be hoped, may never require solution.

The gondola is another instance of local adaptation to peculiar conditions. A boat of common build can for common purposes make its way in awkward fashion up and down the larger canals, as on any other expanse of water. But it would soon be found out that a man with two oars would, even in the larger canals be very awkward; and in the smaller canals rowing would be impossible. What Venice required, as its water streets multiplied, was a form of vessel that should occupy no more space than its own width, that could be managed by one man only, combining in himself the twofold offices of propelling and steering. This man should stand, where he is in no one's way, and where he can see all that is before him, and he should be ready at a moment's notice with his one oar, either to turn or to stop his craft; a motion which he executes, according to Mr. Horatio Brown, 'with a skill which takes rank as a fine art. The gondola is the most charming carriage in the world, and so thoroughly Venetian, that Venice would hardly be Venice without it. There is a sentiment and flavour of antiquity about the gondola,' he continues, 'which it owes, like Venice herself, to its leisurely natural development. It is in no sense an invention—it is a growth; directed by the needs of its native place, bearing on its structure the impress of Venetian life and history.' At the same time, history tells us that it has been for centuries as perfect as it is now.

And as with the chief need of life, and the one form of conveyance, so with every other condition of this strange place. There

There has been a series of difficulties to be overcome; advance has been secured by means of disadvantages. As the smaller islands themselves had at first to be braced together with borders of wattled osiers—as the insecurity of the first mud foundations permitted for a time only the erection of light structures of wood—so, one may form some conception of the kind of foundation required for those gigantic piles of stone and marble, floating apparently on the waters, with which few buildings on terra-firma can, either for size or solidity, compare. Venice hides beneath her splendid palaces whole quarries of stone and forests of wood. For the foundation of the Rialto bridge alone, 10,000 piles of elm timber were sunk.

Nor were these the only agencies which may be rightly called the 'Makers of Venice.' Streams had to be turned, canals dug, and gigantic walls erected. One river had to be kept clear from siltings which threatened to make it useless for navigation; another had to be prevented from deluging the lagoons with fresh water, which would have converted them into unhealthy brackish swamps. As these successive and continuous struggles with the conditions around and within them remain to this day, as types of the practical sense of the Venetians in adopting means to ends; so the principles, on which the various departments of business and administration in Venice were conducted, furnish typical lessons such as no other modern history supplies. The Arsenal was a type of the efficiency with which the Venetian State was served; the prisons were a type of its wise humanity, relative of course to the time; the dignified resistance of the Government to the insolence of Rome was a type of its independence and self-respect, as the conduct of Rome was that of her historical attitude towards every power which bowed before her. And finally, the character of the Government, for centuries, was the type of a wisdom and sagacity, of a coldly reasoned and sternly persistent policy, equally removed from the impulse and the sentimentality of modern times; which bent nature as it bent men to its will, and rendered the rule of Venice for centuries stable in itself, and the one stable element in Italy.

To state that her penal administration as exemplified towards her prisoners was the type of a wise humanity, runs so directly counter to the ideas generally received, as to demand proofs which only unimpugnable materials can supply. From Signor Lorenzi's work, printed at the expense of Mr. Ruskin, which amply furnishes these proofs, there is no appeal. It is what the title states: a series of public Acts from 1253 to 1797, beginning in Venetian Latin, and continued in Venetian Italian; taken

taken from the archives of the Ducal Palace; in other words, a collection of the decrees passed by the different Councils, and chiefly by the Council of Ten, during those centuries. These decrees apply to every possible subject, great and small; the Coronation of a Doge; the visit of Henry III. of France to the Republic; the removal of Marino Faliero's portrait from the great Council Hall; the commissions given to artists, in which Bellini's and Titian's names are conspicuous: the prohibition, as early as 1314, of games of chance within the precincts of the Palace; the price paid for new carpets, cushions, and curtains for various apartments; the cost of repairing a lock, and the bad time kept by a clock in the 'Sala dei Pregadi.' Among the rest, the subject of prisons and prisoners plays a prominent part.

In entering briefly on this topic, it is necessary to remember, that cruelty and humanity are alike relative terms. Darwin's voyages convinced him that morality was a matter of longitude and latitude; and, in the same sense, it may be said that cruelty and humanity have varied in various epochs. Till within the last fifty years we were undisturbed by the consciousness, that our statute books contained laws and penalties that we now think incompatible with the commonest standard of Christian feeling. Samuel Rogers saw a number of boys condemned to be hanged, for faults which now are expiated in a Reformatory. To estimate the humanity or inhumanity of the Venetians, we must compare it with that of contemporary nations. Their prisons, of course, were not agreeable places; but, compared with the dungeons of the time in Switzerland and Germany, and with those of our own time in Rome and Naples, they were salubrious and comfortable. Romance has pictured the *Piombi* as in summer torturing with heat, as the *Pozzi* in winter with cold, both extremes purposely intended to aggravate the penalty. But reality testifies to this day—the Pozzi, and one of the Piombi still existing—that their atmospheric conditions are precisely reversed. The Piombi, which are not under the leads at all—having a story between them and the roof—are the coolest part of the Ducal Palace in summer, and the Pozzi are the warmest in winter. These, it is true, were only two out of the twenty-nine prisons which Venice seems at one time to have needed for her numerous offenders. If Lorenzi's pages record the existence of 'spotted fever' and other forms of suffering, and even of great mortality resulting from pestilential conditions, they also record the anxiety to improve these conditions, and the humanity with which those sufferings were recognized and alleviated. Numerous, therefore, are the decrees directing the removal of sick prisoners to milder places of confinement, or

to

to the 'Hospital prison Morenigo' for a stated time; the Doctor in all instances deposing on oath to the urgency of the case. Plenty of what is heinous in our present eyes may be read as we run in Lorenzi's work. Still, in the frightful catalogue of 'what Man has done to Man,' the Venetians are far from taking that foremost place that has been assigned to them. For we must remember, that these unhealthy conditions belonged to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. But no 'Black Assizes,' as with us late in the sixteenth century (1577), disgraced the annals of a people, who recorded everything about themselves, good, bad, and indifferent. Nor may the comparison end here; for our English prisons continued to be centres of abomination into the 18th century; a second 'Black Assize' occurring at Taunton in 1730, when some prisoners again infected the whole Court; and the Chief Baron, the Sergeant, the High Sheriff, and hundreds besides, died of the gaol fever. It was not forty years later that our Howard reported the Venetian prisons to be entirely free from disease.

But beyond the alleviations above mentioned, there was no sign of tenderness. That was not '*in more Venetiano.*' The patient was allowed in some cases two months for recovery; but, if cured before that time, he was bound to return and complete the full term of his sentence. Even in the case of one prisoner, who, on the occasion of the fire, 1574, which destroyed part of the Palace, had, in assisting to extinguish it, injured his leg, and was sent to Padua for three months for cure, we hear of no shortening of sentence; but, on the contrary, the express stipulation that these three months shall not be '*sconto*' (discounted) from his term of imprisonment. In another case of one Michiel Raguseo Stratioto, condemned to imprisonment for life, he was allowed as a mitigation to pass the day in the '*preson Musina*,' but to return at night to the '*preson Schiava*': their humanity went no further; there was no opening of the doors. One favour granted as early as 1407 to a 'Ser Petrus Pisanus,' sounds strangely amid this rigid justice, and at the same time reveals other favours of no common kind. He was ill '*cum subtils motibus in personam ejus*,' in short in a highly nervous condition, and required frequent visits from relatives and friends, '*et consequenter à medicis.*' But as his place of confinement could only be reached through a crowded part of the Palace, 'through which it was not seemly for wife, daughters, sisters, and daughters-in-law to pass,' it was ordered that a new door be made in his prison opposite the stone bridge (the Bridge of Sighs), but that when used, the old door be fastened up, so that the two should not be open at the same time;

ime; adding that, when Ser Petrus is liberated, the new door hall be walled up, and further that the sons of Ser Petrus shall ear the expense of both operations. This 'Ser Petrus,' who ad been a member of the Government, was convicted of treason f no common kind, having given secret information to the arrara family, the enemies of the Republic. He was condemned in 1406 to five years' imprisonment.

The same relative judgment which we have claimed as regards he treatment of prisoners must also be applied to the other entences passed on crimes. And Signor Lorenzi's most significant volume places this extraordinary State at once above other ations in this respect. That unspeakable barbarity which Europe wed to Rome, and which even the Reformation failed to interdict, as never perpetrated within the Lagoons. *Venice never burned.* As to the drownings also, so dear to the imagination of the novelist, they may be relegated to that imagination only. No ign of them appears in these Decrees. The mere fact, indeed, of throwing the body, whether of man or animal, into canal or Lagoon, would have entailed severe penalties. The drownings have been therefore dismissed by the Dotti as 'nonsense beneath criticism.' Venice had but two forms of judicial death, '*il capestro e il ferro*,' the rope and the steel. But she did not shrink from those preliminaries both to hanging and beheading which were the usage of the time. These are given with grim circumstance in the Decrees. We extract one as a specimen. 'I. March, 1430.—That Ser Andrea Contarino be taken from the *Camera dei Tormenti* to-day, and led to the Palace stairs, at which place his right hand shall be cut off, and with that tied round his neck, he shall be led between the two columns' (S. Marco and S. Teodoro) 'and there hanged till he die; and then be left there suspended for the whole of the next month.' In some cases the body of the criminal was subsequently burnt.

The mention of the Camera dei Tormenti reminds us that Venice was not better than her neighbours in the use of torture. Allusion to that chamber appears with frightful frequency in this volume. In the scrupulous entry of all payments we find even the record of a carpet and arm-chair, for the better convenience of those whose duty it was to be present at such hideous spectacles.

There is no question in the history of mankind more puzzling to the mind than that of the difference between what is called human nature; as seen universally in former ages, and as seen partially now. Spectacles of suffering, which would now make most women and some men ill to witness, never seem to have ruffled a nerve 300 years ago. Ladies of the French Court, not

more even than 130 years since, crowded to the seats erected in the Place de Grève, as to a *passe-temps* of a more than usually attractive nature, to witness the fiendish sufferings inflicted on Damiens, the would-be assassin of Louis XV.

As with the exaggerated ideas concerning the prisons and the prisoners, so with those relating to the Council of Ten, the Lion's mouth, and the anonymous accusations; the light of evidence strips them materially of their horrors. The truth is that the Ten comprised seventeen members; the Doge and his six councillors being joined with them in deliberation. Nor were their meetings legal unless at least one *Avvogador*, a legal official, was present. The Ten were unpaid; to receive a reward in any form was a capital crime; and their office lasted but one year. As their decisions ranked as laws, a majority of at least two-thirds was required to pass them; in some cases even that of seven-eighths was necessary.

As to the Lion's mouth, there was not one, but several; for every department had its slit for the reception of accusations. So far they were secret; but, if anonymous, the law ordered them to be burnt. If signed, the accusation was entertained; but to proceed against the accused required the votes of four-fifths of the Council; in the case of a noble, only two-thirds. These precautions need no comment. The denunciations of a madman or a rogue could no more condemn a man than they can with us. The 'Dotti' add, that in some countries it is easier to find a man guilty, than in Venice, formerly, to entertain an accusation against him. Finally, the result summed up by Signor Molmenti is that the purpose and end of the Ten was chiefly to defend the people from the violences of the nobles.

We have given a slight outline of this notorious body; but the structure of the Republic itself was at once far too large and too complicated to be described here. A description of the extraordinary Venetian Government is to the general reader like that of an army to the average civilian. So much horse, so much foot, so many on the staff, with innumerable functionaries, so much artillery, all, with the exception of the commander himself, re-enlisted every year, a portion even oftener; and every symptom of personal action, whether of strategy or bravery, strictly forbidden. An analysis of this vast and lifeless machine has been given in a previous number of this 'Review.'*

The chief incident in the history of the Government was that called the '*Serrata del consiglio*,' or the closing of the Great Council (1297) an act, or rather revolution, brought about by

* See 'Quarterly Review' for April 1886, 'The Archives of the Venetian Republic.'

the

the body of nobles, which closed it to every one but to themselves. From that date none but the descendant of a noble was qualified for a seat. At the same time, previous to the *Serrata* and beyond the class of tribunes mentioned by Cassiodorus, Signor Molmenti assures us that there is no evidence of the existence of a hereditary noblesse at all; or of that which the Romans never possessed, hereditary offices. It is conventional to dwell on the skilful balance which prevailed in the Government of Venice; but where the Councils of the State were confined to a close and numerous oligarchy, self-elected, and including only one member of the '*Cittadino*' class, the modern definition of a balance of power fails to apply. On the contrary, as judged by our present principles, there is something rotten in a State when the term Citizen ('*il Cittadino*' as in Venice, and '*der Burgerliche*' as in present Germany) implies an inferior social status. It is not too much, therefore, to say that, however long the seeds of decay may have lain inactive, the decline of the Republic actually dates from the *Serrata*. Without the elements of reform or refreshment within itself, the first concern of the Government was to maintain the power of the nobles; the second, to prevent the ascendency of any one individual, or family among them.

One after another Venice had witnessed the subjection of the mainland States, ostensibly republics like herself, each to the despotism of one family: Florence to the Medici; Milan to the Visconti; Verona to the Scaligeri; Padua to the Carraras; each in turn a restless tyrant at home, and a source of ceaseless war, expense, and anxiety to the inhabitants of the Lagoons. But the same policy, which sternly checked that ambition in one which might become dangerous to all, acted also to the discouragement of those ardent and generous impulses which lead to great deeds. The Venetians might seek wealth as much as they pleased, a wise safety valve, but they might not seek popularity. The chief qualities of the Government, accordingly, were selfishness and caution, each unfavourable to the nobler feelings, and secrecy, their very quencher. Jeremy Bentham has left his verdict that the secrecy, with which some of its acts were conducted, and these even included secret deaths, has mainly given rise to the false conclusions that have been drawn respecting the method of governing. But even these secret executions had one counterbalancing feature. Every death that occurred in the Republic, from that of the beggar to that of the noble, from that of the most innocent child to that of the foulest murderer, was registered, with the mode of death, in the necrology of St. Mark's. With this final certificate no person could be said

to have disappeared leaving no trace behind. Considering this secrecy and repression, we look in vain in Venice for those instances of individual generosity, chivalry, and self-sacrifice, which are the brightest lights of other history. Nor does Mr. Horatio Brown fail to point out, that the whole category of words, as applied to actions, gentle, loyal, knightly, and true, is wanting in Italian. They are flowers of a Northern soil, and have to be transplanted from the North. Not that selfishness is the same vice in States as it is in individuals. The self-sacrifice which is divine in individuals would be suicidal in a State. A wise egotism, therefore, is the duty of a State, and the only question is how far Venice exceeded that limit. In Venice this mistrust of individual ascendency pervaded the whole body politic; no one trusted his neighbour; everything was done by committees and councils. No sooner was a generous public action performed by any one, than the Government seem to have dwelt on the evil to which it might be turned. No sooner was it evident that some citizen (using the word in our modern sense) had proved himself a friend to the State, than the authorities began to consider what a formidable enemy he might become. Those nobles who distributed largess to the people were always suspected of designs. There was one regulation-height in Venetian affairs, those who aspired above it were promptly removed, or in some way repressed, if they had not their heads literally chopped off. It was an ugly policy which forbade one citizen to be more noble or disinterested than another; but without it, we may doubt whether Venice would have escaped that despotism of the so-called '*Signori*' under which the States of the mainland were oppressed.

With this jealousy of individual ascendency the power of the Doge gradually declined, till he became little more than the figure-head of the State ship, clothed in sumptuous apparel, and, with the Ducal '*Corno*' on his head; a mere part of the Venetian pageant. From first to last, the position of a Doge was not calculated to excite ambition. He had depended at first on the will of the people; and the people were rough masters. In the early tumultuous days seven Doges had their eyes put out, and few died a natural death. With the *Serrata*, which excluded the people from all share in the Government, the Ducal person became safer, but his power was more and more restricted. He could transact no business without his councillors, increased from two to six, though they could transact it without him. He could open no despatches, nor could he sign any. He could not leave Venice for a day under any pretext, and in case he did, there was a law which permitted any one to throw stones

at

t him. Out of Venice his authority ceased. Neither his portrait nor his arms might be seen outside the Palace. The coinage, it is true, represents a Doge kneeling before St. Mark, who gives him a banner, but it is not the figure of the Doge of the day. His name was inscribed on the medal and gold chain given to ambassadors, but above the name were the letters S. C., 'the Senate being consulted.' Every edict commences '*il Serenissimo Principe fa' saper*,' but the individual name is not given. During his reign his brothers and sons were excluded from all public office, and he himself was debarred from all commercial transactions. Having been elected, he was compelled under pain of banishment and confiscation of property to accept the dignity, and having done so, he might be dismissed, but could not resign. Even the unfortunate Foscari, on the condemnation of his innocent son, petitioned in vain to retire. Neither the Doge nor his sons could marry a foreigner, and finally the Dogaressa was more and more ignored, and ceased to be crowned.

But what were the compensating advantages? They were as follows. He received 100 ducats* every Monday morning. On his entering the Council Chamber all rose, uncovered, and bowed. He rose only for ambassadors, but bowed and uncovered for no one. His family were not under the control of the magistrates of Pomps and Vanities; which meant that they might eat and drink and dress as they pleased. His eldest son might be followed by a suite, have his servants and gondoliers in livery, wear the ducal robe with wide sleeves, and a belt with gilt buckles. Finally when death terminated the career of one defined as '*Rex in purpura, Senator in Curia, in urbe Captivus*,' the Doge's body lay in state for three days, attired in robes of cloth of gold, with the Ducal crown on his head, and with gilt spurs; which for some reason not preserved were turned hind part before. But his troubles did not terminate here. The Doge being dead, another Doge did not reign in his stead until certain investigations, not complimentary to his predecessor, had been instituted. Officers were elected charged to revise the Coronation oath, and in case the deceased had betrayed the slightest sign of independence of action, to render it more stringent; while a further body of officers proceeded to scrutinize closely his life, and, on the discovery of the smallest dereliction from public duty, had authority to enforce a fine from his heirs. The ceremony of choosing a new Doge has been described in the article already referred to.†

* A sequin or ducat was about nine shillings.

† 'Quarterly Review' for April 1885, p. 363.

There

There were two remarkable exceptions to that obliteration of the individual on which we have dwelt: Fra Paolo Sarpi and Pietro Aretino. The one was a Venetian by birth, representing that pride of independence which was the noblest feature of the State; the other was an example of the profligacy and corruption which led to her decline and fall. Fra Paolo was a good and a wise man, but with certain heretical gifts, and an unorthodox humanity for his kind; either, sufficient to embroil him with Rome. He was addicted in the first place to scientific research, in which, according to Galileo, no man living excelled him; and in the second, he objected to burning his fellow-creatures. His letters, one of the most interesting collections that can now be read, are full of sympathy for the higher objects of the Reformation; and one pathetic sentence, dated 'Venice, 9 Decembre 1608,' '*La nuova di quello povermo che hanno abbrucciato in Parigi*' (the tidings of that poor dear whom they have burnt in Paris), must have grated harshly on the ear of the Vatican. He was the first of the few theologians who distinguished between the Papacy and the Catholic Church; which last Venice never forsook, though always keeping the Pope at arm's length. The integrity and rectitude of Fra Paolo were such that the mere fact that he, known to be the last man to forsake an innocent friend, refused a legacy left him by Antonio Foscarini, was looked upon as a proof of that individual's guilt. The Doges had long enjoyed the reputation of greater clear-sightedness as to Papal designs than the other Princes of Christendom; and skirmishes were perpetually going on between the Papal and Venetian delegates. Among the numerous offices for the protection of the Republic against encroachment, whether from within or without, was one known as that of '*Teologo e consultor*'—Consulting Theologian—specially instituted to examine the decrees of Rome, and to report to the Council of Sages whatever related to the temporal affairs of the Republic. The accession of Paul V. to the Popedom in 1605 rendered the careful exercise of this office peculiarly urgent, and Fra Paolo was summoned to fill it. The new Pope is reported to have said, that God had raised him to the tiara on purpose to humble the pride of the secular Princes. But as he stood in some awe of the Kings, he commenced by attacking the Republics; taking first that of little Lucca, which had issued an edict against certain converts to Protestantism, forbidding its subjects to hold any communication with them. This edict, though, in the sight of Rome, right in itself, was condemned by Paul V. as the assertion of a power wrong in them. Accordingly the State

State of Lucca was commanded, on pain of excommunication, to efface this edict from its acts, and to accept one of the same tenor from himself instead. This it did. The Pope next turned to Genoa, which on some similar point had done similarly right in fact, but wrong in the Papal sense. And Genoa also yielded. He now took Venice in hand, in the full persuasion that a similar surrender awaited him there. The crimes of that Government had been greater still. First, two ecclesiastics, a canon and an abbot, convicted of transgression of the laws, had been consigned to prison; and secondly, a decree had been issued by the Senate, forbidding the alienation of secular property for ecclesiastical purposes without their permission. Both acts were declared infringements of the Papal power; and through the Venetian Ambassador at Rome, the Cavaliere Nani, the Senate were summoned to deliver the two ecclesiastics into the Pontiff's keeping, and to revoke the obnoxious decree. A different spirit confronted him here. Nani was instructed to reply, that the right of the citizens to judge ecclesiastics in temporal affairs had existed unchallenged for above one thousand years, and that the law was absolutely necessary for the good government of the State. The Holy Father treated their answer with contempt, threatening, if his commands were not obeyed within a certain time, to summon the Senate by an exhortatory letter. Nor did he fail to add Rome's favourite and misapplied text, that 'to obey is better than sacrifice.' The Republic, however, stood firm, refusing either to give up her prisoners or to revoke her law. And now ensued those measures, typical of Rome, but never resisted before by a secular power still professing her doctrines. The Pope accordingly fulminated two briefs with further menaces. The Senate, fortified not only by Fra Paolo, but by the advice of the most eminent lawyers in Italy, formulated an answer in a style of studied deference, but defending their action unflinchingly by Venetian precedents, as well as by those of other sovereigns. Long arguments reciprocally followed, each party comparing the other to wolves, and themselves to lambs, each party quoting the Israelites, each averring that their cause was that of the Almighty Himself. On the 17th of April, 1606, within less than eleven months of the Pope's elevation, excommunication in the fullest form followed: every ecclesiastic of whatever rank was forbidden to read the Mass, to celebrate any divine office, or to ring a church bell in any part of the Venetian dominions; all indulgences were revoked, and all lands held in fief from Rome were withdrawn from the Republic. This 'Monitory,' as it was called, was directed

directed to be posted up on every church. The Signory lost no time in issuing a counterblast, in the shape of a 'Protestation;' declaring the interdict to be not only unjust and undeserved, but of no validity; directing this Protestation also to take its place on every church in the Venetian dominions; and ordering all ecclesiastics to continue their divine offices and pastoral care. The Jesuits were the only order who refused to obey, and were accordingly banished from Venice, never again to return; the other orders, of which Fra Paolo's, the Serviti, was one, ranged themselves on the side of the State, and no one remained unmarried, unbaptized, or unburied. Venice was used to excommunications; this was the fifth that had fallen to her share, all more or less evaded; but this the first so boldly withstood.

Meanwhile the Catholic sovereigns, Spain and France, applied themselves to bring about an accommodation between the parties. But Rome refused to withdraw her interdict till Venice withdrew her protestation; and Venice, with greater consistency, refused to withdraw her protestation till Rome, the real offender, withdrew her interdict. And so two years passed, when Henri Quatre induced the belligerents to withdraw their acts simultaneously. Thus the strife outwardly terminated. Not so, however, for Fra Paolo. Rome never forgave him. Had he defied her power in any other part of Italy, he would have shared the fate of Giordano Bruno, burnt in Florence only four years before. As it was, his life was twice attempted, and he never ventured out of his convent without a coat of mail under his priest's robe, and an escort. He says in a letter, July 1608, that the wound in his face gave him much pain, drawing down one eye so that he could not fix it.

The Inquisition as instituted in Venice was another instance of local independence, and of the wisdom with which it was maintained. It had been introduced, not as in other States by a Papal Bull, but by a decree of the Great Council itself, a stroke of policy which allowed the Council to hedge round the Bull with the necessary precautions. One of these was that all fines imposed should belong to the Signory, and not, as elsewhere, to the Inquisitors. Nor did they allow it to be administered by Papal agents only; three senators, called Assistants, being appointed to preside with the agents in the name of the Doge; so that nothing could take place unknown to him. Without the presence of these assistants no supposed heretic could be interrogated, no evidence could be heard, and no sentence would be valid. This arrangement was particularly obnoxious to the Holy Office. Acting on a sentence in St. Paul,

1 Cor.

1 Cor. v. 12, 'For what have I to do to judge them also that are without?' the Venetian Inquisition exempted the Jews from all responsibility to laws which, 'being established to judge heresy, could not judge Judaism, which is not heresy.' If a Jew blasphemed against Christianity, he was amenable to the civil laws which judged such matters. Nor could the Inquisition judge the Greeks, who 'are amenable to their own prelates, and live under the protection of the Signory *secondo il fito loro*.' Nor, further, did the Venetian office judge a man who had committed bigamy; which, according to Rome, is an abuse of the sacrament, but, according to Venetian common sense, no such thing; for the first marriage renders the second void, and the offence is one with which the civil magistrate deals. This is a sufficient example of the admirable way in which the Republic defended her own liberties, wittily summed up at the time by a saying attributed to the Bishop of Valence, that 'if Paris were on fire, it would be folly to wait for water from the Tiber, to extinguish it, while the Seine was at hand.'

We have cited Pietro Aretino (1492–1557), opposite as he was in every respect to Fra Paolo, as the other instance of that individual prominence which it was the policy of Venice to repress. We should hardly be tempted to mention this scandalous adventurer, unless for a purpose which lies beyond himself. But his name, as far as posterity is concerned, is historically significant as registering the lowest degree to which the moral and political atmosphere of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Italy had fallen. That the man who was a mixture of baseness, profligacy, venality, and profanity, who alternately cringed before his superiors, and flattered, bullied, and lampooned them, should have actually received the title of '*Il Divino*' from his contemporaries, shows that the moral standard of the time could hardly fall lower. Princes and Popes were sure to have their courtiers and parasites; but in Aretino's case the parts would seem to have been sometimes reversed, for it was they who flattered and sought him. Francis I. and Charles V. contended which should do him most honour and give him most money. Giovanni de' Medici could not live nor even die without him. Pope Julius III. condescended to kiss the reprobate on the forehead; every one bowed before him. The English ambassador alone of the day gave him, in return for some insolence, a sound beating. It is not too much to say, that the decline of Venice must have seriously begun when she received and féted Pietro Aretino.

But Venice was not lightly to be pulled down from her high

high estate. She was far in advance of other nations, in that commercial knowledge and practice on which the prosperity of States depends. She had instituted the office of consuls in foreign ports as early as 1117; taken a census of her population in 1171—Milan first made one in the 18th century—and founded a State Bank in the same year. She had formulated a code of laws and statutes in 1229, and assiduously revised, reformed, and added to, them. From the first, it is true, the Venetians inhaled that baneful atmosphere which infected the rest of Italy. They prided themselves on dissimulation and treachery, were ungrateful to those who had served them, and never forgave those they had injured. On the other hand they were uniform in action, constant in friendship, long in making up their minds, but firm when they had done so, adapting themselves readily to new conditions; 'appearing French in Paris, and Spanish at Madrid;' excellent in negociation, exact in business, courteous in manners, and masters of all the money in Christendom. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that they were constantly claimed as arbitrators in the difficulties and disputes of other Italian States. '*Eamus ad bonos Venetos*' was a current phrase, which, in all it implies, may be fairly set against some of the stock ideas hitherto entertained to their prejudice. Nor was it the only compliment paid them from without, for Venetian citizens were so often chosen, from their repute for rectitude, to fill the office of Podestà in various Italian cities, that the Republic at length passed a law, forbidding such as were useful at home to accept those posts.

From the end of the 14th till the beginning of the 16th centuries may be considered the zenith of Venetian prosperity and grandeur. We can imagine nothing more brilliant than the effervescence of life within the Lagoons during this period, and nothing more exceptional than the conjunction of causes which helped to bring it about. The fall of Constantinople and the dispersion of the Greeks had introduced the knowledge and worship of classic literature; the invention of printing was nowhere so worthily represented as by the various Venetian founts; the 18,000 students registered in the University of Padua, the resort of the Venetian youth, showed the increase of education; everything conducive to worldly interest and to the gratification of mind, taste, sense, and pride; letters, art, science; gorgeous entertainments, sensuous pleasure in every form, even in that form most superfluous in the City of the Sea, namely, sumptuous carriages and the finest horses; the stables of the Doge Michiel Steno being accounted the finest in Italy. In Venice met all races, all costumes, all the splendours, and all the

the sins of the world; for the East brought its own peculiar quota of the last-named, and the Venetians had already quite enough of their own. Every good thing, too, had its concomitant abuse. The presses, which sent forth the finest editions of the classics, issued also the most licentious works of medieval Italy.

During the earlier centuries which built up the real greatness of Venice, the evils ultimately engendered by a caste of '*nobili*' were in abeyance. In the absorption of gain the jealousies of station were more hidden. All alike had to work for their bread, and the *nobile* and the *cittadino* sat close together at their respective counters in the Exchange of the Rialto; the same hand that signed edicts and unsheathed the sword was not ashamed to count money and endorse bills. If ever a people were '*la nation bourgeoise*,' it was the Venetians at that time. Their whole aim was to maintain their monopoly in trade. The barbaric luxury both of East and West gave them their carrying trade, and Venice served not only as her own storehouse, but provided the same at high rents for the goods of other nations—to wit the '*Fondaco dei Turchi*,' for which she charged the Turks 130 ducats a day, and the '*Fondaco dei Tedeschi*.' Their commerce was the cause of almost all their wars. Especially did they claim possession of the mouths of all rivers flowing into the Adriatic, for the masters of these were the masters of commerce. A shrewd and adventurous Venetian would undertake to procure anything from the East for the West, or *vice versâ*, not excepting slaves, of whom we shall speak more further on. All was lawful that secured a commission. Nor was there any difficulty about the form of payment or the calculation of exchange. Venice took that bull by the horns, coined at her own mint the money even of barbaric powers, and wrung a profit out of it. In short, the Venetians extracted gold from everything; even from the Crusades, to which they acted as a kind of Cooks' tourist company.

The Republic, in one sense, richly deserved that commercial success which accompanies commercial honesty. We hear nothing of false marks and shoddy manufactures. All she produced was of the best; her glass-works, her lace, long known and prized; for the '*point de Venise*,' which to this day makes a lady's eyes sparkle, is the same that was worn at Richard III.'s coronation; her silks and satins, brocades and velvets, were the finest that could be made; and even her humbler stuffs, which among us still retain their Venetian names, her '*fustagni*' or fustians, her '*camelotti*' or camlets, are still the types of the solid and the durable. There is no such agency also

also as a common interest in trade for levelling factitious distinctions. Each family had the right to send forth a couple of sons to serve on board the State galleys, and there learn the double profession of the merchant and the naval commander. Thus the boys, far from being coddled at home, endured hardship, learned business, and saw the world. Venetian traders were foremost in every discovery; all was vigour, daring, and gain; and in Signor Molmenti's words, 'Marco Polo's voyages may appear to be fabulous, but they were true.'

But these men had sterner work to do than exploring new channels and driving hard bargains. Having opened new ways of traffic, they had to protect them. Especially had they to defend the Republic from the great Terror of the Middle Ages; and by so doing they defended the rest of Christendom. It is impossible here to particularize the encounters of the Venetians with the Turks. But, if asked how Venice best served the cause of civilization and religion, History will point to the centuries during which she arrested and sometimes paralysed that awful colossus, ever ready with the Koran in the one hand and the scimitar in the other to plant the Crescent in place of the Cross.

Many causes have been assigned for the decay of this extraordinary State. The wars which gave them possessions on the mainland, only held at the cost of better things; their own over-caution and slow formalities in deliberation, which led to delays when action sometimes pressed; the wretched education of the young, who, in the infamous lives of their fathers, received an entail of vice; a period of unbridled luxury; and the discovery by Vasco da Gama of the route by the Cape of Good Hope which diverted the line of commerce from the Adriatic, all these causes operated more or less; but none so vitally as the institution of an hereditary noblesse and the habits of inordinate display. Pride comes proverbially before a fall; and there is no pride so fatal as that engendered by empty titles, what Mr. Freeman rightly calls 'the curse of a continental noblesse';* and by the practice of inordinate luxury. We are even disposed to quarrel with Mr. Horatio Brown, whose pages, otherwise so admirably written, teem with the expression 'the Venetian nobility,' for not being more accurate in his terms. It is true 'nobility' is the English word, but then it is only applicable to the English thing; but it is no less true that 'noblesse'

* 'The most thorough-going Democrat may thank God that we have a House of Peers, when he remembers that it is the existence of the Peerage which has saved us from the curse of a continental noblesse.'—'Fortnightly Review,' May 1888, p. 604.

is

is the foreign word, and that it is applicable only to the foreign thing; and further, that no two things can be more distinct. The English nobility, from the constitution of their body, and by the law of self-primogeniture self-limited, both as regards title and property, have always acted as a bridge between themselves and the classes below them, and, therefore, become a source of national strength; while the continental noblesse, equally from the constitution of their body, unlimited by the law of primogeniture, have always acted as a barrier, and, therefore, have been a source of national weakness. The outcome of each affords a lesson which every State ought to take to heart; the one presenting the highest picture of dignity, wealth, and usefulness, that society has known; the outcome of the other, so far as our subject is concerned, witnessed in the dilapidation and degradation of the grandest and most gorgeous palaces the world has seen. The unfortunate possessors for a time depended on minor offices no longer required by the State, which were only kept up to provide for the impecunious nobles, who now, too many of them, exist on what must be called a parish allowance, at the rate of a franc a day,* provided by ancient funds. This inevitable result of a vicious principle showed itself comparatively early in Venice, in a body called the '*Barnabotti*.' These were the poorer nobles who congregated, doubtless for cheap rents, in the parish of S. Barnaba, and were always a thorn in the side of their wealthier brethren, to whom they stood in the ever-humiliating form of 'poor relations' on an inconveniently large scale.

The period which showed the first unmistakable sign that the resources of Venice were declining was, by the irony of History, coincident with the equally unmistakable fact, that her vanities were increasing. It was in 1504 that the galleys from Alexandria and Beyrout returned empty of the usual cargo of spices and drugs—a thing never known before; and it was in 1506 that the *Libro d'oro* was instituted, a volume destined to be burnt in later revolutionary times in the Piazza, in which every living noble, and every child, male and female, hereafter born to him, was inscribed. To attain this privilege became now the one ambition of the richer *cittadini*, and in the occasional necessities of the State the admission of some families from the ranks was purchased by large sums. Signor Molmenti, with an intelligent candour rare in a foreigner, laments that the

* 'I Dotti,' vol. i. part 1, p. 113. Even the Chinese, whose noblesse consists in five degrees of honour, are so aware of the mischief of an unlimited succession of nobles that the law provides that every generation should succeed to one degree less. Final extinction therefore ensues after five generations.

reverse

reverse process never took place, and that no younger sons, as with the English nobility, were sent down to mingle ideas, blood, and names with the classes below them, and thus enrich and consolidate all. For a time the accumulated riches of Venice in all classes was such that the decline of wealth was not seriously felt. The *Nobile* ceased to go forth with the galleys, and to sit in the Exchange of the Rialto, preferring to seek high places in the Council Chamber, or embassies to foreign nations; and even the *popolano* avoided the voyages in which his forefathers had delighted. Such palaces as the Rezzonico and the Grimani, built in the sixteenth century, no longer served their former uses. Their courts and ground-floor corridors served no more for the stowage of mercantile goods, but were turned into winter gardens of beautiful and aromatic Eastern shrubs; while their gorgeous saloons, adorned with all that art and luxury could supply, were only fitted for feasts and receptions. It was no longer a lawful liberty which was restricted by laws, but (and fruitlessly) a reign of licence, unrivalled except at the decline of the Roman Empire. We are indebted to the prohibitive laws of Venice for facts, which would have been hardly credited from the pen of the historian. The feasts that were spread in those magnificent rooms, now so empty and useless, so cool or so chilly, so bright or so gloomy, as the season may be, were such as the imagination of an Elagabalus would fail to realize.

As early as the fourteenth century it was forbidden to invite any ladies to dinners, except such as were related to the house; and it may be inferred what particular class of the gentle sex were intended to be thus excluded. Meanwhile, though the general morality did not improve, the general wealth increased, and with it the luxury. By the sixteenth century, accordingly, the edicts against inordinate expense 'poured down like snow-flakes,' and with them increased the dexterity in avoiding them. It was forbidden to sell pheasants, peacocks, turkeys, black cock; forbidden to send as presents ornaments in sugar, and sweet and candied things; forbidden even to serve meat and fish at the same banquet, and all under pain of considerable fines. A slight outline of what a dinner or supper implied, the one occupying four hours, the other three, will serve the double purpose of illustrating the mode of living, and the utter disregard of the sumptuary laws. To begin with the table-cloths and napkins; the first were embroidered in divers patterns, with columns, arches, &c., and with wonderful gold scrolls bearing the arms of every guest at table; the second were so folded as to imitate mitres, turbans, crowns, pyramids,

pyramids, &c. These being duly in order, the table was laden with candelabra and other objects in gold and silver; with glass and crystal from Murano; with majolica; with beautiful specimens of Luca della Robbia, and all kinds of pottery; and with fountains, statues, and every form of ornament in sugar and confectionery. This sugar-work must have constituted an art in itself; for it is recorded that, at a banquet given to Henry III. of France, everything, knives, forks, spoons, plates, the bread, and even the napkins, were all in sugar; and so well imitated that the King was surprised—and royalties in all times have delighted in surprises—when the napkin, which he believed to be of linen, broke to pieces in his hands. Beautiful flowers also abounded on the table, and even odoriferous shrubs, from which depended golden baskets with the finest fruits. Nor were living creatures omitted. Large vessels of water, with sparkling fish gliding about, added to the interest; while under the shrubs, and attached to them by silken ribbons of various colours, appeared live leverets, rabbits, and various birds. Men-servants now entered with silver basins and ewers, beautifully designed, and poured scented water over the hands of the guests. The repasts were inaugurated as in Russia and elsewhere by various stimulating dishes—truffles, oysters, sausages, ham, pickled vegetables, cheese from Piacenza, lampreys from Binasco, tripe from Treviso (which perhaps gave the name), sturgeon from Ferrara, eel-paste from Genoa, thrushes from Perugia, quails from Lombardy, geese from the Romagna, &c. &c. Various soups, *gras* and *maigre*, then ushered in the more solid meat. Most things were cut into the shape of different animals, while vegetables and fruits were in larger forms—'beds of tomatoes, castles of turnips, walls of peaches'; or, as the season might be, of lemons and oranges. They prided themselves on their various spices—pepper, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, &c., all introduced by them into western markets. A particular weakness for gold seems to have been the fashion: the candles, the oysters (shells), and even the bread was gilt. They put salt and aromatic essences into their sweets to give them piquancy; and they powdered their soups and sauces with gold-dust 'to invigorate the heart.' Records show that on one occasion no less than 1250 dishes have been served; but 90 dishes were the usual allowance, with 300 objects in sugar, generally distributed among the ladies. Wines, Eastern, Hungarian, Rhenish, and Moselle, abounded; and the last act was to cut open certain parties, whence escaped a number of live birds, which created 'a delightful confusion among the guests in their attempts to catch them.' And Signor Molmenti asserts, that such feasts were

were not rare in private houses; and adds drily, 'they spent enormously without, and they did not spare at home.' To complete the scene, we must now add the fine proportions and architectural spendour of the saloon; the ceiling carved in rich coffers, profusely gilt; or encrusted with various designs in stucco; or painted, which came latest in fashion, with mythological subjects by the '*Luca fa Presto*' of the day; the walls hung with tapestry, or cloth of gold, or satin damask, or flashing with Murano mirrors (fine pictures were reserved for smaller rooms); the sconces placed against the walls; the lamps pendent from the ceiling; the innumerable wax-candles; the sumptuous furniture; the floors in the grandest patterns of that '*terrasso*,' which was a legacy from the Romans; and then the costumes of the company, of both sexes.

If asked whether the feast of reason and the flow of soul at these feasts bore any proportion to the number and cost of the dishes, we answer at once in the negative. Those easy meetings between the two sexes, with no other resource but conversation, and a tolerable dinner, to which the name 'Society' is now given, is the art of a later time, and as yet only really developed in France and England. Three conditions are essential for its practice, respect for women, equality between all of a certain culture, no matter what the rank, and an acknowledged standard of morality. These conditions Venice never possessed and never sought.

The edicts directed against dress, and especially against female dress, fared still worse than those directed against the table. It is not for a masculine pen to attempt to describe or explain the mysterious and multifarious articles of feminine attire against which pains and penalties were levelled. The old Venetian terms beat all powers of translation, even with Boerio's Dictionary of the vernacular at hand; nor if given in English should we be much the wiser. The one intelligible fact is, that the Government found endless difficulty in carrying its decrees into effect. The fines extorted could not have paid for the army of spies and informers employed to collect them. And what, we are inclined to ask, could it matter to the Council of Ten, for these edicts issued from them, whether the ladies wore silk and gold lace trimmings more than two fingers wide, or more than two yards wide; so long as they fancied it and their husbands paid for it? It is strange how little two arguments which now carry everything before them, the liberty of the subject and the encouragement of trade, were understood then. To do the ladies justice, however, they seem to have been equal to the occasion. When ordered to give up

up their pearls, they gave up false pearls, good Murano beads, doubtless; and they thus had the double satisfaction of eluding the law and wearing their finery. In extreme cases, where the culprits themselves could not be mulcted, it was the tailors who were proceeded against. One exasperated edict declaims especially against the incessant changes of fashion, which it pronounces to be worse than the fashions themselves, adding, 'if a new fool appear with a new fashion, all the world adopts it.'

Certain personal habits, which, in the sixteenth century, pervaded all Italy more or less, were imported by the Venetians from the East. These were the habit of the bath, and the extravagant use of perfumes and cosmetics common to both sexes. The bath and the perfumes went together; for the water was mixed with musk, cedar, myrrh, lavender, mint. The sallow skins of the women were also heightened with delicate tinctures, applied not only to the face, but to every part of the person presented to view. Nor were these views stingily given. An old writer observes that, 'considering all that was displayed, I was often astonished that the clothes did not fall off their backs' (*non gli sono cascati dal dosso*). The care of the complexion was also a matter of the first importance; and among the myriad printed recipes still preserved in Venice may be quoted one of a not very seductive kind; namely, 'slices of raw veal, soaked for hours in milk, and laid on the face and hands during the night.'

We have already alluded to the total absence of women from the Venetian stage. The 'Dotti' are anxious to endow them with household virtues not visible to the historian, but one writer adds with a certain irony, '*ma non influirono sui tempi loro*;' they had no influence on their times. The utter seclusion of the respectable women, especially in the earlier days of the Republic, led to the affluence of those who were the reverse. The open existence of the '*cortigiana*' class, early and late, is a deep stain on the Venetian annals. Much has been said of the '*cicisbeo*' of the time, but this custom does not seem to have been so great a scandal as has been supposed. In the greater number of cases that office was represented by an elderly relative, and was by no means superfluous in the case of a young bride, who, according to Venetian custom, did not see her husband till the day of her marriage. Indeed, it is hinted in the '*Vita privata*' that the hairdresser, with his constant opportunities, was more dangerous than the '*cavaliere servente*.' Frequent as were the divorces, especially in later times, between

couples thus united, it is a curious sign that they were never from jealousy. There was not love enough for that. The *home* was not a Venetian institution.

Altogether we are assured that the time devoted by a lady to her looking-glass was at least seven hours a day, the rest of her leisure being filled up with frivolity and pleasure. This is not a pleasing picture of the 'private life' of the more respectable Venetian woman. But who shall throw a stone? Without education or occupation, without outward respect, out-rivalled in opportunities of pleasing by the large class of her country-women who kept their corrupt court outside, she was ready to put her faith in raw veal, or in any other medium supposed to enhance her powers of pleasing.

As to those other ladies to whom we have just alluded, a specimen of their manners at the theatre supplies a key to the manners of the time, and to the taste of the gentlemen whom it was their ambition to please. Placed by them in the boxes at a vantage, their chief amusement was to take aim at the hats or heads of the '*popolani*' in the pit below; pelting them alternately with candles' ends they had purposely brought with them, and with a certain moist battery from their own lips.

It has been questioned, by Hazlitt and others, whether the so-called liberty of the Venetians was altogether what we understand by that sacred term. Compared with the arbitrary rule of the neighbouring States, it was doubtless an advance. There was a certain safeguard in the fixity of their laws, and in the numbers who combined to make them. Still, the laws thus made permitted of no free action for the individual within them. There is no word which needs such strict definition as that of Liberty. History shows, that it is a thing which cannot be bestowed by the grace and favour of any one man; nor administered by any one class; that it must grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength, of a whole people; that it has to be gradually and delicately adjusted, in its practical working, to that exact point of the social compass, where the liberty of the one is compatible with that of the whole community, and *vice versâ*; and that, finally, only its possession can teach its use. Sismondi, at the end of his great work, dwells on the fact that Liberty, in the English sense, which, 'as the protection of the peace, security, and domestic independence of all, of whatever grade, from the abuse of power,' he admits to be the only sense, never existed in the Italian Republics; and least of all in a State where the individual was nothing, and an hereditary caste everything. The privileges of which the Venetians were proud were

were not in the interests of liberty, but in the accident of birth. That was not liberty where a man could not honestly marry whom he pleased, nor trade where he pleased, nor give his daughter the dowry he pleased; but where the marriage of a noble with a woman of inferior rank, unless the daughter of a glass-blower, or a manufacturer of gold and silver stuffs, who had usually a good dowry, disqualified their sons from a seat in the '*Gran Consiglio*:' and where the captain of a merchant-vessel had to be elected and appointed by the government, and the course he was to take and the ports he was to visit were prescribed to him. That these restrictions did not really interfere with his liberty to acquire wealth and to seek adventure is obvious; but it was different with that later petty tyranny, which meddled with the freedom of the individual or private family. Where even the table and the toilet are dictated by law, no nation can learn to be free and no individual to be responsible.

Next to these sumptuary laws in significance are the inventories of some Venetian palaces. We do not profess to know the average amount of silver accumulated in great old English families, but the 23,419 ounces belonging to the Palazzo Mocenigo, in 1771, about fifty years before its occupation by Lord Byron, the interval having consummated the ruin of Venice, seems a large figure. Of silver plates alone of different sorts and sizes there were 272. This points again to the number of servants retained, which is shown by an edict against extravagance in mourning, levelled at a certain *contessa*, who on the death of her mother had put her eighty men-servants into mourning. Another edict forbids the hanging every apartment with black.

Two fashions seem to have been peculiar to Venice, that of wearing masks and that of the pattens, or 'choppines' as they were called. The masks prevailed at carnival time, which in the latter days of the thoughtless, pleasure-loving Republic was continued for half the year. The mask was not confined to either sex or to any class. From every member of the *Gran Consiglio* downwards, every one wore it. Even the women going to market, or sitting there to sell, wore them; and not they only, but the little children at their side, and the very baby in their lap. There was a large manufacture of them in Venice. The pictures by Longhi have perpetuated this fashion.

The other most extraordinary fashion was that of the high pattens, a straight unshapely piece of wood, half a yard high, on which the ladies stood, much as if perched on the top of a gentle-

man's hunting-boot. These were ostensibly invented in order to keep the fair wearer out of the dirt, on the few occasions when her feet might touch the common ground. But this purpose was rather contradicted by the fact, that they lengthened their trains in order to cover the 'choppine.' At this giddy height the act of walking became so insecure that, like the Roman matrons, when 'raising holy hands' in prayer, they had to be supported by a servant or a slave on either hand. These choppines were the origin of the name given to a Venetian lady, '*mezzo carne, mezzo legno.*' The real cause for such an elevation was doubtless the advantage it gave them at tournaments, bull-fights, and other amusements in the Piazza, of seeing and being seen over the men in the crowd. Of course no painter condescended to leave a record of these monstrosities.

The mention of their being supported at this giddy height by slaves lays bare a chapter with which we have not been familiar, except through Shylock's retort to Bassano, 'Ye have among you many a purchased slave.' It is not difficult to imagine how, in the midst of Oriental temptation and opportunity, the traffic in slaves began. The Venetian merchant went forth not to rescue, civilize, or convert, but to barter and to gain; and this last, in the form of human creatures, was attended by no scruples of conscience. The Republic, as usual, passed stringent laws against the traffic, but their notorious inefficacy is proved by the innumerable contracts of sale, exchange, gift, and cession of slaves, preserved in the archives. These begin in the 12th century, and continue, in decreasing proportion it is true, till the end of the 16th century. It is a further sign of the times that in such contracts the signatures of priests prevail. Nor was the thing done in a corner. Cargoes of slaves arrived openly and were sold at S. Giorgio and at the Rialto. The greater part consisted of Russians, Tartars, Saracens, Mingrelians, Bosnians, Greeks, and Circassians; the female slaves ranging from twelve to thirty-seven years of age. The homage, such as it was, paid to Christianity in Venice, consisted in their being baptized; after which they were known by the names then given. Their lives in the later times do not seem to have been hard; they were so far better, indeed, than that of the domestic servant that they are often found to have been provided for by will, which never occurred with servants. But otherwise Signor Molmenti's pages form no exception to the detestable statistics which all slave-holding States have furnished; in addition to which he dwells on the fact that, in the sternness of moral retribution, the slaves in their turn enslaved

enslaved their owners, by introducing the lowest beliefs in witchcraft, sorcery, and other superstitions.

We have already presented to the reader a picture of a Venetian feast. The next and last sketch that may be attempted is the interior of one of the suite of rooms in the 'Ridotto,' a building in the Piazza, where gambling began at midnight and continued till day. Table after table was set out; at each of them a noble, seated with his back to the wall, holding the bank, which was spread before him in piles of gold and silver. He was not masked, but every visitor was; the ladies, as Beckford says, 'with innumerable adventures written in their eyes,' the only feature visible; all, male and female, losing and gaining immense sums with equal apparent *sang-froid*, and in the profoundest silence.

The corruption of the best is proverbially the worst, and the corruption of this hard, practical people, of whom Gibbon says that 'their policy was marked by the avarice of a trading, and the insolence of a maritime power,' offers the picture of a vicious effeminacy unmatched as yet in modern history—feasting, revelling, perfuming, masking, and gambling, with other pastimes best left unmentioned. With all these vices, it is easy to foresee the 'handwriting on the wall.' It came with the modern Attila. There had been plenty of warning. The French Revolution, fruit of kindred follies and vices, had given notice to all the European States to set their houses in order. But Venice had taken no heed, and the time for so doing was now over. Nor was there even manhood enough left in her chosen legislators to fear the storm they had conjured up; for of all the centuries she had known, her last (the eighteenth) was her gayest. Who now turned to that government, so jealously kept pure from all popular blood, and opened only to that of the nobles? Most of these, from the united effects of idleness, unbridled dissipation, and perpetual intermarriage, were by this time in a state of bankruptcy and physical degeneration. Yet even this last stage was deceitfully suspended; for the charms of the Enchantress city attracted rich foreigners in such numbers as to create a fictitious wealth. Even so late as 1789, the death of the wiser Doge Paolo Renier was concealed from the gay crowds, in order to leave the last carnival days undisturbed.

In the spring of 1797 the situation became acute. The *Gran Consiglio* held meeting over meeting, which equally betrayed their pusillanimity and their impotence. A Doge with some of the old buccaneer blood in him, or a government with some popular infusion, might have prolonged the days, or rather

rather the agony, of the old Republic; but Buonaparte was destined to find one of the weakest of the long line of ducal princes on the throne. Ludovico Manin, a gentle, kind *petit maître*, who went about dropping his perfumed visiting-cards, had been elected because he was rich; for few of the older noblesse could now undertake the expenses of the office. He had not desired it, and wept when he accepted, and again when he relinquished it. At length, with two imminent ills before them, the massacre of the inhabitants by the French troops, and the sack of the city by them and their own Slavonian mercenaries; betrayed by the *Barnabotti*, now triumphing over their fall; cursed by the *Cittadini*, who attributed to them the ruin of the Republic; with a French pinnace anchored opposite the Ducal Palace; this artificially kept-up caste, on the 4th of May, 1799, voted for its own dissolution by a majority of 698 out of 719. The time was come; it had been for long one gradual but certain *felo de se*. The final blow was dealt virtually by themselves. In the embarrassment of their finances the chief families had borrowed the funds of the old convents, themselves hotbeds of vice, making shift to pay interest as they could. The suppression of the convents by Buonaparte for the purposes of confiscation called in their outstanding loans, and thus gave the finishing stroke to the deeply-involved nobles.

ART. IV. 1. *Lettere Edite ed Inedite di Camillo Cavour.* Raccolte da L. Chiala. Six volumes. Torino, 1884–7.
2. *Il Conte di Cavour avanti* 1848. Per Domenico Berti. Roma, 1886.
3. *Diario Inedito del Conte di Cavour.* Publicato per cura di D. Berti. Roma, 1888.

THE publications at the head of this article enable us, for the first time, to see Cavour as he lived and worked. Much relating to his great achievement is still withheld from publicity; but though the record of revelations is incomplete, these volumes afford ample means for discovering Cavour's real character. It is true we have already had interesting Memoirs of Count Cavour; notably one by Monsieur de la Rive, who, as a kinsman, had special advantages. The portraitures in those sketches amount, however, to mere glimpses at the matured statesman vigorously engaged in portions of the great work of his life. The inner process, through which his powerful nature matured the faculties that enabled him to shape successfully a great political transformation, is not laid bare in those fragmentary notices. The admirable mettle of Cavour's nature was due to a blending of elements varied in their tone, and distinct in their source; and their fusion was phenomenal. Fanciful conceptions, rhetorical declamation, theatrical rhapsody, which elicit ready applause from the inflammable enthusiasm of his countrymen, never had the slightest attraction for Cavour; they were thoroughly distasteful to his keenly discriminating, yet warmly appreciative, instinct. Massiveness was the cardinal feature of Cavour's nature. In his activity there was nothing spasmodic; it worked with indefatigable precision at high pressure; being fed from a seemingly drainless store of buoyant vitality, and directed in its application by a clear-sightedness of transcendent keenness. No waste occurred in the expenditure of this superior force; to indulge in letting off mere intellectual fireworks was wholly foreign to Cavour's temperament. He contrived to infuse seriousness into whatever he took in hand, not through any false emphasis drawn from inflated sentiment, for no one could be more free from any tinge of bombast, but from his breadth and power of mind. While persistent and grave in serious pursuits, Cavour had high animal spirits. The healthy texture of his nature, inseparable from a fund of passion, caused him to enter briskly into the pleasures of life, and gave him a strong dash of fun. But in Cavour the sense of fun differed considerably from the type of fun prevalent amongst his countrymen. The comic vein of Italy

Italy is brilliant, but pre-eminently caustic; it is by nature uproarious, and instinctively prone to buffoonery; in its sallies the wit sparkles, but also stings with a facetiousness sharply satirical. Astoundingly free, often audaciously licentious, it breaks out into romps and jokes of a practical kind. Pulcinello is the embodiment of Italian instinct for fun; the Carnival, with its rollicking Harlequinades and pungent Pasquinades, is the expression of Italian merriment. There is abundance of rattle and movement and salt; but what it lacks is that deeper, though less flashing, vein of comedy which constitutes humour. The literature, resplendent with a galaxy of glittering Boccaccios and Ariostos and Castis, cannot show a single star bright with the cheerfulness that beams in Fielding or Cervantes. Cavour had a store of fun that chuckled with intense inward glee, instinctively expressed by an inveterate habit of rubbing his hands together; and his sarcasm, from the bantering tone of his humour, created a drollery that raised hearty laughter, without subjecting the victim of its ridicule to writhe with viciously inflicted pain.

During his earlier career, Cavour was considerably misunderstood. He was looked on generally as a person of superior but headstrong and imperious acuteness, with a keen eye for the practical side of things, quick in the discernment of undertakings that promised remunerative return, but at heart indifferent to liberal principles, and by no means fond of really popular institutions. When the events of 1848 opened the door to public life, Count Cavour found entry barred by popular distrust. This was due not merely to aristocratic connection and family antecedents: the whole tone of Cavour's utterances jarred on the then state of popular feeling. To a public quite untrained in self-discipline, delirious in the gush of emotional enthusiasm, surging in the transports of a political whirlpool, Cavour spoke with unruffled self-composure in clear incisive accents, which sounded utterly out of tune to fevered ears. Amidst general confusion and a shrill chorus of discordant declamation, Cavour preserved presence of mind, and exhibited indifference to personal consequences at once irritating and imposing. He encouraged one day, and sharply rebuked the next, the populace and its favourites, like one judging from a higher level their performance on the world's stage. How was it that this Piedmontese country gentleman of aristocratic birth, reared in the stifling atmosphere of the most retrograde of reactionary states, had contrived to gather in himself qualifications which enabled him to retain an unfaltering clearness of insight, while all around were frantically groping a way through

through the fog and darkness of revolutionary convulsion? This problem we are enabled to unravel, thanks to the present publications.

Cavour belonged to the very flower of Piedmontese nobility, and in the Piedmont before 1848 that implied a great deal. Nowhere was the chasm wider between Aristocracy and Bourgeoisie; and the rigid etiquette enjoined at Court, partaking of Spanish punctiliousness, gave solemn confirmation to this distinction. Not that the Piedmontese aristocracy were lacking in qualities higher than mere caste prejudice. They were proudly exclusive; but they were likewise distinguished for manliness in the field and for strength of character. The Alfieris and the Revels, the De Maistres and the Ponza di San Martinos, the D'Azeglios, and a host of other names, represent attested gallantry and acknowledged vigour of mind. But in temperament and in habit they were essentially aristocrats; at Turin they lived exclusively amongst themselves. Except in the garb of ecclesiastical orders, no bourgeois element was ever admitted on a footing of equality within familiar circles inside their vast but gloomy mansions. It seems certain that, in the twelfth century, the Santena property was held by a Cavour. More interesting is the fact that, in the great political Reformer of Italy, there mingled the blood of St. Francis de Sales and of a stubborn Huguenot who preferred voluntary exile to the sacrifice of conviction. The central figure in the Cavour household was the grandmother. She was a de Sales by birth, daughter to the Marquis de Duingt, seigneur of a turreted castle, for eight centuries the family stronghold, perched on a rugged peak above the Lake of Annecy in Savoy. The determined resoluteness of the Savoyard race was strong in this brave lady. Vicissitudes consequent on French invasion were encountered with an unflinching spirit. Not only the family plate, but the most cherished heirlooms, even St. Francis's silver holy-water basin, were sold to meet the wants of relatives; notably to provide an outfit for the father of Camillo, when compelled to enter the French army. On the installation of Pauline Borghese in Turin, the Marchesa Cavour was induced to grace her court, with the rank of first lady in waiting, on condition, however, that her relatives should be erased from the list of proscribed Royalists. After the Restoration the Marchesa resided in the family mansion in Turin, where, with unchallenged authority, she ruled the family circle down to her death in 1849. Though she was in temper and habit essentially an Aristocrat, her intelligence was too vigorous to be subject to the petty prejudices of a stifling reaction. Democracy was not to her taste, but she could

could sympathize with the national cause, when she saw her Sovereign go into the field to do battle in its behalf. When Camillo threw himself into the political arena, he was not rebuked as an apostate. 'Ah Marina,' a Piedmontese expression of endearment, exclaimed Cavour in 1848, 'you and I understand each other thoroughly, for at heart you have always been a bit of a Jacobin!'

The Marchese Michele, Cavour's father, was a good specimen of the Piedmontese gentleman. He was courageous and shrewd, active in administrative business, and of strongly Conservative opinions; though by no means blind to facts. Ties of exceptional intimacy existed between the Marchese and Charles Albert, both before and after the latter mounted the throne. These relations involved the Marchese in the unpopularity attaching to the King during the greater part of his reign. By royal decree the Marchese filled the office of Vicario, or Chief Magistrate of Turin. To fix the market price of articles of food and to direct the city police were amongst his duties. It became generally believed, that the Marchese used his authority for his own profit as a corn-grower, and that he pandered to his Sovereign's love for denunciation of suspected Liberals. It is clear from Signor Berti's volume that the Marchese was greatly wronged in this estimate of his character. A thorough Tory in politics, a convinced Catholic in religion, he was too straightforward to lend himself to unworthy practices; while his common-sense prevented his faith from degenerating into bigotry. Compelled to retire from active service owing to a severe wound, the Marchese Michele came to Geneva. The visit resulted in his marriage with the Countess Adele de Sellon, sprung from a Huguenot stock. This alliance involved living in contact with the best types of Protestant thought and Protestant persuasion, an element of incalculable quickening force when thus injected into the dense texture of the reactionary and persecuting Catholicism then dominant in Piedmont. It is true that in consequence of their marriage the three Sellon sisters joined the Church of Rome; none, however, became affected with intolerance. Of the three sisters, Cavour's mother was the last to change her creed. Only after the birth of her second son did she take this step; being induced, according to one version, 'by the rare goodness of her mother-in-law and the example of her sisters;' but according to another, by the desire to remove a standing cause of estrangement between herself and the world she was living in. Whatever may have been the motive for change, the Marchesa Adele preserved unwarped in her later profession

profession the genial character of her original sympathies. The most philosophic Italian churchman of the century, the illustrious Abate Rosmini, has emphatically testified to this lady's superior qualifications; he pronounced her a woman adorned by every virtue, and in conversation charming. This high estimate is confirmed by her letters, which reveal a genuinely affectionate intelligence, with a striking power of observation. No exaggeration, and no asperity marked the tone of the religion of Cavour's mother; the spirit of Pharisaism was foreign to her nature; and her judgment was imbued with the best Christian essence, the spirit of charity. She could feel as others felt. To this was due the absolute trust her son always reposed in her. Between Cavour and his mother, it would seem, there were no secrets. He confided to her what sons ordinarily might be afraid to let a mother peer into. He spoke to her when he refrained from speaking to others; and in matters that touched him most closely, it was to his mother Cavour instinctively went for counsel and for sympathy. This unaffected piety in the parent was productive of positive results. Both sons were conspicuous, though in different modes, for a lively religious sentiment. The elder, the Marchese Gustavo, became an attached disciple of Rosmini. His brother was pre-eminently distinguished amongst his political confederates by appreciative recognition of what is radical in religious sentiment. Against the extravagances of ecclesiastical pretensions Cavour was prompt in the assertion of civil rights, but at no time was he indifferent to the mighty forces enshrined in the moral claims of religion. He had none of the priest-baiting propensities of many Italian Liberals, notably those of Carbonaro origin.

A figure not less important in this family circle was the brother of these three sisters, the Comte de Sellon. The Cavour family made frequent visits to Geneva, so that the Sellon house was hardly less familiar to its members than the big Turin mansion. Between uncle and nephew there sprang up strongly sympathetic relations. The boy was attracted by his relative's instructive activity of mind; and his association with Geneva was so complete, that the French language was more natural to him than Italian. It is true the Piedmontese aristocracy, mainly from Savoyard connection, spoke French largely amongst themselves. Still it is singular that the Italian statesman, who for all time must stand identified with the creation of United Italy, never had at his command the graces of the Italian language. Cavour never acquired a scholarly style. To the last he reverted instinctively to the French language in confidential

confidential correspondence, especially when dashed off at the spur of the moment.

At ten, Cavour was put into the Military Academy, where he continued till, at sixteen, he got his commission in the Engineers. Before this, he had been named page to Charles Albert, then Prince de Carignan, an appointment he held in conjunction with his cadetship. The Academy career was not without singularities. It was found impossible to make Cavour take the slightest interest in classics and *belles-lettres*. He never acquired even a smattering of Greek, while of Latin his knowledge barely enabled him to construe the simplest phrase; on the other hand, his aptitude for mathematics was remarkable, while he applied his leisure hours to the study of subjects outside the curriculum. Modern History, especially that of England, and topics relating to political problems, constituted his favourite reading. More clearly still was the young man's bent indicated in a composition written in the strictest secrecy. Behind the bars of the seminary-like institution in which he was confined, young Cavour dared to put on paper, for his own satisfaction, an account of the abortive revolutionary movement of 1821. That Cavour had not been wasting his opportunities is proved by his having come out first at the final examination, with special commendation of his mathematical proficiency. Still, punishments are recorded on various instances, for 'insubordination and disrespectful answers.' One entry runs thus: 'The pupil Cavour to be put at once under close arrest for having books without permission of his Superiors.' It is also recorded that he misconducted himself as page, though the precise offence is not ascertained. The truth is, this masterful, high-spirited, and outspoken, youth chafed at the regulations in force at the Academy, and fretted at the servitude attaching to a page's duties. When, on receipt of his commission, Cavour was freed from the latter, he vented his joy in terms, subsequently acknowledged to have been indiscreet. They were carried by some eavesdropper to Charles Albert, whose suspicious nature instantly took umbrage; and he denounced to Carlo Felice, the aged King, the son of his bosom friend as dangerous. The incident had consequences. Charles Albert never ceased to harbour distrust of the young nobleman who had failed in the respect due, in his estimation, to the augustness of princely rank; in Cavour's heart there rankled intense resentment, at what he stigmatized as the Prince's 'excessive rigour.'

Cavour's soldier-life was uneventful in military incidents. With the exception of a few months, when he was in garrison at Genoa,

Genoa, Cavour was stationed in monotonous country quarters. Ventimiglia, Exilles, Lesseillon, Bard, were the successive quarters at which his abilities as an engineer were employed on frontier defences of insignificant dimensions. In the absence of diversions, Cavour's superabundant energies were turned to the contemplation of nature, to the diligent investigation of local conditions, and to assiduous reading. A note-book affords insight into his studies. Mathematics no longer absorbed his interest; literature, especially the contemporary literature of France and England, dealing with political and economical topics, bespoke his interest. Among French writers, Benjamin Constant, Charles Dupin, and Guizot, were his chief favourites. His admiration for the latter was intense. 'The more I read, the more I admire him. His manner of viewing History seems to me admirable. There is no declamation, but always demonstrations.' In English, Hallam and Hume, Adam Smith and MacCulloch, prominently engaged his attention. Very characteristic is it that in the ample register of reading recorded in the note-book two poets only are mentioned, Lamartine and Byron, the bards, *par excellence*, in closest sympathy with chords of romantic sentiment then vibrating strongly in the breasts of the contemporary generation. Not one allusion occurs to any standard classic of older date in either language. Yet it is certain that Cavour had a genuine appreciation of Shakspeare, and was well acquainted with his plays. On more than one occasion he made quotations from Shakspeare. The same cannot be said about Dante. We have failed to come across even a passing reference to Dante in anything that proceeded from Cavour's pen or lips. The medieval type of this supreme Italian poet had something forbidding, or at least uninviting, to one whose rich nature was thoroughly modern in constitution and instinct. Modern history, modern speculations, modern problems, engrossed Cavour's sympathies. The pseudo-classicism, then much in vogue, in close connection with Philo-Hellenism, never influenced Cavour. In the political issues at stake in the Greek insurrections he took keen interest, but about memories which it was the fashion to evoke out of the shades of antiquity Cavour expressed himself to his uncle Sellon with characteristic incisiveness. 'The fate of Greece interests me above everything. Not that I lay store by classical reminiscences in themselves; but if the benefits of modern civilization should happen to combine with these, then they may possibly exert an effective influence in bringing to sounder opinions the vehement partizans of olden times.'

How Cavour gradually worked himself into thorough estrangement

ment from the order of ideas then deemed sacred in Piedmont, is revealed in the correspondence with his uncle. 'With my Swiss relatives I can show myself as I am. They enter into all my feelings.' The letters abound in outpourings on Bentham and Adam Smith, on problems of History, on questions of Reform, social and religious, and, not least, on the grave issues then in process of evolution in France and elsewhere. Two features mark Cavour's utterances: the precision with which he descried approaching events; and the combination of ardent sentiment quite natural to his years, with a shrewdness of judgment ordinarily acquired only by the sobering influence of experience. A gushing tirade from the proselytizing advocate for total suppression of all appeals to arms, and for the abolition of capital punishment, elicits the rejoinder, that however admirable in the abstract, the enforcement of these proposals might hardly prove beneficial to progress, if pushed through at a time when they would prove an impediment to the assertion of political freedom. How little the young officer was, however, content with his lot, can be seen from a letter to the same relative:—

'The plans I am employed in carrying out might be of benefit to me, had I the intention to continue as a military engineer. But I trust my life may run on other lines. I can see no good to be got from continuing such duties as I am now discharging. True, something can be got out of everything; studies of whatever kind open and stretch the mind, teaching how to apply theories in practice. This is why I derive more pleasure from occupying myself about the actual concerns of Ventimiglia, the most poverty-stricken spot in Europe, than about the Engineers' Department of Turin, where there is next to nothing to be done.' -Sept. 1828.

Reflection made rapid strides:—

'Since my last visit to Geneva a great change has been wrought in me. . . . I have traversed Piedmont in every direction, and have read books represented to me as unholy, and I have been driven to recognize on what fragile foundations our religious beliefs rest. Six months' stay on the Riviera has shown me the depths into which a population can be sunk through ignorance and corruption.'

Soon afterwards he wrote again: -

'You know my way of thinking, and therefore will understand how I cannot possibly continue in a situation which practically illustrates the deplorable consequences of a state of things, where to curry favour with those in authority is the sole idea. . . .' January, 1829.

That the intention indicated was for the time dropped, was probably due to Cavour being unexpectedly transferred to Genoa. His stay in the garrison at Genoa was the one eventful incident

in his military career. He found himself in a world that abounded in stimulating attractions. Genoa was the most opulent, and commercially the most enterprising, city in Italy. It was something else besides, to which there existed no parallel in Italy. It was the seat of a defiant opposition spirit, which dared to exhibit small regard for the authority enthroned at Turin. This sentiment was shared by all classes. The nobles of old descent in stately palaces, the industrious citizens in busy counting-houses, the swarming populace on the harbour quays, all resented the suppression of their time-honoured Republic, and flouted at the Savoyard ruler who had been forcibly set over them. It is no fortuitous incident that Mazzini should have been born in Genoa; he was the incarnation of political sentiment which permeated every section of Genoese society. But there is no evidence that Cavour ever became aware of Mazzini's existence during his stay in Genoa. At that time Mazzini was known only to readers of an obscure journal, 'L'Indicatore,' to which he contributed literary articles. His celebrity in connection with the 'Giovine Italia' began with the political trials before the Savona Tribunal. Cavour eagerly sought opportunities to come into contact with whatever was calculated to bespeak interest. In the De la Rue family of Swiss origin, and in the saloons of the Pallavicini Palace, his principal places of resort, Cavour met all that was eminent in citizen and aristocratic society, which took pride in parading its disregard for the vexatious restraint sought to be imposed by the Piedmontese police. At the Pallavicini's, Cavour met M. de Barante, an acquaintance to whom he owed his subsequent introduction to select circles in Paris; and thus the Revolution of 1830 did not come by surprise on Cavour. Months before, he wrote:—

'The New Year will be of the highest interest. The struggle in France must end in a decisive issue . . . the movement there will drag after it all Europe . . . notably Piedmont, which, being under the moral ascendency of France, cannot fail to be swayed by the opinion which prevails there.'

And on the eve of the catastrophe he again wrote:—

'I dread the weakness of the King and the self-will of the Dauphin, the frenzy of the Ultras, the holy horror of the priests, and the meanness of the grovellers.'

Notwithstanding this keen forecast, the actual tidings fairly carried Cavour off his feet with delight. For once he viewed things through the vision of rapturous and exaggerating enthusiasm. He descried the dawn of a totally new era, and confidently

confidently anticipated the immediate advance of liberating columns over the Alps, at whose sight the hateful order of things in Piedmont would shrivel away. When these expectations proved illusory, Cavour for a time was overcome with depression, verging on despondency without parallel in his life, not even at that most bitter conjuncture after Villafranca, when in the hour of victory the structure of Italian independence seemed suddenly struck down by a treacherous stab.

'Many is the time,' he wrote to his uncle, 'I have taken up my pen with the wish to converse and learn your opinion on the astounding events of the last three months; but I have been prevented by good reasons. The commotion that overthrew the greatest monarch in Europe has shaken every throne. Princes deem it indispensable to coerce with double sharpness spirits liable to take fire. Our rulers have made Genoa the special object of severe measures. The town is full of spies; lists of suspected persons have been made, and, through some fatal circumstance, pretty nearly the whole Engineer corps is down on this list. Since a month every word spoken, and I verily believe even every thought, is reported. You will understand how rash it would have been for me to furnish those who are spying on me with incriminating matter; for this reason, notwithstanding the liveliest desire to write, I have abstained.' —October 23rd, 1859.

In December Cavour intimated to his father that he felt himself unable to continue in the service, as he knew of his having been denounced 'as a dangerous person.' In this letter occurs a wish to engage in agricultural pursuits to which afterwards he devoted so much industry, and his keen interest in which was maintained, even when the most momentous matters of State were taxing his powers. The contemplated step was unexpectedly arrested. Cavour was summoned by his superiors to Turin. It is certain that his conduct was made matter for official investigation. It is not true that Cavour was tried and sentenced. According to Signor Berti, there was an intention to put him in confinement at Fenestrelles; and that this did not happen was solely due to his father's exertions. Cavour was, however, ordered to the Fort of Bard, the dreariest of stations in the bleakest of Alpine passes. On November 12th, 1831, Cavour ceased to be an officer in the Piedmontese service.

Before following Cavour along his new course we must revert to an important episode connected with his Genoese residence, first made known by Signor Berti. The episode is the one serious love passage in Cavour's life. A discreetness, highly commendable, has induced Signor Berti to make his narrative studiedly fragmentary. We catch fitful glimpses of a figure flashing out of the dark under circumstances which leave an impression,

sion, that during a considerable time the presence must have been tolerably constant and the intercourse of the closest intimacy. To baffle identification, the figure has been muffled under the blank designation of La Incognita. It would be unpardonable to seek to tear off the hood so carefully drawn. This much, however, may be said, without impropriety, that the lady was a Genoese and of gentle birth. She was endowed with an education differing materially from that then common to Italian women of the upper classes. She had been brought up in France, and was thoroughly mistress of the French language; her letters to Cavour were all in French. With a temperament of which the sensitiveness became morbidly intensified from inborn and ultimately overwrought nervousness, the Incognita had contracted in France enthusiasm for modern ideas and current theories. She had become a devotee to doctrines of liberty, of emancipation; retaining, however, always in her flights the gentleness of womanly feeling. Her yearnings were marked with a constitutional sadness, due to an inborn germ of physical disease. La Incognita was hectic from birth. Moreover, hard facts had supervened to infuse a sternly genuine hue to the sentimental sadness to which the Incognita was prone. Her life had fallen on no congenial lines. It was her lot to live in what was but a nominal home, where her sensitive nature pined in loneliness, and her affections vainly sought for response. According to the prevailing custom of Italy, this sensitive girl, without having a word to say in the matter, had been wedded in tender years to a person greatly her senior, and without one sentiment or one taste in common with herself. That existence under such conditions proved cheerless, and terribly dreary, and in the end thoroughly unhappy, was inevitable

It is not related how the Incognita first met Cavour. When the curtain rises we discover her in a transport of admiration at the intellectual powers of the subaltern, her junior by several years; and with prophetic second-sight foretelling his future greatness.

'The day will come, I am convinced, when your genius will be recognized, and I offer up the most ardent vows that all things may turn according to your desires.'

That the pair actually hovered on the brink of taking a step which would have entailed flagrant scandal, possibly irretrievable rupture with the world, there is good reason to believe. To what influence was it due that this catastrophe did not occur? No doubt all through, Cavour showed a sense of responsibility, as contrasted with the Incognita's inflamed

passion. But at one moment he, too, was dangerously near taking a leap beyond recal; was he arrested in the nick of time by another female voice, appealing from a different quarter with a potent influence? That Cavour's trustfulness in his mother went to the length of admitting her to knowledge of his love, rests on incontestable evidence. The sublime charity pervading this lady's piety stood the test of this trying ordeal, and made her respond to the disturbing confidence in a spirit so sweetly free from harshness, as to touch to the quick, where excited passion made it most difficult to strike home:—

'Oh, Camillo, why can I not throw myself at your mother's feet, and express to her all my gratefulness and respect and love for the tender interest she shows me! She has pity for me—she does not think me mad—*she* does not! I, who dared hardly to pronounce her name to thee, fearing she would curse the hour when, impelled by a force beyond my control, I troubled her son's tranquillity! . . . I was very resolved in my determination—my firmness could not be strengthened; but my heart needed consolation and thy mother's friendship brings me this greatly. . . . I am, then, not an utter outcast, and it is thy mother—thine, oh, Camillo—that pities me, that feels compassion at my lot.'

Who can fail to recognize in these words expressions of grave meaning? Politics, letters, religion, are all touched upon in this correspondence; and we find the Incognita immersed in Shakespeare, apt quotation from whose plays proves the intelligence of her study. Even the field of religious belief was likewise brought within the circle of discussion.

'Thou wilt have no difficulty in making me seek in religious sentiments support against the inevitable ills of our State. I have ever felt at heart that our lot is not restricted to this sphere—a conviction the subtlest reasoning could not shake; it is rooted in my heart—it constitutes a part of myself. . . . To my mind the Gospel is the most beautiful work that has appeared on earth. . . . It is true I have read but little the actual Bible, though tolerably acquainted with Sacred History. Thou art aware how it is proscribed, and it was carefully kept from me as dangerous reading for one so given to argument. Still I began it, and amongst books of devotion the Psalms and the Gospel are my favourite reading.'

But, like all human things, this love underwent the course of natural laws. Once in the diary occurs this suggestive entry:—

'Have received a letter telling me how there is question between the lady beloved by me and her relatives of effecting a reconciliation. God grant this sweet creature may be fortunate!'

Nothing shows that this wish was realized.

When

When Cavour threw up his commission, bigotry and reaction were at their very zenith in Piedmont.

'You are right to speak of hell,' he wrote to his cousin De la Rive, 'for since I left you I am in a kind of intellectual hell—that is to say, in a country where intellect and science are deemed infernal matters by those who have the goodness to rule us. Since two months I live in a city where one can exchange only in secret ideas outside the circle within which the Government seeks to keep minds locked. That is what one calls enjoying the blessings of paternal government.'

Though the father had given his assent to his leaving the service, a certain friction unavoidably ensued between the high-spirited youth, who could not be got to keep a pungent tongue under check, and the cautious old nobleman who held office under Charles Albert. In 1832, Cavour contemplated a visit to Lombardy. Count Bombelles, Austrian Envoy in Piedmont, deemed it incumbent to warn the Governor of Milan against him.

'I consider this young man, whose highly estimable father is the first to deplore his conduct and principles, as very dangerous, every effort to bring him round having proved in vain, so that he is deserving of constant surveillance.'

In a confidential conversation, on February 15th, 1833, Charles Albert called Cavour an 'insolent Carbonaro.' How little the epithet was justified will be seen from the following exposition of political sentiments, written barely three months later to De la Rive.

'The general commotion has reacted on individuals, opinions have been shaken, and in some instances even changed. Amongst friends and acquaintances inconceivable alterations have ensued, some moderate reformers have plunged headlong into the movement, and are now bent on nothing short of thorough upheaval; others of the same complexion have in alarm fallen back towards Ultraism. As for me, after much agitation and fluctuation, I have finally fixed myself as a pendulum in the *juste milieu*. I inform you, therefore, I am a downright *juste milieu*, anxious and striving with all my might for social progress, but determined not to acquire it at the cost of a general upheaval, political and social. My status of *juste milieu* does not, however, prevent my desiring the earliest possible liberation of Italy from her Barbarian oppressors, and consequently to anticipate as inevitable a crisis more or less violent; only I would have this crisis to be as gentle as existing conditions will admit; and besides, I am more and more persuaded that all the mad attempts of the movement men can tend only to postponement and to rendering success more liable to risk.'

It should be borne in mind that these views were expressed, at the very time when Mazzini's influence was swaying the youthful mind of Italy; and when secret societies, relying largely on use of the dagger, were honeycombing the Peninsula.

'The saddest result of the July Revolution is its having given birth to a fanatical, fierce, absurd party, which, being in pursuit of a chimera, is bent on the triumph, at all hazards, of a system at present impossible by doing violence to the future, and therefore is pushing society into a chaos from which it can recover only through an absolute power, either despotic or aristocratic.'

This moderation in Cavour was due to no limpness of mind and constitutional disposition towards half measures in grave emergencies, such as characterized the action of the *juste milieu* politicians in France. In a letter, written in 1832, we find Cavour already dreaming of being 'the guiding minister of the kingdom of Italy.'

For reasons not explained, Cavour staid on in Piedmont till late in the year 1834, when he revisited Geneva. Between 1834 and 1848, besides constant trips to Geneva, Cavour visited England twice, and France at least seven or eight times. It is not without interest that, though Cavour made himself intimately acquainted with every corner of Piedmont, he hardly knew Italy. He never saw either Rome or Naples. All his journeys were undertaken for the pursuit of knowledge, for the study of movements, social, industrial or political, that were in action in foreign parts. At that period, France presented much to attract young Liberals from other countries. Not a few Italian refugees had taken root in France. Openings were not wanting for Cavour to do the like. But though at home the outlook was dreary, it is very noteworthy with what dignified firmness Cavour absolutely refused to entertain any suggestion involving expatriation.

'I can quit neither my family nor my country. Sacred duties bind me to a father and a mother who never have given me the slightest cause for complaint . . . and why should I abandon my country? To seek in France a name in letters? To run after a little distinction, a little reputation, without ever attaining the object of my ambition? What good could I do my countrymen outside my own country? What influence could I exert in behalf of my unfortunate brethren, abroad and proscribed, in a country where egoism occupies all the chief positions of society? What is that mass of foreigners doing in Paris whom misfortune or choice has driven far from their native land? Is there one who has made himself really useful to his fellows? Is there one who has attained to a great position so as to exercise influence? Not one. Those even who at home could have

have become great, vegetate obscurely in the eddy of Parisian life. Political troubles devastating Italy have driven her noblest children to fly abroad. The majority of these distinguished exiles are in Paris. But the genius, which under their native sky had made a brilliant start, has in foreign parts become enervated. Not one of them has verified the bright anticipations that had been entertained about him. Everyone of them I have got to know has saddened me to the heart by the sight of great faculties struck with barrenness and impotence. One Italian alone has made himself a name in Paris, has won a position, the criminal lawyer, Rossi. But what a place, what a position! The cleverest man in Italy, the most flexible genius of the age, perhaps the most practical intellect in the whole world, has succeeded in obtaining a Chair at the Sorbonne and a seat at the Institute, the final goal his ambition can presume to reach in France. This man, who has abjured his country, who never more will be anything to us, might have acted an immense part in the destinies of his country at a more or less distant future, and have assisted to guide his countrymen in the new paths which civilization is opening every day, instead of having to rule indocile pupils. No, no! it is not by flying from one's country, because it is unfortunate, that one can attain eminence. Woe to him who forsakes with contempt the land that gave him birth, who denies his brethren as undeserving! For my part, I am resolved never to sever my lot from that of the Piedmontese. Happy or unhappy, my country shall have my whole life. I will never be unfaithful to it, even though I were assured of a brilliant destiny elsewhere.' *

The man who wrote so sternly, and felt so deeply, was yet by no means insensible to the attractions of Paris.

'I have been leading a very gay life,' Cavour informed his friend, Costa de Beauregard; 'still I have chosen the more serious side of dissipation. I have much frequented political *salons*, where great celebrities preside, and where every evening are to be heard M. Pasquier and M. Molé and the Duc de Broglie. I doubt there being anything in the world comparable to the Paris *salons* for pleasure. It is the only spot in the world where statesmen, men of science, *littérateurs*, men of the world, all meet each other habitually and exchange ideas, impressions, and opinions. Paris is manifestly the intellectual capital of the world. The remarkable movement under the Restoration, interrupted by the July Revolution, is again reviving.'

Thanks to excellent introductions Cavour was welcomed in the best houses; the two he most frequented being those of the Duchess d'Abrantes and of Madame de Circourt, with which accomplished lady Cavour contracted enduring relations. He

* These remarkable words are from a letter dated May 1835, to Villeneuve de Valdor, who had made suggestions for Cavour's settling

had familiar intercourse with prominent politicians, with Thiers and Molé, with Soult and Casimir Périer; M. Guizot alone received the fameless Piedmontese with a coldness that did not, however, prevent the latter from calling him 'the great thinker of the age.' But among French statesmen the one who most forcibly attracted Cavour was the Duc de Broglie, for whom he felt his 'veneration grow day by day.' Cavour, however, by no means confined his observation to what could be gathered in the fashionable world. He followed Michel Chevalier's lectures on Political Economy, and Royer Collard's on International Law, finding, however, the latter 'not up to his expectations.' He listened to Jules Simon on Alexandrine Philosophy, and to Lenormant on Christian Archæology; he heard the popular Polish refugee, Mickiewicz, descant on the revolutionary influence of Byron; he worked his way into the thronged audiences which then enthusiastically attended the lectures of Michelet and Quinet; nor did he omit to hear Rossi expound Civil Law, though the tone of his comments on what he heard is marked by no ardent admiration. Cavour's general impressions about the France of the day are sketched in a letter to his cousin, De la Rive.

'The fact which seems to me new, or which, to speak more correctly, seems to be in course of accomplishment, is the transformation in progress inside extreme parties. All persons in these with any ability, with any business habits, are trying to divest the views they represent of what is extreme and absolute. They hope thus to rally that large and inert mass with no political preferences, drawn only towards material advantages, and caring as much for Louis Philippe as for Henri V., provided there be no disturbances. . . . This transformation is most sensible amongst the bettermost minds of the Carlist party. Having no longer any hope from Europe, which is indifferent, and having recognized the fact of being in such a minority in the nation as to be unable to achieve anything by force, they fancy that they might attain their aim by large concessions to new ideas.* In a word, they think if once they could reduce matters to a mere question of persons, France would always prefer Henri V. to Louis Philippe. Of all the schemes ever entertained by the Carlists this is the most rational; it has but one defect, that of being impracticable; for as soon as the rank and file discover what their leaders are after, they will either desert or disband, one section going straight over to the enemy, and the other enlisting under more impassioned banners.'

And then Cavour adds:—

'The Republicans are busily taking up again underground efforts for the dissemination of their doctrines of absolute equality and social

* It should be borne in mind this was written in 1835, when the July Revolution was still a recent event.

transformation.

transformation. In a future, not yet quite at hand, these can become dangerous. We must not hide from ourselves society is rapidly tending towards democracy. The aristocracy is crumbling away. Princes, like the people, are working at its destruction. The Patriciate is out of place in the social organization of the day. What remains to withstand popular currents? Nothing solid, nothing effective, nothing stable. Is this an advantage? Is this an evil? I really do not know; but to my mind this is the inevitable future. Let us prepare ourselves for it, or at least our progeny, for it concerns them more even than ourselves.'

It has been seen how Cavour began early to think with interest on topics relating to religion. In December 1833 he wrote to his strongly evangelical aunt, the Countess Sellon:—

'The fervent exhortations of Pastor Vinet, and the touching Popular Treatises published by the Society for Books of Devotion, have inspired me with a deep conviction, that religious truth is of a wholly different order from those ordinary truths attainable by human intelligence, and that it is therefore irrational to seek their demonstration by means employed in physical and moral sciences.'

While at Geneva Cavour sought intercourse with Protestant ministers of repute. It would, however, be a grave misapprehension to infer, that Cavour at any time felt moved to embrace Protestant dogma.

'The arguments of the venerable pastors of your church take but slight hold on me; their fervent appeals to divine love, to religious sentiment, touch me deeply. On one point reason and feeling combine to make me unhesitatingly reject their teaching—the question of Grace.'

Vinet was not a mere divine. He had created sensation by advocating, in the interest of orthodox belief, the emancipation of religious communities from State control. Cavour was greatly struck by this view. The crushing weight, which oppressed all life in Piedmont, resulted from a conjunction of priestly action with secular despotism. Vinet's theory attracted Cavour's attention, as a suggestion which might possibly afford a practical solution for the dismemberment of the overwhelming coalition, without injury to the genuinely ecclesiastical interests of the priestly element. He carried away from Geneva the germs of the conception which, years later, he evolved into the memorable formula, 'Libera Chiesa in libero Stato.'

The atmosphere of Paris was not exactly calculated to stimulate meditation in this direction. Nevertheless Cavour's keen eye fastened on kindred matters hidden away beneath the surface of things. There was then a small knot of fervent Catholics,

Catholics, still without established reputation, among them being Montalembert and Lacordaire and Ravaignac, who strove to prove that devotion to Roman dogma was perfectly compatible with unreserved acceptance of Liberal principles. Already in Geneva Cavour noted in his diary 'a sermon by Tuch, one of the most eminent Roman Catholic priests in Switzerland, as most remarkable for combining the irresistible sentiment of Reform with the requirements of religious unity.' In Paris he was attracted to the discourses of the Abbé Cœur. Writing to Santa Rosa, he says:—

'The Abbé belongs to the new Catholic and Democratic school, destined, perhaps, to rule the world. . . . He openly proclaims the compatibility of Catholic principles with the doctrine of social progress. For the first time I have heard a priest preach that it is to the Future, and not on the Past, eyes should be fixed. . . . The doctrines of the Abbé Cœur have penetrated my mind and stirred my heart, and the day they are generally adopted by the Church I shall probably be as fervent a Catholic as you are.'

That it was no merely passing thought, to which Cavour here gave expression, is shown by the following remarks in another letter:—

'What perhaps is most deserving of note is the consolidation of a party, religious and liberal, in the clergy. The new Archbishop of Paris is one of its most eminent leaders; he has also many enemies in the reactionary clergy. I have been told of several new bishops being enlightened and liberal. These circumstances confirm me more and more in the opinion I have entertained as to the union of Catholics and Liberals, or to speak more correctly, the Democratization of Catholicism.'

To appreciate the keenness of mental vision in these words, the date and place at which they were uttered should be borne in mind. It is indeed very remarkable with what an equitable spirit Cavour always judged matters relating to ecclesiastical interests. In 1844 the French Legislature was engaged on a measure for the regulation of seminaries.

'In my opinion,' wrote Cavour, 'the result of the debates should satisfy all enlightened and temperate minds. In Geneva possibly it may be thought too much favour has been shown to seminaries; this would be an error: the concessions to the clergy are as beneficial as they are fair. They tend to raise the level of studies in institutions for training the French clergy, an advantage cheaply purchased at the risk of seeing some youths meant for lay pursuits receiving education in seminaries. There exists in France an exaggerated notion of the influence of the Jesuits. Heaven knows, I detest them. Yet I cannot share the dread with which they inspire philosophers and jurists

jurists of the Dupin school. The Society of Jesus has a factitious life due to the religious reaction, by which they benefit more than other Orders.'

In the crisis of 1848 Cavour, who then was directing the 'Risorgimento' newspaper, writes:—

'I trust our Charter will consecrate the principle of religious liberty; should that not be the case, most assuredly I shall not disown a principle I have professed all through life, from fear of alienating a large portion of the clergy which supports my paper.'

In 1854, as Minister, Cavour submitted a measure for the partial suppression of monastic bodies. It was fulminated against as sacrilegious by Rome; it was denounced as a sham by the Radicals. An amendment, powerfully supported from the Left, was moved for its extension to all religious communities without exception. Cavour had then but just got a foothold on the lower rung of the political ladder. There were many grounds why it must have been very tempting at that time to conciliate the extreme Liberal fraction. Yet, without hesitation Cavour set his face resolutely against the sweeping proposal.

'I have said we intend to conserve certain Orders devoted to preaching, to education, and to works of charity. . . . I am not going to extol the education given by religious bodies. If I had sons I should not send them to establishments directed by monks; but I am convinced that, in the existing state of public education amongst us, grievous injury would result from the immediate suppression of corporations that give themselves up to it. . . . As regards congregations devoted to charity, I declare that in excepting these the Government, and, above all, he who is now speaking, acted under no pressure from without; on the contrary, I affirm, and I affirm it loudly, that no pressure, external or internal, from outside or inside Parliament, will ever make me consent, as Minister, to endorse a measure for the suppression of charitable Orders. I would abandon office ten times sooner than be a party to an act which, in my opinion, would enormously injure our country in the eyes of civilized Europe. . . . Yes, I hold the suppression of the Sisters of Charity would be the greatest of errors. I consider this institution amongst those which most redound to the honour of religion, of Catholicism, of civilization. I have passed years in Protestant lands, I have had relations with the most enlightened members of that persuasion, and often have I heard them envy Catholicism the institution of Sisters of Charity. . . . Besides, rest assured that as long as we retain free institutions, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press, any influence of these Orders never can become an injurious or a powerful fact.'—Feb. 23rd, 1855.

During the same Session, the Left pressed vigorously for secularizing

secularizing the Church property. Cavour again combated this radical proposal with admirable outspokenness.

'I say distinctly, I am against secularization from motives of high policy. I am convinced it would directly lead, with an interval more or less short, to the clergy being either servile or totally alien to the substantial interests of society, to its being actuated solely by a spirit of caste. If we contrived to render the clergy subservient to civil authority, do you think thereby to have benefited society? No; you will have dealt it its severest blow; for you will have set up the worst of despotisms, administrative despotism. I have had the bad or good fortune, call it as you like, to be some years Minister in a State where a system of centralization prevails, where government disposes over many means of action. Well, I declare positively, that if to those already existing you add absolute authority over the clergy, you would make government so powerful, that there must ensue danger to liberty, so that there would be a mere semblance of liberty, but in substance a stern administrative and religious despotism.'

Concurrently with this blunt language to clamorous Radicals, Cavour showed an unflinching front in another direction. Victor Emmanuel was very prone to superstitious qualms. He shrank from sanctioning civil marriage; he dreaded laying lay hands even on the flagrant excess of religious endowment; and he vainly sought through back-stairs agencies, unknown to the Ministers, to obtain from the Pope some slight concessions with which he hoped to satisfy the exigencies of the situation. Cavour saw himself compelled to assume an inexorable attitude, with the view of bringing home to the King a sense of what was indispensable. He had to go the length of invoking an intermediary in Rattazzi, to whom he wrote as follows:—

'For heaven's sake, be firm with the King about the affair of the Pope! Tell him that, if he puts himself in direct communication with Rome, he will upset from top to bottom the political structure we have been rearing with so much labour these eight years. It is impossible for us to preserve our influence in Italy if we treat with the Pope. It is quite right not to push the differences further; but not one step backward must be taken. You know I am no priest-hater. I would willingly give the Church greater liberty than she now enjoys. I would readily renounce the right of Exequatur, the monopoly of university education, . . . but under existing circumstances I am convinced every attempt at a compromise must be to our injury. Tell the King it is impossible to arrive at any final settlement of the religious question unless the marriage law be first set at rest. To postpone dealing with this matter might have been possible; but to renounce its solution—never never!'

Count Cavour came twice to England, as a man unknown to fame,

fame, in 1835 and in 1843. He visited manufacturing districts and commercial seaports; he inspected workshops, and enquired into agricultural systems; he devoted special attention to Poor Law Administration; and he extended his travels into the Highlands. Cavour's first visit coincided with the return to power of the Whigs after Sir R. Peel's ephemeral government. The moment teemed with critical problems. Many Continental observers anxiously watched the course of events; not a few with gloomy anticipations; but with what perspicacity the young Piedmontese took measure of men and things, will be seen in his letter to M. de Barante:—

'This country at no previous time has enjoyed so much prosperity. Whatever ignorant and prejudiced persons may say, or strangers imbued with various prepossessions, the wealth of England beyond question has increased prodigiously during the last decade . . . One large and deserving class alone has ground for complaint, the agriculturists, who suffer heavily from the low price of grain . . . and though in my opinion this distress is by no means an injury to the country at large, it has brought them to a condition calling for the attention of Parliament. The only real impediment to the growth of national wealth lies in the Poor Laws. These laws, inspired by a fatal spirit of ignorance and folly, have been productive of countless evil, more even on the score of morals than money. But for the sound reforms introduced last year, I have not a doubt this wealthy country would have perished from an excessive, corrupted, and turbulent population. The growth of pauperism is now arrested, and one may hope to see this hideous sore disappear to some extent. . . . England is in a course of rapid progress . . . her alliance will daily become of greater importance; you see I am not of those who think her incapable of sustaining a war and bent on peace at any price. . . . The political state of the country is difficult of analysis for a stranger with old notions about parties that have lost their significance. The Reform Bill has utterly changed the fighting ground. Their ranks are shattered, and they have rallied under new banners. All that is intelligent in the Tory party has recognized the old positions to be no longer tenable, and that change in the franchise must involve like changes in other portions of the Constitution. . . . The day the Reform Bill was carried, I believe Peel and Wellington resolved on striking out the new political line and raising the new flag of Conservative Reform. They soon saw themselves at the head of the great majority of the wealthy and influential classes. This party has grown vastly since Peel has given pledges to the cause of Reform such as must prevent his deserting the cause were he of bad faith (which I do not believe). . . . The only question which really makes Sir Robert's position difficult is the Irish one. He has committed himself against Appropriation so far that he cannot retreat; besides, his party is still too bigoted to tolerate abandonment of anything deemed to appertain to the inviolable domain of the Church. Yet this would

be the only means of conciliating the Irish people. . . . The actual money gain would be small, a few thousand pounds; but it will be a great step towards the end that must be reached sooner or later, recognition of Ireland as a Catholic province of Great Britain. How this important question can be settled by the present Ministers or their successors is hard to foresee; but I am positive this question alone stands in the way of Peel forming a government containing all shades of rational Reform opinion. . . . The upper classes are plainly alarmed at danger from Democracy and violent Radicalism. A tolerably extensive fusion between the various sections of the aristocracy has been effected. . . . Still, I do not think excessive alarm justified. It is true the Radicals are vehement and their pretensions often unreasonable; but at bottom I think there is more violence in words than in intention. The great majority of the middle classes would utterly forsake the Radical banner the day they saw revolutionary colours unfurled . . . even the cream of the working classes is anti-revolutionary. . . . It is my deliberate opinion, England is a long way from danger through revolutionary tempest, though, like all other nations, she must undergo, by effect of time, long and painful social transformation.'

The Poor Laws, the Irish Question, and the commercial condition of England, were subjects of permanent interest to Cavour. Already in Turin his first literary effort was a lucid Digest of the Report issued by the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws. Cavour never had any bias towards Socialist doctrines. In Political Economy he was an uncompromising adherent of the principles advocated by the school of Adam Smith. Yet from his earliest days, Cavour perceived the looming problems that arise from the relations between capital and labour, between wealth and indigence.

'Benevolence bids fair to become the sole link for uniting the various classes in society as it is in course of constitution by the force of events. Feudal ties are destroyed; memories, traditions have lost their hold; soon there will be no relations between the well-to-do and the poor other than those of interest and charity. . . . All societies at a certain stage must have recourse to statutory charity. In my judgment a not distant future will prove that, under wise regulation and good direction, such charity can do a vast amount of good without causing the fatal results apprehended by some. For me the questions connected with statutory charity are the most difficult of all those evoked by the gradual transformation of the old social order. . . . The great problem of the future is how to relieve all real misery without stimulating indolence and recklessness by aid meant in relief of indigence.'

These sentiments were expressed before the year 1834, and their spirit re-appears over and over again in the utterances of

of Count Cavour when, as Minister, he was shaping the domestic legislation of his country.

Under the impulse of the interest kindled by O'Connell's Repeal agitation, Cavour, in 1843, embodied his views on Ireland in an essay which appeared in the 'Bibliothèque Universelle,' of Geneva; and, in his letters to De la Rive, Cavour distinguished between the genuine and the sham, in a question beset with such specious fallacies that even English politicians of grave experience have been deluded:—

'Having had a little leisure, I have let myself be overcome by the fury I feel at the nonsense which newspapers of all countries and colours hold forth every day about Ireland, and I have set to work on an article which is meant for you. My opinions on Ireland are the very opposite to those current on the Continent; I believe they will dissatisfy all but a few reasonable beings. I stand up at all cost for the maintenance of the Union; in the interest of Ireland first, of England secondly, of the future of civilization, material and intellectual, lastly. The grounds on which I combat O'Connell's schemes must displease one party as much as my opinions about their opportuneness will cause dissatisfaction to the other.'

On O'Connell himself Cavour passed this judgment:—

'O'Connell's behaviour proves to demonstration that he is daring only as long as his adversaries are patient. If, as I do not doubt, his promises and his bravadoes all end in nothing, his position will become in some degree ridiculous.'

And a few days later he adds,

'O'Connell stands condemned to my mind. At the first energetic demonstration on the part of his opponents he has drawn back. From that instant he has ceased to be dangerous.'

As early as 1832 Cavour made this reflection:—

'I have never met convincing objections to the reasoning of Smith and Ricardo, and to the facts adduced by Mr. Huskisson and his disciple, the present Minister. In my opinion the commercial and industrial crisis in England, and the distress amongst the working classes, far from being due to the commercial policy recently introduced, would have been lessened, and perhaps even avoided, had this policy been more largely adopted, and especially if it had been extended to grain.'

And in a letter of the same period, to De la Rive, occur these words:—

'I consider the movement for abolition of the Corn Laws among the most important facts for the future of the nineteenth century. To-day Great Britain freely admits primary articles of consumption, the cause of Free Trade will be definitely won.'

In

In the summer of 1843, Cavour wrote to the distinguished Economist, Naville de Châteauvieux :—

'At present the paramount European question is the commercial question. In spite of the Protectionist reaction visible in some countries, I have not a doubt that the cause of Free Trade is making progress. In England it is absolutely triumphant in intelligent circles. There is not one close thinker who is not at bottom for the abolition of protection tariffs. On this score there is no real difference between Sir R. Peel and Lord John Russell. Both wish the application of the doctrines held by the Economists, only the one seeks this end artfully, while the other would employ more direct and perhaps violent methods. The real Tories are furious. They have become aware that Peel is deceiving them, but they cannot throw off his ascendency, for he has split them up and deprived them of their natural chiefs. The Duke of Wellington having accepted his commercial policy, the Tories do not dare rebel. . . . Probably his death may produce a rupture in the Tory camp, the Ultras breaking with Peel, who probably would seek support from the moderate Whigs.'

So greatly was Cavour impressed with the importance of what was thus at issue in England, that he could not refrain from writing two articles, inserted in the January and February numbers, 1845, of the 'Bibliothèque Universelle,' which again attest the wonderful precision with which he judged English politics and English politicians :—

'The impossibility of indefinitely maintaining the laws excluding foreign grain from British markets, without danger to the industrial supremacy of the country, is felt by all real statesmen in Great Britain. . . . Sir R. Peel views commercial matters in the same way as Lord John. . . . When he opposes the application of economical principles, it is always on grounds of opportuneness which can vanish any moment. If the leading members of the Cabinet were not convinced of the necessity for doing away with the old mercantile system, they never would have acquiesced in the Board of Trade being given to Mr. Gladstone, who at his years has no claim to office other than his great and profound commercial proficiency. Fettered by political antecedents, Sir R. Peel cannot at one blow level the Protectionist fences which British agriculture has been used to look on as indispensable. Disposed to turn difficulties rather than attack them in front, though quite prepared at a pinch to take a bold step,* . . . he has effected a large breach in the Protectionist system by the tariff of 1842 and ancillary provisions. Though insufficient these measures have temporarily met pressing wants, . . . but a single bad harvest would be enough to give the League more strength and life than ever. . . . Peel is without illusion as to the perils threatening British industry,

* In his Irish essay, Cavour speaks of Sir Robert 'as the statesman who above all others has the instinct of the requirements of the hour.'

and

and is bent on carrying through the reforming work he has taken in hand. If I venture to make a conjecture, I should say that the Government will ask for the maintenance of the Income Tax about to lapse, and apply the surplus at its disposal for large reforms in the duties on raw materials. Therefore I dare to predict the speedy alteration of the Corn Laws and the consequent downfall of all the Protectionist fences, which have so long hedged in the agricultural and manufacturing industry of Great Britain.'

A year later, Sir Robert Peel's great measures verified this prediction. Once more Cavour took up his pen for an essay (this time in Italian), 'On the Consequences of recent English Commercial Legislation on the Economical Condition of Italy.' In this powerful composition, Cavour sketched with the bold touch of a master's hand the measures which, as Minister of Commerce and Finance, he pushed through with astounding vigour, thereby converting Piedmont into the nursery for Italian enterprise.

All this study of great problems constituted but a part of Cavour's activity. It has been seen he early expressed a desire to engage in agricultural pursuits. The family estates were large. The head of the house was unable to attend to their administration. After a while he confided the management of the property to his son, who instantly took the matter up with the full energy of his nature. Undoubtedly Cavour's motives in the matter were mixed :—

'Our Government,' he writes to M. Naville, 'dislikes industrial enterprise; this is brought home to me more and more every day; it sees in them an auxiliary to Liberalism, and feels for them repugnance. Anyone wishing to be left in peace in our country must devote himself to agriculture.'

To De la Rive he wrote :—

'I am deep in great undertakings. I have bought a large property in the rice districts. I believe I have made a capital bit; the only thing wanting is the money wherewith to pay for it; barring this, it ought to bring a splendid return. I cannot possibly do things by halves; once in an undertaking, I give myself to it unreservedly. Besides, I am driven to this by my position. I am a younger son, which, in an aristocratic country, implies a great deal. I have to create by the sweat of my brow a portion for myself. It is all very well for you millionaires to occupy yourselves with sciences and theories; but we poor devils of younger sons have to sweat our life's blood before we can acquire a little independence.'

The wish to acquire this independence was a dominant feeling with Cavour. The position of a cadet in the great houses of Piedmont was an essentially dependent one; entries in the diary

diary show how Cavour chafed at what he had occasionally to defer to. Money for its own sake had no attraction for him. He had no leaning towards parsimony, still less for hoarding. Stories have been circulated as to Cavour's fondness for play. That he liked extremely his rubber of whist is indisputable; but it would be absolutely false to represent him as a gambler. At a time when master of a considerable fortune he may have staked on a particular occasion a heavy amount against Baron Rothschild. That he did not involve himself, however, habitually in large risks is proved by his diary. He once lost 800*l.* on the Bourse, and, small as the amount was, he had to apply to his father for help, which was granted. The misadventure made Cavour forswear the Bourse as an 'atrocious den.' 'I have lost twenty thousand francs, but have won experience and taken a resolution worth a million.' Cavour did, however, engage in numerous industrial enterprises, all marked by public utility. It was this feature which attracted him. For a fundamental axiom with Cavour was, that the political revival of a people could never be effected except in conjunction with its economical development. This point constituted the radical difference between his method of political treatment and those pursued by visionaries like Gioberti and Mazzini.

No better illustration of the large spirit in which Cavour judged industrial matters can be found, than the manner in which he viewed railways. On first acquaintance with these he exclaimed:—

'Railways are destined to revolutionize the material world. . . . I have already travelled enough on them to make me more than ever desire their introduction on the Continent. Distances no longer exist in England.'

In 1846 he published a paper on the introduction of railways into Italy, which is a monument to his elevation of mind over prevailing prejudice and to his technical intuitiveness:—

'The influence of railways will extend over the universe; but in my opinion their moral effects will exceed even their material. The steam-engine is destined, such is my firm conviction, to lessen, if not wholly to obliterate, the humiliating inferiority to which some branches of the great Christian family are reduced. No country is entitled to expect greater things from railways than Italy. The political and social results, which will flow from them in this beautiful country, will testify more than anything elsewhere to the large part these novel means of communication will play in the world's future.'

The Austrian Government had then under consideration a line to connect Vienna with Lombardy. Everything of Austrian origin,

origin, especially everything tending to the advantage of Austrian administration, was then an object of aversion to Italian Liberals. In the face of this sentiment Cavour boldly advocated the benefit that would accrue from the contemplated work, and exposed the pettiness of the popular argument against it in truly memorable words :—

'If the future harbours a happier destiny for Italy, if, as is to be hoped, this fair land is fated some day to recover its nationality, this can be only through some providential occurrence on which the more or less rapid transport of a few regiments can have no influence. The time for conspiracies is past; the emancipation of peoples can be due neither to plots nor to surprises; it has become the natural consequence of progressive Christian civilization. The way which brings Vienna nearer to Milan by a few hours will be powerless to prevent great events. Therefore this railway is one the completion of which is most desirable. If at present Italian agriculture can thrive only by new outlets, in the future, when relations involved by a state of conquest have been succeeded by those of equality and friendship, this line will render enormous service by promoting intellectual and moral relations which I desire to see, above all, established between serious and profound Germany and Italy.'

And there was another line Cavour advocated with all the force he could command, and in a tone as if he was urging something of which the feasibility was a matter of absolute certainty. This was the line it was reserved to him to initiate when Minister, but which even then was considered by many engineers a chimerical undertaking :—

'A rail to connect Savoy with Piedmont, piercing the Alps a short distance from Mont Cenis, which will be the masterpiece of modern industry, the highest triumph of steam, the complement of its glory.'

When in 1849 the first distant rumble was heard of stirring incidents in the Peninsula, his friend from early days, Costa de Beauregard, urged Cavour to come out from his rural retreat. Cavour's reply is illustrative of his state of mind and of his life :—

'I have devoted myself to husbandry, which I carry on upon a sufficiently large scale for it to have a real interest. I have struck out of the common rut, and have tried improvements of a novel character which have succeeded fairly well. Nor do I remain indifferent to the interests of my country; I try to be as useful to it as a private person can be. I have succeeded in establishing at Turin a Discount Bank, which I trust will prove of much benefit to commerce, to agriculture, and to manufactures. I have created a large manufacture of chemicals and manures which has no rival in Italy. Lastly, I flatter myself to have contributed more than

any one else to the erection of the splendid mill about to be set at work in the Park. It is from no wish to boast I tell you what I am doing, but to show I am no idler, who, under plea of cultivating his acres, passes his days in pleasant laziness. It is no merit that I work, idleness weighs on me. If, therefore, I continue in private life, it is because I cannot get out of it with self-respect and so as to be really useful to my country.'

Two important institutions, directly due to Cavour's initiative, are here omitted. In 1838, after overcoming influences strongly entrenched in the Royal palace, Cavour founded at Turin the first Infant Asylum, soon followed by others in the provinces. The other institution, also sanctioned with difficulty, was the Agricultural Association. The founders were mostly men of high rank; the president being the Marchese Alfieri, Cavour himself becoming the moving spirit in its administration. The attraction of the Association was great in the then state of Piedmont. The fact of its being a tolerated association was sufficient to make its members before long amount to several thousands. It became a handy meeting-place for persons who knew not how else to come into contact. This circumstance was attended by two consequences. As regards agriculture, the men practically conversant with it were outnumbered by the amateurs. Friction ensued, which was aggravated by the virtual introduction of a political element. The members from the provinces consisted largely of young lawyers, who liked to assert themselves against the old members of aristocratic birth. Controversies arose, which culminated in a contest for the presidency, when Count Salmour was fiercely opposed, to the profound displeasure of Cavour, who vigorously combated with his keen tongue unpractical suggestions advocated by fluent theorists. Conspicuous amongst these were two men, afterwards prominent Radical leaders in the Chambers, Sineo and Valerio; and it is well to note that, in the friction of these discussions on agricultural topics, was elicited the venomous animosity with which they pursued Cavour in the political arena. They stigmatized Cavour as a selfish aristocrat, and grasping monopolist, and what is more, they contrived for a while to make the charge believed. Sineo, even as late as 1850, went so far as to accuse Cavour of having framed the duties on the tariff for his own private advantage. This was one of the rare occasions on which Cavour condescended to take notice of a personal attack. The rejoinder was crushing:—

'The Deputy Sineo has thought proper to observe, that I possibly have been influenced by private interests in my decision as a public man. He has referred to my having an interest in a manufactory in this

this city. Here I will give an explanation. Some years ago, through circumstances I need not relate, I became acquainted with a young and intelligent industrial who had not means proportionate to his chemical knowledge and capacities. I sold some investments to enable him to start a factory which, I believe, has rendered and can render great service to the country. At that time the products of this factory enjoyed a specific protection; in the reformed tariff it will be found that just on these there is the greatest reduction. This is in accordance with what I said when I advanced money, at a time I certainly could not even imagine my being called on to initiate a customs reform. I said this—I advance these funds under one condition, that you put yourself into a condition to be able to dispense with Protection; and I have kept my word. As soon as ever I was able to introduce a customs reform, it is on these articles I have brought to bear the heaviest reduction.'

Cavour wrote to Costa, in a letter already quoted:—

'Eight years ago I was rather popular; at present I am no longer so at all. In the Agricultural Society I opposed energetically an ultra Liberal party, and I lost at once my position in the Associations and the favour of the Liberals. Nor have I done anything to regain it. As a fact, I am every whit as Liberal as I was eighteen years ago. . . . But I have become convinced that slow and well-directed progress is the only real progress. I am persuaded order is indispensable to social progress, and that of all guarantees for order, a legitimate authority, having deep roots in the country, is the very best.'

Cavour was on his farm at Leri when tidings reached him of Charles Albert's proclamation on October 30th, 1847, promising general reforms. The shock proved electrical. He instantly hurried to the capital. There chanced to be an ordinary meeting of the Agricultural Association the day of his arrival. Cavour went straight to it. 'On his entry a deep silence ensued, and on his rising to speak, the members, who were almost all of the Democratic party, left the room.' The affront did not make Cavour crestfallen. With a few friends, comprising for birth and intellect all that was most distinguished in Piedmont, he started a daily paper called 'Il Risorgimento.' The first number had a prospectus signed by Cesare Balbo. To the second number Cavour's name was affixed as editor, and articles of extraordinary independence appeared from his pen in almost every issue. Events marched fast. A deputation from Genoa came to demand from the King the suppression of the Jesuits, the liberation of political prisoners, and a National Guard. There was a meeting of conspicuous citizens in Turin, presided over by the Marquis Robert d'Azeglio, to consider what *should be* done under the circumstances.

Valerio, the popular Radical of the hour, moved that the Genoese should be supported in the purport of their petition. Cavour, in his own name and on behalf of his partners in 'Il Risorgimento,' demurred to the proposal on the ground, that the occurrences at Genoa showed a total loss of moral influence by the Government, and that under such circumstances no concession could be of value, short of an organic Statute ensuring popular representation. Writing to Gioberti, Santa Rosa describes what passed:—

'Cavour put this dilemma: the King either declines to acquiesce, or acquiesces, in the Genoese petition. In the first and most probable case no good can ensue from our having identified ourselves with the *minor* instead of the *major*; if, however, he should acquiesce, then the loss of all authority by the Government is still further proved by its seeking at the hands of the mob justification for concession. But by calling for the *major*, which is tantamount to a Constitution, the case is quite altered. If the King declines, we are just as we should be if we had asked for the *minor*; but he will know the wish and the wants of the nation. If he yields these, however, the Government is no longer weak, but becomes a new one no more affected with debility and *ipso facto* the National Guard, and the expulsion of the Jesuits must be ensured.'

This view was vehemently combated by the fiery demagogue, Valerio, on the strongest of grounds for him. By calling for a Constitution, he said,

'The meeting would go greatly beyond the popular wish, and probably give offence to the King, thereby causing a rebuff to the Genoese and provoking disturbances which it was desirable to avoid. Moreover, he deprecated the piling up of questions as gravely impolitic; the expulsion of the Jesuits and the National Guard being sufficient to quiet popular agitation.'

For a proposal to emanate from Cavour was enough at that moment to ensure its being condemned by Valerio. The meeting broke up without arriving at any decision; but Cavour put his opinion upon paper and transmitted it to the King. Cavour exhibited equal firmness in resisting the pretensions of King Mob.

After the crushing defeat of the Piedmontese army, some honest patriots, Alfieri and Revel being the most conspicuous, came to the rescue of the country, and formed an Administration. Gioberti, then the popular idol, denounced these men as traitors, on account of their disposition to treat with Austria. At his instigation a monster petition demanding their immediate expulsion from office was circulated for signature. As Captain of the National Guard, Cavour happened to

to be in command at the Palace when the petition was brought for signature by the men under his orders. He instantly forbade the proceeding, as against discipline. Of course his action was forthwith made the subject of violent impeachment 'as against true principles of liberty, and contrary to the liberal ideas which alone can save the country.' Cavour was called upon by the President of the National Club to give an explanation of his conduct. This he did promptly by letter.

'Having become aware,' he wrote, 'that some one was asking the soldiers in the guard-house to sign a declaration of assent to a harangue delivered by Vincenzo Gioberti, I intimated to that individual, whose name I am ignorant of, that the law on the National Guard forbade soldiers on duty from taking part in political matters. On that gentleman proceeding to make observations in reply, I at once answered, that the law admitted of no exception. Thereupon the gentleman left the guard-house, and the incident ended.'

The Club, however, censured Cavour severely, who forthwith sent in his resignation.

The Radical opposition to Cavour was so intense, that he failed to secure a seat in the election for the first Piedmontese Legislature. The disappointment was sharp, yet it did not make him despond.

'Dearest Friend.—I thank you for your sympathy with a poor defeated one. At Vercelli, where I was told success was assured, I was beaten by the virtuous Stora; at Cigliano I was forsaken by my nearest neighbours. Lastly, at Monforte, I was disgracefully worsted by that great victor, the unapproachable Sineo. Oh, hard fate! That these electoral defeats have pained me I will not deny. I have been grieved at the enmities I encountered in villages close to our rice lands, still more at breaches of faith, broken pledges, deceptions, on the part of Vercellesi whom I esteemed; still I am not prostrated.'

The boast was speedily justified. At a bye-election in June Cavour was chosen in Turin. It is true he lost the seat again at the next general election, in January 1849; but in the following July he was once more successful, and this in the teeth of a fierce Radical opposition. The moment was one of sore need. Austria was dictating terms to prostrate Piedmont, which was, moreover, convulsed by demagogue agitators, and mined by Mazzinian plotters. Cavour was keenly sensible of the necessity to acquiesce in the unavoidable, though by no means enamoured of the policy that had been pursued:—

'After splendid efforts, Piedmont has succumbed, less from the enemy's superiority than from the incomparable ineptitude of the Ultra-Democratic party which seized office. . . . Betrayed by Charles Albert,

Albert, badly supported by the country at large, the moderate party has been driven to surrender power to demagogues without energy or talent, who idiotically thought a nation could win independence and freedom by phrases and proclamations. It is impossible to foresee at present what will happen. This much is positive, that all we have before us is a choice of disasters.'

Gloomy as was this utterance, Cavour yet never gave way to real down-heartedness; for at this same dark hour he wrote these words to the distinguished Tuscan patriot, Solvagnoli:—

'Courage must not be lost. As long as freedom exists in a corner of the Peninsula, the future must not be despaired of. As long as Piedmont preserves its institutions against despotism and against anarchy, there will be the means for efficaciously working for the regeneration of our country.'

At the outset Cavour met with a decidedly bad reception in the Chamber; but he soon made opponents become aware of his capacity. His first signal success was the speech by which he supported the Siccardi law abolishing the Ecclesiastical Courts. When he sat down, cheers rang through the House, and members from all sides ran up to congratulate him. He had now his foot in the political stirrup; four months later he vaulted into the saddle on appointment as Minister of Commerce. The leap was made against opposition in high quarters. Victor Emmanuel inherited his father's prejudice against Cavour. When his name was submitted, the King exclaimed, 'What on earth can make you propose a man who is sure to send you all head over heels.'

Six months later, Cavour became Minister of Finance, and on the break up of the Azeglio Cabinet, the King's prognostications were verified by his becoming Premier. From that moment, with a firmness of direction equalled only by his quickness of judgment, Cavour initiated the financial and political reconstruction of humbled and disorganized Piedmont, carrying on the work almost to the completion of an United Italy.

In appraising the task achieved by Cavour, it should never be lost sight of, that it was brought about through a process of attraction. Cavour never had recourse to violent methods for forcing through his purposes. That constitutes the distinguishing feature in his execution of the great work of his life. At no conjuncture did Cavour try to twist and falsify the spirit of popular institutions. He never entertained even a passing thought of getting the better of forces he had to contend against —and the Mazzinian element was at one time of very formidable strength—

strength—otherwise than by weight of argument, by appeal to common sense, and by experience of good institutions. The Charter was to Cavour sacred; freedom of speech and liberty of the press were to him inviolable. In the period of the gravest internal conflict, Cavour retained imperturbable confidence in the ultimate triumph of good sense; and he relied on driving issues home by the forcible tones of masculine speech. And as he dealt in a large-hearted manner with great things, so likewise did he bear himself towards individuals. The withering debater, who mercilessly tore to ribands the fallacies of an opponent, was always ready to give a hand of good-humoured fellowship to the worsted adversary, when meeting him outside the ring in which he had inflicted a heavy fall. 'En politique il n'y a rien de plus absurde que la rancune,' was a saying of Cavour's, with which his conduct corresponded. Thus did it come about that, by a process of elective affinity, gradually and insensibly, Count Cavour drew to himself the really patriotic and capable men of various parties, and from various parts of Italy; and in conjunction with these, he was enabled to carry to the verge of completion the momentous achievement of Italian regeneration dreamt of by him in youth, and steadfastly kept in sight throughout his whole life.

ART. V.—1. *The Law relating to Betting, Time-Bargains, and Gaming.* By G. Herbert Stutfield. London, 1886.
2. *Tempted London (Young Men).* London, 1888.
3. *The Gaming Table.* By Andrew Steinmetz. 2 vols. London, 1870.
4. *History of Playing Cards.* By D. A. Chatto. London, 1848.
5. 'The Guardian,' Oct. 3, 1888.

ONE of the most fully attended Sectional Meetings of the recent Church Congress was devoted to a discussion of gambling and betting. The Town Hall was filled to overflowing, and more numbers than the hall could accommodate desired to listen to the onslaught of learned clerical speakers on the evils of the most prevalent vice of the age. The inability of the Church itself to cope with the mischief was fully admitted. The idea of the formation of a society to attempt the task was mentioned only to be rejected, and speaker after speaker cited public opinion as the only real power. Such an admission is in itself somewhat remarkable. Time was when the Church of England would have recognized no such inability. Even now we are by no means sure that all the religious communities of the United Kingdom would allow, that the work of discountenancing or even putting down a mischievous social habit was beyond their powers. But the Church is much in earnest in this question, and wisely seeks a strong alliance. Lay opinion did more to put an end to drunkenness in the upper classes of society than pulpit oratory. Men in the higher and middle ranks have long ceased to drink more wine than was good for them; but they have been moved to the abandonment of a custom of their forefathers, less by a feeling that it offended against morality or religion, than by the opinion that it offended against good taste. If the lower classes once are brought to understand that drunkenness is ungentlemanlike, drunkenness will disappear. Let it come to be admitted that a man who drinks too much is not a very fine fellow, but a contemptible fool; and first public, and then private, intoxication will become a thing of the past. It is a grave mistake to suppose that the lower classes have no canon of taste. It would be easy, were the task before us, to give many instances affording incontestable proof, that the working classes of Great Britain have an abundance of fine feeling, which operates largely on their habits and modes of life. Already there are many signs, that this influence is working effectually on the side of temperance, and that the day is coming when it will be as bad form for a working man

or artizan to get drunk, as it is for a member of those classes whose example is still powerful for good or evil.

It is to the same influence that we must look for the discouragement of an even more baneful habit. That influence is at present absolutely quiescent, and vigorous efforts are apparently needed to rouse it. For we have good reasons for thinking that there never was a time when the taste for gambling was more widespread than it is now. It has, in fact, become a trade or profession. It is not so much that cards and dice abound, as that betting is universal. Every class of society, from the highest to the lowest, is more or less affected with a mania for betting, for the development of which there are unhappily ample opportunities. To what extent these opportunities prevail, and what has been their recent development, we propose presently to discuss. Meanwhile a brief glance at gambling as a whole may not be without interest.

Gambling has been condemned by ethical authorities of many generations. Aristotle classes the gambler with the thief and the robber;* and we can well imagine the loathing which the philosopher, who hated even usury, had for so useless a means of seeking wealth. Blackstone calls gaming 'a kind of tacit confession that the company engaged therein do in general exceed the bounds of their respective fortunes; and therefore they cast lots to determine upon whom the ruin shall at present fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer.' And Burton devotes a whole chapter of his 'Anatomy of Melancholy' to a vigorous denunciation of gaming.†

What is gambling and what is its wrong? A learned writer of modern days condemns the gambler on the ground, that he desires to acquire without earning. But this answer will not bear close examination. The man who invests money in Consols acquires without earning, and if earning were made a condition of acquisition, the employment of capital would be impossible in all cases where the capitalist was unable to supervise its employment. Nor does the evil lie in the risk. At times enormous profits are made by trading. Hallam ‡ asserts that the interest of money was exceedingly high throughout the Middle Ages. He quotes a speech of Doge Mocenigo, reckoning the annual profit made by Venice on her mercantile capital at forty per cent. The speculator, who buys largely in one part of the world goods which he hopes to sell at a profit in another,

* ὁ μὲν τοι κυβευτὴς καὶ ὁ λωποδύτης καὶ ὁ λῃστὴς τῶν ἀνελευθέρων εἰσιν, αἰσχροκερδεῖς γάρ. Aristot. 'Eth. Nic.' iv. 1, § 43.

† 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' iv. c. 13, 8.

‡ Hallam's 'Middle Ages,' vol. iii. p. 337, ed. 1860.

runs

runs grave risk. The miner, who spends all his wealth in prospecting for a valuable metal, runs grave risk. In every one of the myriad fields of commerce, there is hazard in the working, and ruin, as utter and as ghastly as any which has whelmed the gambler, may at any time overthrow the honest but unsuccessful tradesman. Nevertheless, though speculation may lead to rashness and be censurable, it is not gambling. Its harm is not *ejusdem generis*. Gambling may be said to be the risking of larger sums, than a man can afford, on ventures over which his own industry can exercise little or no control. And its evil lies in this. When two or more men gamble, the winners win and the losers lose, but there is no possible benefit to any one else, except maybe the owner of the building where they play. Commerce, even when wildly speculative, benefits some one. But by gambling no good is done to the world. In this fact lies the *αἰσχροκερδεία* of the gambler. He spends his time and his energies in that which can be of no good. As a matter of fact, as we shall hereafter show, it is productive of enormous evil. But the disgrace of the means which the gambler adopts to gain his end lies in this essential, that it benefits no one. It is a pure waste of time.

Gambling has prevailed in every era and in every clime. Casting of lots was frequently adopted by the Israelites; Saul being thus chosen for one destiny, and Jonah for another. 'The Hindoo code,' says Steinmetz,* 'a promulgation of very high antiquity, denounces gambling.' Herodotus† refers to a story told by the Priests of Egypt, that one of their kings gambled with Demeter in the infernal regions; and Plutarch‡ relates a fable of Hermes gambling with the moon. In China gambling prevailed from the earliest times, and cards were known to Chinese long ere they were introduced into Europe. Steinmetz tells us that the Greenlanders gamble with a board and a revolving finger-piece, and that the African negro uses shells as dice. Many Indian tribes of North America are determined gamblers. The Mahabharata, the old Hindoo Epic, describes a gambling match between Yudhishthiva, chief warrior of the Pandavas, and Satruni, prince of the Kauravas, in which the latter by cheating won all the possessions of the former, including a lovely Queen, with the result of a murderous conflict. In Persia, dicing was a fashionable diversion, and Plutarch§ relates a story of Parysatis, mother of Cyrus, who played with the King her husband for the slave who had slain her son, and, inasmuch as she excelled at playing a certain game with dice, won him. A statement which seems to point to the

* 'The Gaming Table,' p. 3.
† ii. 122.
‡ 'De Isid. et Osir.' c. 12.
§ Artaxerxes, c. 17.

conclusi

conclusion that, even in such early days and such high society, the operations of chance were not always left uncontrolled.

In Greece, gambling prevailed to a vast extent. Homer describes Penelope's suitors as playing at draughts,* and Patroclus lost his temper at dice.†

We have mentioned Aristotle's cold censure. Steinmetz quotes Callistratus's condemnation of high play, the games in which the losers go on doubling their stakes, resemble ever-recurring wars which terminate only with the extinction of the combatants. The Romans loved gambling with tessera and talus, and betted largely on the circenses. Augustus had and deserved the reputation of a gambler, though he did not mind it, *aleæ rumorem nullo modo expavit.*‡ Claudius played eagerly, and wrote a treatise upon gambling.§ Seneca lancies Claudius in the lower regions condemned to play dice with a box without a bottom. Domitian often played all day long,‖ and many of the other Emperors did the same. Oddly enough, Horace nowhere pours on gambling the scathing satire with which he lashes other vices; the reason may have been that so many of his patrons played, or did he 'compound the sin he was inclined to?' The fact, however, remains, that one allusion to 'vetita legibus alea'¶ is his only reference. Even Juvenal scourges gambling lightly, using rather the 'scutica' than the 'horribile flagellum,' and condemns the selfishness of high play rather than the habit of playing at all.** Sallust attributes to Catiline the friendship and the following of men who by gambling had dissipated their inheritance. All gambling was forbidden by Justinian,†† and earlier the penalty of *infamia* seems to have been incurred by those who were convicted of gaming.‡‡ But games of chance were lawful at the Saturnalia, and public opinion allowed old men to amuse themselves thus.§§ There can be no doubt, however, that the gambler was, in the Republic at least, held in disrepute.

---

* ἕσσατο, προτάροιθε θύρων δυοκαίδεκα πεσσούς. 'Od.' i. 107.

† ἀμφ' ἀστραγάλοισι χολωθείς. 'Il.' xxiii. 88.

‡ Suet. 'Aug.' 71. § Suet. 'Claud.' 33.

‖ Suet. 'Dom.' 21. ¶ Hor. 'Carm.' i. 31. 24, 58.

** quando
Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? alea quando
Hos animos? neque enim locuus comitantibus itur
Ad casum tabulæ, posita sed luditur arca
Simplicis furor est; sestertia centum,
Perdere et hernarii tunicam non reddere servo?
Juv. 'Sat.' i. 88-92.

Elsewhere, however, he speaks of 'alea turpis . . . mediocribus' xi. 176) and 'damnosa alea' (xiv. 4).

†† Cod. 3. tit. 43. ‡‡ See as to this, Cicero, 'Phil.' ii. 23, 56.

§§ Plaut. 'Cure.' ii. 37, 5, and Cic. 'de Senect.' 16, 58.

Coming

Coming to more recent times, and to nearer countries, we find that in the fourteenth century, Alphonso of Castille endeavoured to prevent gambling by founding an order of chivalry in which it was forbidden; and later, John of Castille attempted to do the same by edict. In spite of several lukewarm attempts to prevent it, gambling ever throve in France. Charles VI. lost five thousand livres one day to his brother. In the reign of that monarch flourished the Hôtel de Nesle, where,

> 'Maint gentilshommes tres hault
> Ont perdu armes et cheveaux,
> Argent honeur et seigneurie.'

and

> 'Jouers experts deviennent Rufien
> Jouers de Dez gourmands et plains d'Yvresse,'

and to the same reign is attributed, not perhaps with good reason, the introduction of cards into Europe.* Henri III. gambled at tennis, a game which in late times has been absolutely free from such a reproach. 'Notre grand Henri' was a gambler from his youth, and fostered, if he did not invent, the system of playing on paper or by vouchers, which perhaps more than any other has led to the development of high play, and stakes quite beyond the means of the players. There are many stories of the cupidity, the meanness, and the rashness of a king, who in many respects deserved the admiration of his subjects. Under him 'academies de jeu' were established, to which all classes of society were attracted, to follow the example of the Court. Huge sums were lost by distinguished officers of state. Biron in a single year was half-a-million of crowns to the bad. The well-known diplomatist and courtier, Bassompierre, flourished for many years on his winnings, but ended, like many other successful gamesters, in penury and wretchedness. An Italian named Pimentello, whom Sully seems to have called a *piffre*, or greedy guts, won large sums by dexterity rather than good fortune. The example set by the King was followed by all classes of Parisian society, and in the teeth of the law magistrates and judges sold permissions to play. Louis XIII. was less of a gambler than his predecessor or successor, and the law which was made more stringent was

* For a long while the invention of cards was believed to have occurred in the reign of Charles VI. in consequence of the researches of Père Menestrier, who found a memoir on the subject of some cards painted by Gringonneur, from which he assumed that these cards were the first examples. But traces of much earlier cards have been discovered, and there are many reasons, too long to examine, for the opinion that cards were introduced into Europe by the Gipsies or Zingari somewhere in the thirteenth century.

to some extent obeyed. But with the Grand Monarque, the Court became again infected with the passion for play, and the habit spread to mercantile and provincial societies. Mazarin, master of finesse in cards as in politics, played himself, and encouraged others to pursue an occupation which he knew would add to his own influence. Occasionally a show was made of respectability. In 1643 a wretched blacksmith was scourged for keeping a table, and in 1655 Parliament forbade cards, dice, and billiards. Nevertheless, play prevailed in the palace, in the barrack, and in the hovel. Madame de Motteville says that, at the time of the Fronde, just before the flight, the courtiers were playing, and that Mazarin went on with his game, while his servants packed and removed his valuables. Condé, Conti, and Longueville, consigned to the Bastille, found no beds provided, so got cards and played all night. Maria Theresa played deeply, and with bad fortune. And Mazarin, to whom she applied for money, had the impertinence to rebuke her for being 'liberal with the life blood of the people.' Mazarin is believed to have played on his death-bed, and De la Roche painted a picture of him employing others to play when he was beyond playing for himself. All sorts of persons played, and play was a passport to the best society. Dangeau, 'le singe du roi,' as he was nicknamed, owed his advancement more to his gambling than to his rhymes or his mathematics; and Langlée, son of a flunkey, because he knew how to play and when to give presents to the King's mistress, was freely admitted to the presence of the most ceremonious of monarchs. Monsieur was as fond of play as his brother, but, with the superstition of gamblers, never permitted Madame to be present, because she brought him bad luck.* It was not thought an insult to Monsieur's memory that, on the day of his death, the Duc de Bourgogne and other nobles played at *brelan* in his apartments before his corpse was cold. The same thing occurred on the death of the King's own grandchildren, and St.-Simon tells us that lansquenet tables were set out at Marly when the Dauphin and Dauphiness were lying unburied in another chamber. Later, the Duchesse de Berry was forced by the King to lay aside her deep mourning and frequent the play room. At the death of the great King, gambling had deprived the French nobility of all interest in their country's welfare. The Sovereign was supreme, the power of the aristocracy undermined. This is what Mazarin intended. We may doubt whether he foresaw the results which followed later.

* See a letter from Madame, dated from Marly, August 6th, 1700.

Roué

Roué as he was, the Regent seems to have made some *bonâ fide* attempts to check gambling. But the tide was too strong, and for a time even rose. The Scotchman, John Law, author of the Mississippi scheme, got himself made Controller of Finance, and promised to restore the finances of the nation by encouraging play. He established a bank which he conducted in his own interests, and nearly ruined the State. Many thousand Frenchmen (Steinmetz says six hundred thousand families, but does not quote his authority) lost everything they possessed. Eventually Law was expelled* and like many other successful gamblers was reduced to absolute penury. When he was in his zenith the Duchesse de Berry lost in one night seventeen hundred thousand livres. Louis XVI. cared nothing for cards, but Marie Antoinette kept up the vicious habit. After the Revolution the *sans-culottes* played at street corners, and the Palais Royal became the centre of popular gaming-houses. Mirabeau played, and was robbed while doing so in the house of an actress. In the Rue Richelieu was a gambling place of the lowest kind, the refreshment being beans and bacon, and the couches wooden planks. The Republic, revelling in excitement, did not deny herself the excitement of play. Citizens gambled with all the frenzy, if with not all the meanness, of the *ancienne noblesse*, whom they flattered by the imitation of one at least of their vices. Play produced all its attendant evils, but passion being less controlled, those evils took a more than usually malignant form, and murder and robberies abounded. The first Napoleon gambled with kingdoms, but not with cards. He despised men who were gamblers in the ordinary sense. When Las Casas in exile admitted that he had played, Napoleon said he was glad he had not known it, as gamblers were always ruined in his estimation. A story is told of his having sent Junot in 1796 to play in order to accumulate funds for the Italian campaign, but there are reasons for disbelieving it. Napoleon in St. Helena played, chiefly at whist and piquet, but only for small sums and as a pastime. In the Code Napoléon it was provided that no action can lie for a gaming debt or for the recovery of money lost in a wager. Fouché in later days made for the Government considerable sums by selling permissions to farm gambling tables. The net yearly profits of one house alone were much over a million francs. Till 1837 public gambling was common enough in Paris. Since then some effort has been made at concealment, though it is openly practised at the Clubs at the present time.

Play has been common enough in England from the earliest time

* Steinmetz says, 'like a foul fog.' If he had only explained how a foul fog is expelled, a good many Londoners would have thanked him.

times, though it is probable that gambling was never so prevalent as now. In 1527 Latimer preached a sermon at Cambridge in which all the metaphors were based on card playing. Roger Ascham, in the days of the Virgin Queen, satirized the methods by which knaves lure on fools to play. In 'Basilicon Doron' the author could not agree 'in forbidding cards, dice, and other like games of hazard.'

The Puritans, as might be expected, eschewed cards, 'the devil's books,' and, as was also to be expected, play returned with the Restoration. The improvement of the breed of horses in that reign, consequent upon the importation of a number of horses from Tangier, encouraged racing, which, rapidly becoming a national pastime, increased so much as to call for legislative interference. In the sixteenth year of Charles II.'s reign, the earliest statute* to restrict the power of enforcing gambling debts was passed. What it did was to impose a penalty on gambling by fraud, and to enact that any one losing more than 100*l.* on credit should not be compelled to make his losses good. It is probable that the intention of this portion of the statute (section 3) was to limit the amount of losses to that sum. Mr. Evelyn gives an account of the King opening the revels, by throwing the dice himself in the privy chamber, 'where a table was set on purpose, and he lost *his* 100*l.*,' where the use of the personal pronoun would seem to have clear reference to the Act. If this was the case, the statute, which in terms did not forbid playing except on credit, failed of its desired effect. For the King's mistresses played deeply, and their example was widely followed. Pepys† declares that Lady Castlemaine lost 25,000*l.* in one night, and records at length his visit to the 'Groom Porter's,' a gaming house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, saying, how 'glad I was to see the manner of a gamester's life, which I see is very miserable and poor and unmanly.' Moll Davis lost a large sum to one Colonel Panton, who seems to have used the old trick of placing his opponent with her back to the looking-glass. With the money he won at gambling, Colonel Panton

* 16 Car. II. c. 7. The Preamble is remarkable and worth quoting:—'Whereas all lawful Games and Exercises should not be otherwise used than as innocent and moderate recreations, and not as constant trades or callings, to gain a living or make unlawful advantage thereby, and whereas by the immoderate use of them many mischiefs and inconveniences do arise, and are daily found to the maintaining and encouraging of sundry idle, loose, and disorderly persons in their dishonest, lewd, and dissolute course of life, and to the circumventing, deceiving, cousening, and debauching of many of the younger sort, both of the nobility and gentry, and others, to the loss of their precious time, and the utter ruin of their estates and fortunes, and withdrawing them from noble and laudable employments and exercises——'

† Diary, vol. v. p. 192. (Ed. 1877.)

acquired

acquired an estate near Leicester Square, the reputation of which is assuredly worthy of its origin! Nell Gwynn kept a basset table both at Pall Mall and at Burford House in Windsor, and lost fourteen hundred guineas to the Duchess of Mazarin, niece of the gambling Cardinal, a lady who, according to a quaint and not wholly credible book of the day,* would as a rule play fair, but 'when she had a sharp gamester to deal with, would play *altogether upon the sharp* at any game upon the cards, and generally came off a winner.'

In the subsequent reigns Parliament passed various laws to check gaming, but, as was not unusual, aimed more at the lower than the privileged classes. Thus the 17th chapter of 10 & 11 William III. reciting that 'persons had of late fraudulently obtained great sums of money from the children and servants of merchants and traders by colours of patents under the great seal,' enacts that all *such* lotteries are common and public nuisances, thus vetoing lotteries not established by itself and conferring upon itself a monopoly of vice. This is indeed the view taken by Blackstone of these statutes. 'Public lotteries,' he says,† '*unless by authority of Parliament*, and all manner of ingenious devices under the denomination of sales or otherwise, which in the end are equivalent to lotteries, were prohibited by a great variety of statutes under heavy pecuniary penalties.' Such laws were about as efficacious as that of Henry VIII. which prohibits to '*all but gentelemen*' certain unlawful games. Assuredly the writer is justified in his view, that 'particular descriptions will ever be lame and deficient unless all games of mere chance are at once prohibited: the inventions of sharpers being swifter than the punishment of the law, which only hunts them from one device to another.' Thus also in the reign of the second George three Acts were passed, imposing penalties in certain games, notably faro, which nevertheless flourished. In 1764 George III. discontinued the immemorial custom of playing hazard on Twelfth Night at Court, and afterwards issued strict orders that no gaming was to be allowed in the Royal Palaces. But these efforts were without avail. 'In spite,' writes Lecky,‡ 'of royal precept and example, and in spite also of a number of laws which had in the preceding reign been enacted against gaming, there was as yet little diminution of this passion.' Charles Fox once said, that the highest play he had ever known was between 1772 and the outbreak of the American War, and the statement seems to be corroborated by

* Lucas's 'Memoirs of Gamesters.'

† Vol. iv. p. 173.

‡ 'England in the Eighteenth Century,' vol. vi. p. 151.

Horace

Horace Walpole. It is necessary, however, to dwell for a little on the later portion of the Georgian era, which is rich in the records of gamblers.

Facile princeps among gamblers was Charles James Fox. It would have been odd indeed if he had not been a gambler. It was early that he learned the habit.

'Never was there a more gracious child,' writes Trevelyan,* 'more rich in promise, more prone to good, when in the spring of 1763 the devil entered into the heart of Lord Holland. Harassed by his dispute with Lord Shelburne, he could think of no better diversion than to take Charles from his books and carry him to the Continent on a round of idleness and dissipation. At Spa his amusement was to send his son every night to the gaming table with a pocketful of gold; and the parent took not a little pains to contrive that the boy should leave France a finished rake.'

This was at fourteen. When little more than two years older, a time of life when in these days a boy is barely in the sixth form at school, Fox was admitted to Brooks's, the club he was afterwards to make famous, but the club where the temptations to gambling were the greatest of all. For, if the play was not higher than elsewhere, the players were all men whose position and persons rendered them attractive to a clever youth making his début in society.

'The men,' again we quote Trevelyan,† 'who swept up the gold and tilted out the dice on the old round table, on whose broad and glistening surface the evening papers now lie in innocent array, played more comfortably and more good humouredly than elsewhere, but they did not play for higher stakes. Society in these days was one vast casino. On whatever pretext . . . half-a-dozen people of fashion formed themselves together . . . the box was sure to be rattling and the cards were being cut and shuffled.'

Gambling was a profession to the leaders of the London world, of both sexes: and ladies of the highest rank were not above claiming, as one of the privileges of their sex, advantage in the conduct of the game, and in settling the results of the play. In such a society, when still in his teens, Charles James Fox took his rank as a grown man, with a disposition in which brilliance outshone skill, and daring outweighed caution, and with an iron constitution which enabled him to take the wildest liberties with the ordinary rules of life. What result could be expected? Born to shine, he shone in the society in which he found himself, and excelled at their practices. An admirable player at games of skill such as whist and piquet,

* 'Early History of Charles James Fox,' p. 19. † Ibid. p. 88.

his temperament made him prefer games of chance; and he too often matched himself against antagonists, who made hazard a game of chance only in name. His losses rapidly became enormous. In these days few men rise to eminence of any sort before forty, but Pitt was Prime Minister at twenty-five, and Fox was the King of Gamesters at twenty-two. Two incidental characteristics of this part of his life are remarkable. Nothing could alienate the sympathy of his friends, nothing could oust his own good humour. After a long day in the House of Commons and a long evening of continued ill-success, he would tranquilly lay his head on the gaming table and go off into a profound slumber. On the morning after an unusually ruinous night, Beauclerk called on him, expecting to find the excited player in a state of reaction, the ruined gambler hopelessly depressed. He found Fox placidly reading Herodotus. 'What would you have me do when I have lost my last shilling?'

His friends supported Fox with a loyalty, due more to affection for him than to reliance on Lord Holland. Many of them found him in funds, and more became security for his obligations. Their *esprit de corps* was known to the money lenders and to the satirists. One of the latter wrote: –

> 'But hark the noise of battle from afar;
> The Jews and Macaronies are at war;
> The Jews prevail, and thundering from the stocks
> They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox.'

But their support and his intellect availed nothing against continued failure. Fox's ill-luck was persistent:—

> 'If he touches a card, if he rattles a box
> Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.
> He has met, I'm afraid, with so many hard knocks,
> That cash is not plenty with this Mr. Fox.
> And he always must lose, for the strongest of locks
> Cannot keep any money for this Mr. Fox.'

And Walpole enumerating the things worth finding, bracketed the philosopher's stone, the missing books of Livy, and 'all that Charles Fox has lost.' His debts to friends and usurers had reached a huge amount in 1773, when a son was born to his elder brother, Stephen. But Lord Holland loved his brilliant scapegrace and his family honour too much to allow his son to be ruined. In spite of the portentous nature of the situation, as he soon found it, Lord Holland met the calls. 'High or low, grasping Jew or good Samaritan, no one was a penny the worse for having helped his favourite boy.'* By immediate

* Early History of Charles James Fox, p. 491.

payments

payments or the creation of annuities which fell in, Charles was cleared, and the Fox property lessened by 140,000*l.* He was then twenty-four. He had already acquired a position in the senate equalled only by that of his great rival. An opportunity of a wealthy marriage was apparently within his reach, and even with Pitt opposed to him, there is no position to which he could not have attained. But the passion of play was too much for him. Neither Lord Holland's kindness nor the remonstrances of his friends could expel nature; and to gambling is due the fact, that Fox must go down to posterity as the most brilliant, the most gifted, but not the most successful of public men.

But he had many rivals to contest his supremacy. George Selwyn for many years of his life played high, and his correspondence abounds with passages referring to the gambling transactions of himself and his friends. In the latter period of his life he is said* to have got the better of his propensity for play, which 'is too great a consumer of four things—time, health, fortune, and thinking.' One of his partners was Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry, who in 1771 brought an action to recover five hundred guineas, the amount of a wager laid with Mr. Pigot as to whether Sir William Codrington or old Mr. Pigot would die first. The case was tried before Lord Mansfield, and a verdict found for the plaintiff. Richard Rigby and General Fitzpatrick; Henry Furnese, Secretary and afterwards Lord of the Treasury; 'Fish' Craufurd, and Lords Doneraile, Derby, and Chesterfield, were among a large number of less well-known men who played persistently and deep. But play was not confined to one society or one class:—

'It is extremely to be lamented,' said Lord Kenyon, in a charge delivered in 1796, 'that the vice of gambling has descended to the very lowest orders of the people. It is prevalent among the highest ranks of society, who have set an example to their inferiors and seem to think themselves too great for the law. I wish they could be punished. If any prosecutions are fairly brought before me, and the parties are justly convicted, whatever may be their rank or station in the country—though they should be the first ladies in the land—they shall certainly exhibit themselves in the pillory.'

In the following year Lady Buckinghamshire and two other ladies of position were in fact condemned not indeed to the pillory, but to pay fifty pounds for illegal gambling.†

* The accuracy of this is very doubtful. He introduced Wilberforce to Brooks's in 1782, when sixty-three.

† Walpole's 'Old Times,' quoted by Lecky, 'England in the Eighteenth Century,' vol. vi. p. 132.

Steinmetz has collected a number of anecdotes of gamesters of this period:* of Sir J. B., who lost 32,000*l.* one night, and shot himself; of Lord F., who died in 1793, having played away an estate of 18,000*l.* a year, and 100,000*l.* in ready money; of Lord D., who succeeded to a large property in Ireland, but encumbered with play-debts amounting to a quarter of a million; of a certain Duchess, wife of a *ci-devant* Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who was fleeced of 200,000*l.*; of Henry Weston, hanged in 1796 for forgery undertaken to defray card-debts; of W. B., a Scotch gentleman of good position, convicted in Edinburgh of violent theft of bank-notes taken for the same purpose. In 1818 nearly every month of the year was distinguished by a duel or duels resulting from gambling quarrels. In a word, the law seemed utterly unable to cope with a habit, which produced disasters of terrible frequency, but of the advantages of which it is impossible to discover a trace.

It was not only at cards that men gambled. Lotteries abounded, though, as we have said, they were to some extent reduced in 1778. The upper classes won or lost money on horse-races; and there was no subject under the sun on which they did not bet. The notorious betting-book at Brooks's is, in Trevelyan's opinion, a curious memorial of the society of the time, possessing an interest of its own which resembles nothing in any library or museum in the country. Fifty guineas that Lord Thurlow gets a tellership of the Exchequer for his son; fifty that Mademoiselle Heinel does not dance at the Opera House next winter; fifty that Lord Ilchester gives his first vote in Opposition and kills his first ten pheasants. A hundred guineas that Consols fall ten per cent. before they rise ten per cent. (made in April 1778). Three guineas to receive five hundred if the Allied Armies are out of Paris at Christmas 1794. One to twenty that martial law is proclaimed before Charles Fox is of the Privy Council. Two to twenty on Lady Weymouth having the Treasury against Lord Weymouth. One to receive a hundred when Lord Derby goes up in a balloon. Ten that Free-trade is abolished before Episcopacy. Five hundred to ten that none of the Cabinet were beheaded within three years. Bets upon the marriages and deaths of members. Bets upon 'an event understood between the bettors.' Bets upon events of little public interest and less delicate nature, some of them erased by the prudery of a later age. Assuredly can the members of Brooks's say—

* Many of them will be found in a volume called 'The Gaming Calendar,' by Seymour Harcourt, published in 1820.

'Quidquid

'Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas
. . . . nostri farrago libelli.'

Brooks's, however, had not the monopoly of club play:—

'The gaming at Almack's,' writes Walpole to Horace Mann, which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy of the decline of the Empire. The young men of the age lose ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale, not one-and-twenty, lost 11,000*l.* there last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard. He swore a great oath: "now if I had been playing deep I might have won millions."'

At the 'Cocoa-tree' in 1780 there was a cast at hazard, the difference of which amounted to 180,000*l.* At Graham's Club took place the whist which led to the notorious De Ros trial. Lord de Ros being accused of cheating, brought an action for libel against his traducers, but lost a verdict, which he only survived a short time. The 'Times,' in a leading article, said that the public judgment perfectly coincided with the verdict; and perhaps the least severe criticism on the event was Hook's punning epitaph, 'Here lies the premier baron of England patiently awaiting the last trump.' In earlier days White's had a well-deserved but not bright reputation:—

'It is dreadful,' writes a well-known peer in 1750, 'to see not only there, but almost in every house in the town, what devastations were made by that destructive fury, the spirit of play; I tremble to think that the rattling of a dice-box at White's may one day or other, if my son should be a member of that noble society, strike down all our fine oaks.'

Wattier's, where Macao flourished, and where Brummell shone for a dozen years, came to an untimely end in 1819, and was taken by a set of blacklegs. But perhaps the most widely notorious club of all, though a club only in name, was Crockford's, established in 1827. Crockford, who seems to have been a fishmonger, was a man of much energy and no little tact. Having accumulated some capital, he set up the establishment in St. James's Street, which was described at its opening as 'the new Pandemonium, whose walls will tell no tales.' There he kept a hazard bank against all comers. He seems to have played fairly, but fully availed himself of the advantages of being the banker. His courtesy and good manners made 'Crocky's' the rage, and young and old, rich and poor, provided only they had the *entrée* to good London society, were admitted to his rooms, and thronged to swell his profits. In 1840 he retired, having accumulated a fortune of at least a million sterling.

The

The executive government, lenient to the clubs to which many of their members belonged, seem to have made several spasmodic and not whole-hearted attempts to put down gambling in other classes of society. In 1797 the 'Bedford Arms' was attacked under warrant by the police, who, after a strenuous siege, forced their way in and found fifteen persons at table, but not actually playing, so there could not be a conviction. Two years later the police made several raids; one on a house in Leicester Square, whence one of the gamblers endeavouring to escape fell into the area and was killed; another on two of the notorious places in King's Place. But the law-breakers were stronger than the law-makers, even when the latter were in earnest; the breaking up of one 'hell' merely led to the establishment of another, and the evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons in 1844 clearly showed, that gambling went on in a large number of houses frequented by persons of all positions. There were over twenty such places in Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and St. James's Street alone. Nor were the stakes confined to money; clothes, and jewels, houses and timber, were staked, and alas! sometimes by women that which is more valuable than either. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable wager ever made was brought to light in an investigation which took place at Bow Street in 1812. The police officer reported that he had seen two men on a wall on Hampstead Road, one of them hanging by his neck from a lamp-post, having been just tied up and 'turned off' by the other. It appears that the men had 'tossed' all day, first for money, then for their clothes, and last which of the two should hang the other. The larger man of the twain lost the toss, and was actually paying the penalty when the police officer intervened to save his life.

Of course there was a good deal of cheating. Of the *émigrés* driven from France by the French Revolution there were many who lived upon play, and several of these managed to prolong their depredations for some time. 'A certain Frenchman,' writes Mr. Dunne,* 'who assumed in London the title and manner of a baron, has been known to surpass all the most dexterous rogues of the three kingdoms in the art of robbing. His aide-de-camp was a kind of German captain who acted the double part of a French spy and an English officer.' In 1820, James Lloyd, who was a Methodist preacher on Saturdays, and the keeper of a Little-go or illegal lottery all the rest of the week, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour. And proceedings against one William Wright in Brighton, three

* See Steinmetz, vol. i. p. 129.

years

years earlier, showed a most discreditable state of affairs carried on in the libraries of that ever-popular watering-place.

Among the best known men of their time, who paid heavy penalty for their love of play, were Beau Brummell and Tom Duncombe. For a time very lucky, the former pursued a career of brilliant insolence almost without a rival. Winning largely one day of the Lord Mayor of London, who was a brewer, he pocketed the cash with a low bow and said, 'Thank you, Alderman! for the future I will never drink any porter but yours.' 'I wish, sir,' replied the Mayor, 'that every blackguard in London would say the same.' For many years Brummell held his own, and more than held his own, with men whose purses were far longer. But the turn came—Brummell himself used to say, after the loss of a lucky sixpence with a hole in it—and Brummell went rapidly down hill. He died in abject poverty, in 1840, at the age of sixty-two. Tom Duncombe, heir to a fine fortune, was an *habitué* of Tattersall's, Almack's, Crockford's, and other temples of play, and being as generous and high-spirited as Fox himself, soon rivalled him in the extent of his losses. At one time his father paid 135,000*l.* for him, a sum closely approaching that paid by Lord Holland for Fox. Like Fox, he profited nothing by experience, and died poor. There were those who thought that the great Duke of Wellington was among high players. But in 1823 the Duke, who as a rule did not much care what people thought or said of him, took an opportunity of writing to a barrister who had publicly alluded to the rumour, and declaring that in the whole course of his life he had never won or lost 20*l.* at any game, and that he had never played hazard or any game of chance in any public place or club. It is tolerably clear that, unlike Blücher, who repeatedly lost great sums, the Duke was no gambler. 'The great Captain,' writes Mr. Timbs, 'was never known to play deep at any game, not war or politics.' Neither, however, was he in any sense a gambler at these.

Soon after the commencement of the present reign there occurred a considerable lull in the fever of high play. Crockford's, as we have seen, was abandoned by its originator in 1840. In 1846 an Act was passed, making all contracts, whether by parol or writing, by way of gaming or wagering, null and void, and no suit maintainable in any court of law or equity to recover any sum of money or valuable thing alleged to have been won upon any wager, or which should have been deposited in the hands of any person to abide the event on which any wager should have been made. But the Act, though it did much by making wagers incapable of legal enforcement, did less to discourage

discourage gambling than a change in the attitude of those who had influence on the habit of English society. Play grew into disfavour not only absolutely at Court, where the Consort of the Sovereign entirely abhorred it, but among the ranks of statesmen, and men of wealth and culture. The places of Fox and Duncombe, Chesterfield and Queensberry, were not filled up. Hazard and lansquenet fell into disfavour, and where there was play at all, the more moderate attractions of whist and piquet replaced them. The 'rattle of the bones' was no longer heard at Brooks's, and that club subsided into being one of the most quiet and respectable in any metropolis. Gambling, driven about the same period from France, took refuge in German watering-places. There at Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Homburg, and elsewhere, *roulette* and *trente et un* tables flourished for over a quarter of a century, with the sanction of the governments and to their profit, but to the detriment of many citizens of all the principal European States. The play was strictly fair, but the chances in favour of the keepers of the banks were so great, that all those harpies made enormous fortunes. One of them was called Le Blanc, and the answer he gave to a youthful request for his advice is characteristic for coolness and for truth. 'Dites-moi,' said a beardless tyro to him, 'est-ce que le rouge gagne ou le noir?' 'Monsieur,' was the cynical reply, 'Le Blanc gagne toujours.' The tables of course attracted to them swindlers of all kinds, who found, however, in private play a greater scope for their talents than they could obtain in the public rooms. A good story is told of the unmasking of one of these. A well-known conjuror of honest reputation, whose powers of sleight of hand made it impossible for him to play cards for money, suspected a frequent player of écarté and such games of unfair play: and sitting down with him, with the cognizance of several bystanders, soon found his suspicions confirmed. At one period of the game the players were 'four all,' and the conjuror's opponent turned up the king. 'Very remarkable indeed,' said the conjuror, in a tone of emphasis which arrested his opponent's attention.—'Yes, a lucky coup,' was the reply. 'Very remarkable *indeed*. I have the four kings of the pack in my lap.'

The play at Homburg and Baden increased, as all continual play is apt to increase, in fury and in amount. During the season men and women of all nations and all classes thronged the well-lit and luxurious *salons de jeu*. Statesmen and financiers sat side by side with turf men of little reputation and *chevaliers d'industrie* of none at all. Ambassadresses, wives of ministers, and owners of the proudest names in the aristo-

cracy

cracy of Russia, France, Italy, Spain, and even England, were jostled at the gambling table by the '*cruchecassées*' and *cocottes* of European capitals. 'At least one half of the company,' said Mr. G. Sala in one of a series of brilliant papers he wrote on the subject, 'may be assumed to be arrant rascals, rascals male and female, the off-scourings of all the shut-up gambling-houses in Europe, *demi-reps* and *lorettes*, single and unmarried women innumerable.' The display of emotion was studiously checked and scandals were carefully hushed up. But scandals occurred, nevertheless, and the tragic ending of many a night of ill success in the cool morning of the Homburg hills has formed the subject of the satire of the academy and the press. In 1868 the Prussian Government took up the matter with a high hand. In February of that year an announcement was made, that 'the Prussian Government not having been able to obtain from the lessees of the gaming-tables at Wiesbaden, Ems, and Homburg, their consent to the cancelling of the contracts, has resolved to terminate their privileges by a legislative measure. It has presented a Bill, fixing the year 1872 as the limit of the existence of these establishments, and even authorizing the Government to suppress them at an earlier period by royal ordinance. No indemnity is to be allowed to persons holding concessions.' The action of Prussia was generally applauded. The association of her favourite watering-places with 'hells' had grown to deserve the opprobrium of Europe. As a leading newspaper in England stated, 'Gambling practised habitually is a leprosy; and, as it is by habitual gamblers that these haunts are made to flourish, this alone should reconcile the world of tourists to a deprivation which for them must be slight; while to the class they imitate without equalling, it will be the prohibition of an abominable habit.' The law was carried into effect in 1872. Thenceforth on the tables of the Kursaals of Homburg, Baden Baden, and Wiesbaden, the evening newspapers have lain with the same innocence as that with which Trevelyan describes them lying on the round table at Brooks's. Homburg was driven to rely on her natural attractions, and we believe that she has not been a sufferer. And the reprobate throngs that once ruined her reputation, forced from one more of their strongholds, find it not easy now to get a resting-place for the soles of their feet. Indeed, except at Monte Carlo, it would be difficult to find in Europe a public *salon de jeu*, though there is scarcely perhaps a capital without several of those clubs, the admission to which depends on practically little more than payment of a subscription.

The American temperament is calculated to encourage gambling,

gambling, and it is not a matter of wonder that gambling abounds in the Great Republic. The spirit of speculation pervades all their actions, and, influencing their political and commercial circles, influences still more other portions of their society. Even the Presidential election is made the subject of heavy wagers, and pecuniary interest largely affects votes. It is difficult to read an American newspaper without finding allusions to some form or other of gambling, and many of their works of fiction teem with references to play. By far the larger proportion of the writings of Bret Harte, for instance, deal with the gambling transactions of the western miners, not the least notorious being the witty account of a contest between a Heathen Chinee and two Euchre players, at which

> 'The floor it was strewed,
> Like leaves on the strand,
> With the cards which Ah Sin had been hiding
> At the game he did not understand.'

Their favourite card game, however, seems to be Poker. A late American Minister introduced it into England, where it flourishes only to a moderate extent. Inasmuch as under certain circumstances a player is not obliged to show his hand, the element of personal idiosyncrasy is introduced into the game, and a player has to think of his opponent's character as well as his own cards. It may be that this peculiarity has hindered its popularity in this country. Another favourite game on both sides of the Atlantic is Napoleon. Five cards are dealt, and the players in turn declare the number of tricks each claims to make; whoever declares the highest number plays against the rest, and the first led card makes trumps. It is scarcely a game to play in mixed society, for the advantages obtainable by confederates are enormous. A good story is told of the outwitting of a pair of such players by an apparent innocent. Only two players were playing; and to one, the innocent, was dealt ace, king, queen, knave of clubs and ace of diamonds. He naturally backed himself to get five tricks, the chances in favour of his doing so being enormous, supposing the hands to be fairly dealt. His wagers to an increasing amount were taken by an outsider looking over his opponent's hand. The readiness with which his offers were accepted raised his suspicions, and when his bets rose to a high stake he made diamonds trumps, and found his adversary with five clubs. The biters were deservedly bit.

So far for gambling in other countries and at other times.

We

We propose to devote the remainder of our space to the present position of English gambling. And first as regards gambling at cards. It is unquestionable that there is no such card play as characterized the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first three decades of this. A few years ago we doubt whether this could have been said. Very heavy sums have been lost by more than one well-known member of present society. And whist for very high stakes prevailed at more than one club, frequented by the *jeunesse dorée* of the last decade. But the round tables at Brooks's and White's have disappeared, and nothing has exactly taken their place. Hazard is dead. Dice, save for inoffensive backgammon, are unused. Macao, Faro, E and O, Lansquenet, and other games of bygone days are unknown. The American games of Poker and Euchre have gained no hold. In a word, the evil of card play is not, in London society, prevalent to anything like the extent known to the last years of George III. But there still is card play in the great cities of England, which is harmful both in itself and from the example it gives and the taste it fosters. A recent case which came before the Divisional Court* brought to light the popularity of the game of Baccarat among young men of good position and education. The investigations of the police have shown, that there are many play establishments in London to which strangers can without difficulty obtain access. The author or authors of a volume called 'Tempted London,' the title of which we have placed at the head of this paper, assert that there is scarcely a district in the metropolis in which such clubs do not exist. 'From Hampstead to Camberwell, from Bayswater to Clerkenwell, in side streets and main thoroughfares, it is not too much to say that, wherever you may be standing, you are not more than five or ten minutes' walk from a gaming house.' They (we assume the plural) declare that the number of such places increases year by year. Their existence becomes easily known to the class likely to use them, far more easily than to the police. They are apparently frequented by mechanics, workingmen, artizans, and clerks. There is the same mixture of rook and pigeon, decoy, jackal, and tyro, which many writers beside Mr. Sala have described at the German kursaals. The female element is not less present. The usual scenes take place. The usual results follow. 'You will see,' says the writer of one of the clearest and most temperate chapters ('a bird's-eye view of London gambling') 'last sixpences being staked all

* Turpin v. Jenks, 13 Q. B. D. 505.

round;

round; and you can watch the eager, nervous men who have come to win back what they had. And what are they trying to win it back with? Is it their own or their family's bread? In some cases it may be neither.' The writer of this chapter says, it behoves us to enquire whether the law makes provision for dealing effectually with gaming houses. But on this point there is no doubt. The Courts have held Baccarat to be an illegal game, and the law is unquestionably strong enough and clear enough to crush these play 'clubs,' to which a man can obtain election while he is taking off his coat and hat. This was admitted before the Committees of the House of Commons and the House of Lords in 1844, and the recent case to which we have alluded has made it still more clear. It has been argued that police interference does little good, and that the proprietors, if ousted from one building, will readily set up another. But experience has shown, as it did in 1844, that this is not practically the case, and that the police, if they act resolutely and *persistently*, can to a great extent thwart and make difficult the efforts of those who maintain such places.

Of course, in many of the higher-class London clubs, there are card rooms, where Whist and Piquet, Ecarté or Bézique, are played with varying stakes and with much perseverance. And equally, of course, there are many opportunities afforded for working-men and clerks to lose a portion of their earnings, which may be regrettable in themselves. But with neither would it be wise to interfere. For it is hopeless to expect that any action of the Legislature or Executive can entirely put an end to gambling. Stakes higher than players can afford are being lost every week, and will be lost every week till the millennium. But it is impossible to prevent associations of individuals, or entirely control their actions when *bonâ fide* enjoying each other's society. What can be prevented, both legally and practically, is the spread of gaming houses, the proprietors of which, by fair means or foul, prey upon all the unfortunates whom they entice to their dens. On the whole, though the card sharper can still find his victims, and even the fair play holder of card banks ample opportunity of benefiting by his advantages, we doubt whether the evils of card play alone are at present so great as to justify of themselves either the comments of the Church Congress, or further interference of the Legislature. It may be that there is need of further boldness on the part of the police, for which we venture to think they would find support in public opinion. But the mischief arising from card play is small, we believe, when compared with the mischief arising from horse racing.

The

The recent development of horse racing has been enormous. The Legislature has encouraged it. Formerly horse racing was subject to serious restrictions. Under the Statute of Anne it was penal to win, at any rate on credit, more than 10*l.* at any one time; and the Statute (13 Geo. II. c. 19) prohibited any horse race except at Newmarket or Blackhambleton in Yorkshire, for any prize of less value than 50*l.*, the object apparently being * to prevent horse races being run, where the prize was not sufficiently remunerative to encourage the improvement of the breed. But early in the present reign an Act was passed (3 & 4 Vic. c. 35) which, the Court has held, has legalized all horse racing; and, though by a still more recent Statute (42 & 43 Vic. c. 18), races within ten miles of London unless licensed have been forbidden, the difficulty of getting licences is not insuperable, and the rest of the kingdom is left uncontrolled. In a word, the Legislature has acted on the view, that horse racing encourages the breed of horses, and should therefore be itself encouraged, and Parliament endorses the action of the sovereign in giving plates to be run for on certain defined conditions. This attitude of the Legislature is in accord with the recommendations of the Committees of each House in 1844, to whose decisions we have already referred. The Committee of the House of Commons reported that—

'Your Committee would be very sorry to discourage horse racing. That sport has long been a favourite one of all classes of the British nation, both at home and abroad, and it has been systematically encouraged by the Government with a view to . . . keeping up . . . an improved breed of horses throughout the country.'

The Committee of the House of Lords, with greater caution if at the same time with great boldness, reported that—

'Your Committee think it desirable that this amusement should be upheld, because it is in accordance with a long-established national taste, because it seems to bring together for a common object vast bodies of people in different parts of the country, and to promote intercourse between different classes of society; † and because, without the stimulus which racing affords, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to maintain that purity of blood and standard of excellence which have rendered the breed of English horses superior to that of any other country in the world. The Committee would, however, consider these advantages more than problematical if they were to be unavoidably purchased by *excessive gambling and the vice and misery which it entails*.' (The italics are ours.)

* Scrutton, p. 79.

† A remarkable reason, equally applicable to the Kursaals at Homburg and Ems.

The

The result of this attitude of the Legislature has been, that horse races are held in all parts of the country, and, save when the ground is hard frozen, at all times of the year. Formerly there were a few great meetings, and a few great prizes. There were matches and sweepstakes, the object of which, and the result of which, were to develop the stamina and speed of race horses, who, being subsequently put to the stud, produced offspring useful to the commercial community. The owners of horses and their friends bet with each other on the success of their own animals, meeting, chiefly if not only, at weight for age. The outside public took comparatively little interest in any but a few of the great races of the year, and the professional betting man was far from being a universal institution.

All this is changed. Handicaps have come into vogue Short-distance races are popular. Small meetings abound And there is scarcely a day in the year save, so far as this country is concerned, Sundays, on which there is no horse race of some kind. Further, there has sprung up a powerful ring of professional bettors, whose business is to lay against any horse, and with all comers. Nor is this all; formerly bets were rarely made, on the less important races at all events, except on the course. But now the electric telegraph has brought, within reach of all the so-called sporting centres, an immediate knowledge of the events of distant racecourses. Consequently, there has spread a system of betting 'on the tape,' which is pregnant with important results. It is easy to have a room in London, to which can be telegraphed all that goes on at Epsom, Sandown, Manchester, or Newmarket. The facility thus given to betting is enormous. A young man, unable to go to the race meeting, has only to walk to a comfortable and well-furnished room on the ground floor of an accessible London house, to find, not only the utmost consideration for his creature comforts, but also the fullest possible information telegraphed up every five minutes from the course, and a bettor ready to bet against any horse running. The click of the tape machine furnishes him first with a list of starters and jockeys, then with the odds currently laid, and in a very short time with the winner of the race. By his side is a clerk ready to enter any bet he may make, and the result of his coup is in a very short time known to him. Such a system is every whit as insidious as the system of public card tables, which was once so productive of disaster. From noon till five o'clock, of at least seventy per cent. of the days of the year, young men 'about town,' can lounge on a sofa, smoking a cigar and quenching an imaginary thirst.

thirst, while they make bets on races occurring in a distant scene, the principal incidents of which are as well known to them as to the spectators present.

In other classes of society the facilities for betting have, in spite of the efforts of the Legislature, also increased. An Act, passed in 1853,* was aimed at the prevention of betting, not perhaps between individuals *inter se*, but between all comers and one or a limited number of partners holding the bat against all the rest.† It had some effect in driving abroad or into private the 'list men' who advertised the odds and touted for custom. But the wiles of bettors are not easily defeated, and where profits are great men are content to run some risk. We have reason to know that, in many parts of London and other populous towns, some such system as the following is largely prevalent. A man goes to a known shop, say a tobacconist's or a coffee tavern, and hands in a sum of money wrapped up in a piece of paper, on which is the name of a race and the name of the horse he wishes to back to win it. At the same time, he lays down the price of the screw of tobacco or cup of coffee he assumes to wish to purchase. The money is taken by the proprietor, who hands over what stakes are won after the conclusion of the race. If it is asked how a system can succeed which is dependent on no contract, the answer is, that the taker of the money has far too great an interest in the plan to attempt default. Strictly honest payment of losses is a good advertisement, and is the surest possible road to large profits. The chances in favour of the layer are so great that he can afford, not only prompt discharge of admitted liabilities, but many concessions in regard to transactions in dispute. And thus the gudgeons swim in, the ringmen grow in wealth.

Or it may be that the bookmen, 'bookies' or 'pencillers,' as they are called, whose business it is to lay the odds, adopt another plan. They establish their principal domicile at some near Continental town, such as Boulogne, whence they send invitations to all whom they are likely to catch. They pay their losses punctually and even liberally, for the reason we have described above, and they rely on the comfortable assurance, that the post will, in consequence of direct and indirect advertisements, bring them in an amount of orders, coins, and cheques, amply sufficient to ensure them a wide margin of profit. We subjoin an extract from a recent publication of one of this fraternity, which for boldness of advertisement it would be hard to parallel:—

* See Sir A. Cockburn's Speech. Hansard, vol. cxxx. p. 87.
† Sheffield, p. 167.

'Very

'VERY IMPORTANT.

'*Caution to our Clients and the Public generally.*

'We learn, with great regret, that some unscrupulous persons have been sending circulars out, broadcast, from London and elsewhere, purporting to be published in a philanthropic spirit, but in reality making base insinuations as to the stability and integrity of old-established firms in Boulogne.

'Although, owing to the unassailable reputation we have gained for *straightforward dealing and business promptitude*, these cowardly attacks and calumnies cannot do us any harm in the eyes of our clients, they may deceive credulous persons. We, therefore, feel it our duty to point out that, at certain periods of the year, adventurers spring up, like mushrooms, and lay traps for the unwary, until their nefarious practices are found out, when they *immediately change their name and address, and appear in a new guise in some other quarter.*

'*To protect ourselves, therefore, we beg to assure our clients, and others, that at no time in our career of* eight-and-thirty years *was our business on a sounder basis; and further, that, while the large capital at our command gives every security to those who entrust us with their commissions, our extensive ramifications and close connection with the London markets enables us to guarantee the best and fairest rate of odds obtainable.*

'Owing to the admirable *Postal and Telegraphic* arrangements existing between England and France, we are enabled to carry on our business with every possible facility and speed.'

Others, more hardy, defy the law and remain in the United Kingdom. Every now and then they issue notices, that 'Mr. A. B. begs to inform his clients and the public that his offices are at ——.' Or 'that noblemen and gentlemen, who are able to appreciate reliable information of a practical turfite of twenty years' standing, should communicate without delay for terms to ——.' Others simply publish their names and addresses as 'turf agents' or 'turf accountants.' But the meaning in every case is well known; they readily accept every offer of a bet, provided of course that they are the judges of its terms, and happy are they if their first transactions with a new client necessitate a payment by themselves. In such a case they may trust their client to proclaim his astuteness and their honesty. They promptly pay their losses, with the certain knowledge, that more and more gudgeons will be attracted to so excellent a swim. They have numberless allies, of some of whom the influence is direct, of some indirect. Among the first are the 'touters' and 'tipsters,' who drive a thriving trade by simply giving advice, for which they charge nothing if unsuccessful. By themselves and their dupes every success of these is loudly proclaimed, every failure carefully hushed up or explained away. There are not

wanting

wanting men of good education and ample means, who carefully collate the advice of such prophets and act on it. There are many more who pin their faith on one guide and follow him, as slavishly as a heathen follows his fetish, and so treat him when their reverence is stimulated by triumph, or when it is utterly destroyed by repeated defeat. Of the latter are the publicans, who encourage turf talk; the newsagents, who circulate turf gossip; and the loafers, who themselves, may be, beyond the pale, flatter and fawn on all who still occupy a position within it. Between the two is the 'turf commissioner,' who does not bet himself, but makes it his business to collect information. He it is who with many a nod, and wink, and whisper, tells of a 'good thing' not known to the outside world. He can 'get on his friends money at a remunerative price.' If it is intrusted to him, he either, if tolerably honest, pockets a high commission on the transaction, or, if the horse loses keeps the stake, and if it wins, blandly expresses his regret that 'he could not get it on.'

We have no need to appeal to statistics to show how prevalent is the system of betting, how large a hold it has upon all classes of society. It is impossible, in London or the chief provincial towns, to go to a bookstall without seeing a large array of sporting newspapers, whose *raison d'être* is the diffusion of more or less true intelligence, and less or more false gossip on turf matters. No one can take a journey by a morning train into London, or an evening train out of it, by whatever class he travels, without meeting some fellow-traveller reading the sporting intelligence of a newspaper. All through the principal streets of London there run boys who in the forenoon endeavour to thrust upon the passer-by what they call turf telegrams, and in the afternoon deafen his ears by shouts of 'winner,' 'winner.' The supply presumes the demand. Unless these urchins had a sale for their wares, they would discontinue the trade. Even the highest-class newspapers publish turf intelligence, and all but the very highest give a daily quotation of the odds. Over and above newspapers pure and simple, there is a large circulation of publications containing turf stories and turf anecdotes. Few of the anecdotes are distinguished for morality, and most of the stories are of swindles defeated, or of the cutting of one diamond by another. Cleverness rather than honesty is the lesson inculcated by such literature, and its influence is terribly wide.

We would not be misunderstood. Against horse racing in itself we have nothing to say. If the best horses in the realm could be brought to compete against each other for the credit of victory, for such prizes as those which satisfied Corinthian

competitors, or even for a reward of moderate intrinsic value, there could be little to complain of, either in the competition or its results. But the development of the breed of horses, and wholesome emulation among owners and breeders, are at present very far removed indeed from being the chief or even prominent among the objects for which horse racing is encouraged. The state of things hinted at by the Committee of the Lords in 1844 is, we say advisedly, upon us. The benefits, such as they are, of horse racing, can only now be purchased at the cost of 'excessive gambling and the vice and misery which it entails.' That vice and that misery are eating into the heart of the nation. They are sapping, surely and not slowly, the honest instincts which, maintained through many generations and in spite of many difficulties, made our commerce the most successful in the world. Not only is racing, as at present pursued, the direct cause of ruin to many a home and the destruction to many a career, but it tends to foster habits and methods absolutely antagonistic to national progress. Unless horse racing can be severed from betting, and betting sternly checked, the value of horse racing as a pastime must come to an end. The present tendency of the Legislature is to exercise a large interference with the power of individuals to injure themselves. There can scarcely be a subject more worthy of the attention of Parliament, than the evil to which we have called attention. We fully recognize the difficulties. We fully admit, not only the intricacy of the subject itself, but also the strong probability, that any but the most carefully framed scheme may defeat its own object. We fully appreciate the immense opposition, which any attempt to deal with it would provoke from the enormous army of voters and non-voters interested in the present system, and the very lukewarm support to be expected from its votaries. But the scandal is growing greater year by year, and it is not too much to expect some courage and determination in a matter so widely affecting the true interests of the people.

Towards such a result, as we have said before, a wholesome public opinion can contribute greatly. The influence of the Church, if properly exercised, may do much; and such addresses as those delivered at the Church Congress, by the Dean of Rochester and the speakers who followed him, must have weighty effect. But lay opinion will do more. And the Churchmen who spoke at Manchester wisely admitted the importance of this factor. They themselves may dwell on the sinfulness of gambling and betting. It devolves upon others to dwell on their folly. We have nearly exhausted the limits of

our

our space. We propose to devote the little that remains to an attempt to formulate a few of the considerations which, if urged with a force greater than any we can claim, might possibly have some influence on all who, tempted by the attractions of the card room or the turf, are not wholly dominated by their sway.

We may start with the proposition, that the principal object of any one who gambles or bets is to win. The argument, that men usually and as a rule gamble for amusement, will not hold water. Occasionally men do play with much interest for stakes, which are of little or no moment to them. A notable instance of this may be found in the late Mr. Forster,* who was devoted to whist, but was in no sense a gambler. And in every generation there have been a limited number of men, fond of card play and betting, to whom a long run of loss would entail no inconvenience. But these are the exceptions. An enormous percentage of those, who play cards or bet, do so to make money, and cannot afford to lose. Now, it is reasonable to ask a young man to calculate before he takes his first step, what his chances are at either. If he plays cards, he must do so with men who understand the game he selects better than he does. It is conceivable that he may have as great a genius for cards as Mr. Paul Morphy had for chess, in which case he may hold his own from the commencement. But unless this is so—and how often is it so?—the beginner will be at a disadvantage. Among the men he plays with, even supposing all the play to be fair,—a large concession—will be many who understand all the points of the game, all the *finesse* of which it is capable. Long experience and great labour will alone enable him to arrive at the same excellence. During the time necessary he must be a loser. The advantage will be ever against him, and, if the luck is equal, there will be a steady drain upon his resources. But what if the luck is not equal, but in his favour—a state of things every beginner hopes to realize? In such a case, improbable as it is, he will be encouraged to treat his winnings as income, and to adopt a system of expenditure which continued success alone can justify. When men win, they spend their money because it is in their pocket; when they lose, they equally spend it, because a little more or less does not matter. When the luck turns—as no one who plays is, or can possibly be, always successful—the mode of life will not be changed, and other resources, whatever they are, will be called upon to make good not only losses but expenditure which they would not, even

* See Wemyss Reid's 'Life of Forster,' vol. ii. chap. xi. p. 474.

if there were no losses, support. No one can persistently win at cards, except those who apply their whole energies and intellect to card play and make it a profession, or those who, like keepers of public tables, have a steady advantage in the conditions of the same. Such men as 'Deadly Smooth' in Lord Lytton's famous comedy may, and in real life many of them do, make a steady income from play. But even these are losers, because their talents and perseverance, if devoted to any other pursuit, would produce a larger return. The ordinary player must at some time find the pull against him, and will probably always find it so. The young man, whatever his status in life is and whatever his abilities, must buy his experience. He is very likely to have to pay for it more than he can afford; and, if he gets it, he can only use it by a sacrifice of a vast amount of application and energy taken from other channels. Unless he draws largely upon his powers, mental, physical, and financial, he cannot be in a position to win. The alternatives which lie before him are continued and incessant loss, or the adoption of the profession of a gambler, in which for all other purposes he will be

'Lost to life, and use, and fame,'

turning night into day, with no enjoyments and no relaxation, sacrificed to the blandishments of a worse harlot than Vivien and barely able to hear the echo of the world, 'Oh fool.'

If he bets, the chances are even greater against the beginner. The odds actually laid by book-makers are demonstrably less than the mathematical odds. It is their business to obtain, and they do obtain, a large amount of accurate information which enables them to lay certain bets with safety. Even if every horse in every race were to do its best to win, if there were no jockeys interested in losing, no owners looking forward to future handicaps, no trainers starting horses absolutely unbacked, the advantage would be with the layers, and not with the takers of odds. Putting, for the sake of argument, all knavery on one side, and we fear this is the only condition on which we can put it on one side, the ordinary backer would be unable to get prices which would, in the long run, bring him out a winner. If any one doubts this, let him take for a year the mounts of a winning jockey, the most winning jockey. Let him presume that he has had a bet on every race in which that jockey has ridden. And we confidently assert that, in no year, and with no jockey, will he find that he would be a winner. Every young man who bets thinks that he has 'information' which will lead to his success. Whence does such information come? From some one interested in deceit? from some one whose profession

fession it is to give information in the assurance that, if he varies it enough, *some of it* will be right? From some one—this is perhaps the most favourable supposition—who has a *bonâ-fide* knowledge of the secrets of the stable? In the first cases it is absolutely valueless, in the last it must, *ex hypothesi*, be of less use to him than it is to the owner or owners of the horse. In no one case can he take benefit by it. Owners of horses, never making a bet except on a horse meant to win, and with a good chance of winning, have found betting unprofitable. Clever men devoting themselves to a painstaking study of the performances of all the principal horses, understanding the conditions of each race, and carefully collecting and weighing every fact that the public can know about the state of health and powers of the horses competing, have found betting unprofitable. What possible chance can the outsider have, who acts on what he is told by a paragraph written in a newspaper, or by a horsey gentleman with a bird's-eye scarf in a club or a public-house?

But more is lost than money. And George Selwyn left out one thing, when he said that gambling consumed time, health, money, and thinking. Gambling, as Charles Kingsley says,* is almost the only thing in the world in which the honourable man is no match for the dishonourable man. The scrupulous man is weaker, by the very fact of his scruples, than he who has none. When a man begins to bet or play, he will probably only have a high feeling of honour, a strong moral sense, and his surplus time will be devoted to his new pursuit. When he wins, he will consider it folly not to make the most of his luck. More and more of the hours of the day and week will be spent in the profitable occupation. He will be lavish and generous with his winnings, but his keenness in making them will grow. When he loses, he will bear the change with equanimity at first. The tide has ebbed, but will flow again soon. But if his luck is equal, and his skill enables him to take advantage of it, his losses will balance his gains, and the expenditure his winning has tempted him to incur must be made good from some other source. This can only be done with difficulty; and, as the difficulty grows, stronger and stronger effort must be made to meet it. Other interests in the man of leisure, other occupations in the man of business, will be more and more neglected. Domestic ties will lose their hold, the spur of laudable ambition be blunted. Big will loom before his eyes the need of recovering his losses. Other aims will lose in comparison. Even with the skilled player, who has fair chances,

* 'Letter to Young Men on Betting and Gambling,' p. 6.

a run

a run of bad luck is sure to come sooner or later. And, as both skill and chances are against the man who bets, the evil time, with him at least, cannot be long put off. He will grow more and more absorbed in the task of regaining his lost ground. And, sad to say, he will grow less and less scrupulous about the method of doing it. This sacrifice and that will be made. Little by little, he will recede from the standard of behaviour to which he once clung. Gradually will he whittle away the high moral sense which once controlled his actions. Slowly his character is undermined, and happy is he if the whole structure does not fall with a crash which whelms him in its ruin.

This is no imaginary picture. The records of the courts of law abound with cases in point. In some of them bankruptcy alone has followed failure. In many more a heavier penalty is incurred. The present state of things is a scandal to our cities, a grave danger to our position as a nation. It loudly calls for the anxious thought of all, who care for the welfare of the people. And well would it be if some of the energy devoted to more questionable reforms were employed in an attempt to remedy a mischief which, serious as it is, is not beyond cure.

ART. VI.—*Lives of Twelve Good Men*:—I. *Martin Joseph Routh*. II. *Hugh James Rose*. III. *Charles Marriott*. IV. *Edward Hawkins*. V. *Samuel Wilberforce*. VI. *Richard Lynch Cotton*. VII. *Richard Greswell*. VIII. *Henry Octavius Coxe*. IX. *Henry Longueville Mansel*. X. *William Jacobson*. XI. *Charles Page Eden*. XII. *Charles Lonquet Higgins*. By John William Burgon, B.D., Dean of Chichester. Sometime Fellow of Oriel College and Vicar of S. Mary-the-Virgin's, Oxford. Second edition. In two volumes. London, 1888.

IT is impossible for a writer in this 'Review' to transcribe the foregoing title without an emotion of sincere regret. For many years the late Dean of Chichester had been a frequent and a valued contributor to these pages. It was here that by his brilliant series of articles on 'The Revision Revised' he so effectually discomfited the authors of the Revised Version of the New Testament, and led the public to estimate more moderately, and therefore more accurately, the value of their handiwork. It was here that several of the Essays, which compose the volumes before us, were first given to the world. Their worth and interest were immediately recognized, and a desire was widely expressed that, together with some similar writings from the same pen, they should be collected and preserved in some permanent and compendious form. The desire was in entire consonance with the Dean's personal inclination, and for some time past it had been known that he was preparing a book of Ecclesiastical Biography. Its appearance was anxiously awaited by those who are interested in the history of the Anglican Communion during the last fifty years. After repeated delays, caused by the ill-health of the writer, the book at length appears; but it appears alas! as a posthumous work; and its devout and accomplished author is numbered with those 'good men' whom he has himself commemorated; who, having loyally served the English Church in their day and generation, now enjoy the reward of their faithful service, while they cheer and stimulate their successors by the memory of their high example.

On the announcement of Dean Burgon's lamented death, there appeared in the daily and weekly press a considerable number of obituary notices, conceived indeed in a friendly spirit, but for the most part dealing rather with his peculiarities than with his excellences. We leave it to other pens to describe his many eccentricities of speech and demeanour, the strength of his political and theological prejudices, the unconventional vehemence of his controversial method. We claim the more grateful and

and more gracious task of recording his fervent piety, his affectionate and generous nature, his profound attainments in sacred science, and his passionate devotion to the interests of that Church of which it was his chief pride to be a son and servant.

Whether we range the lives of the Dean's 'Twelve Good Men' in accordance with their public importance as affecting the work and progress of the Church, or with their private and individual interest as exhibitions of human character, the first place in our notice, as in the Dean's volumes, must be assigned to the venerable Dr. ROUTH.

We presume, that no inconsiderable proportion of our readers is to be found among men, who were undergraduates at Oxford before the year 1854. To such it may not be uninteresting to see revived the personal traits, the literary and theological services, of the extraordinary man who, at that period, presided over Magdalen College, and who, buried in his library, had already become in his lifetime a historical personage. To the greater part of the University the President of Magdalen had been for many years before his death little more than a *clarum et venerabile nomen*; but this 'Review' may possibly pass into the hands of some—most probably they will be members of the beautiful College on the Cherwell—who can still recal, by the eye and ear of memory, the bowed figure in its canonical garb, the parchment skin, the bonnet-like wig tied under the chin, the punctilious courtesy of demeanour, the strange old-world phraseology, which reminded those who were brought in contact with him that in dealing with Dr. Routh they were dealing with a man whose habits, sentiments, and style were formed the best part of a century before. Of the life thus marvellously prolonged we propose to record some of the chief incidents. And here we may remark that, having regard to the singular interest and importance of Dr. Routh's career, as bringing down into the modern Church of England the traditions bequeathed by the best period of Anglican divinity, we propose in his case to reproduce rather more fully than in others the details given by Dean Burgon in a former number of this 'Review.' While relying on the Dean as our historical authority, we shall, for our reader's convenience, present the facts in a slightly more compendious form, and, as far as is practicable, in their chronological order.

Martin Joseph Routh was born on the 18th of September, 1755, at South Elmham in Suffolk, of which place his father was rector. 'When I was young,' he used to say in old age, 'I had a delicate stomach, and my mother had great difficulty in rearing me.' When Martin Routh was three years old, his father removed to Beccles, and subsequently became the Master of

of the Fauconberge Grammar School there. The education of little Martin was conducted entirely by his father. In 1770, being not yet fifteen years old, Martin Routh went up to Oxford as a Commoner of Queen's College, and in the following year he was elected a Demy of Magdalen, on the nomination of the President, Dr., subsequently Bishop, Horne. It is worthy of remark that, when Routh began his connection with a Society, over which he was destined to preside till the year 1854, less than thirty years had elapsed since the death of its former President, Dr. Hough, whose deprivation did so much to precipitate the Revolution of 1688.

Details of Martin Routh's undergraduate life are necessarily scanty. In his early correspondence with his father, and in records of his later conversation, we catch glimpses of a 'little fellow in blue stockings,' travelling to Oxford from Suffolk by the 'Yarmouth Machine,' which he is cautioned not to enter without moonlight, 'the dark nights having produced more than one overthrow.' We find him sensitive about the outlandish fashion of his home-made surplice, though 'cut to the best pattern' at Beccles; needing on account of his delicate constitution 'more than ordinary precaution in the matter of good fellowship;' and enjoined by his father to counteract the debilitating effects of excessive application by 'air, exercise, and, above all, the cold bath.' His studies, of course, had been mainly classical. His father, who, as we have seen, was his sole instructor before he came up to Oxford, was an admirable scholar of the Cambridge type; and in the Long Vacation young Routh acted as his father's assistant at the Grammar School. During these years he seems to have laid deep the foundations of that solid learning, on which he subsequently reared so massive a superstructure. In his studies we must presume that, like other Oxford men of that remote date, he was obliged to rely almost completely on his own diligence and acumen, and derived but little assistance from the tutorial system. His curriculum appears even at this early age to have embraced other than strictly classical subjects, for we find his father urging him to study Locke, 'not without Dr. Watts's 'Philosophical Essays,' to guard against some ill prejudices apt to be contracted from the former.

In 1774, Martin Routh took his degree of B.A., and in the following year he was elected to a Fellowship at Magdalen. In 1777 he was ordained deacon. In 1784 he was Senior Proctor, and in his correspondence with his father about the Latin speech which, according to custom, he delivered on the expiration of his year of office, he displays that happy knack of terse

terse and elegant latinity for which his later works were so justly admired.

In the same year he brought out his first book. It was a critical edition of the 'Euthydemus' and 'Gorgias' of Plato. But pure scholarship did not long retain the chief hold over his affections. He was, alike by natural bent and by hereditary influence, a theologian. His first step in sacred science was to acquire a minute and scholarlike knowledge of the text of the Old and New Testaments. Then he went on to the acts of the early Councils and the ecclesiastical historians; and then he read resolutely through the chief of the Greek and Latin Fathers, taking them, as far as practicable, in their chronological order. In 1787 his father writes, 'Your acquaintance with the Fathers is leaving me far behind.' The proficiency which the young divine had already made in theological study is well illustrated by the following incident.

In 1783 Dr. Samuel Seabury came to London from America in hopes of obtaining episcopal consecration as the first native Bishop of America. The English Bishops were unwilling or afraid to consecrate, and he was recommended to consult Martin Routh as to the best method of obtaining valid consecration, and especially as to the question whether the titular bishops of Denmark, to whom he had been recommended to apply, could really lay claim to the Apostolic Succession. Dr. Routh was wont in later years to relate, with pardonable satisfaction, his reply to Seabury and his friends. 'I ventured to tell them, sir, that they would not find there what they wanted.' And he supplemented this salutary warning by urging an application to the Scotch Bishops, about the validity of whose succession, no doubt, he said, could exist. His advice was taken, and it is interesting to reflect, that the modern American Church owes its apostolic continuity with the past to the sage counsel of an English divine, who, at the time of giving it, had not yet reached his thirtieth year. Even more surprising is it to know, that the same divine lived to send, in the last year of his life, a token of affection to the Church of America through the President of its FORTY bishops. Well might the venerable theologian express his devout joy at hearing, that 'the infant over whose birth he had watched had grown to be so prolific a mother.'

But to return. The visit of Seabury to England took place, as we have seen, in 1783. In 1788 Martin Routh put forth the prospectus of the great work, which mainly occupied the energies of his working life, which solaced his declining years, and which has secured for his name a permanent place among the most erudite of English divines. In this book, published under

under the title of 'Reliquiæ Sacræ,' he collected with the most elaborate care and discrimination all the remains of those Fathers of the second and third centuries, of whose writings only fragments survive. He left on one side all those Fathers of whom separate and complete editions exist, and he rigorously excluded everything as to the genuineness of which he was not absolutely satisfied. Fifty articles form the whole collection. The prospectus, as we have seen, appeared in 1788. But it was not till 1814 that the first two volumes were published. The fifth and last was published in 1848, the author thus completing in his ninety-fourth year a work undertaken in his thirty-fourth.

Departing for a moment from chronological order, we may mention in this connection that in 1832 Dr. Routh published, under the title 'Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Opuscula præcipua quardam,' a collection of creeds and canons of the first four General Councils, together with certain doctrinal and practical treatises which he deemed of paramount importance. A second and enlarged edition was published in 1840, and the whole was anonymously re-edited in 1858 by Dr. Jacobson, afterwards Bishop of Chester.

But Dr. Routh was not only a divine. A man, who made such profound research, at first hand, into the documentary foundations of the Christian polity, could scarcely help being a historian. The period of which Bishop Burnet treats was one which Dr. Routh had studied with special care. In 1823 he published an edition of Burnet's 'History of Our Own Times,' together with some matter which had not before been published, and some which had been suppressed. A second edition appeared in 1833. In 1852 he published, with notes, Burnet's 'History of the Reign of King James II.' But it is worthy of remark that his minute acquaintance with the Bishop's works by no means disposed him to a favourable opinion of their author. 'Why,' asked a nephew, 'are you always working at Burnet, whom you are always attacking?'—'Because,' replied Routh, 'I know the man to be a liar, and I am determined to prove him so.'

In this connection, it is amusing to note his judgment on another Whig historian of even greater fame. He thought Macaulay 'too one-sided a gentleman,' to hold high rank as a historian, and convicted him of faults, both of invention and of suppression, in his account of James II.'s dealings with Magdalen College.

But to revert to our chronology. In 1791, on the elevation of Dr. Horne to the See of Norwich, Routh was elected President of

of his College, and duly proceeded to the degree of D.D. This change in his position brought new duties and engagements; and for some years his patristic studies were suspended in favour of the official occupations to which he applied himself with conscientious care. His duties were further extended in amount and varied in character, when in 1810 he accepted the Rectory of Tylehurst, near Reading. He was now, at the mature age of fifty-five, ordained priest. At his new cure Dr. Routh invariably and without concealment preached Townson's sermons, abridged to a quarter of an hour, and corrected. He preached them in his surplice, because, always chilly, he was afraid of catching cold if he took it off; but he declared that, in his young days in Suffolk, it had been universally worn in the pulpit. In 1820 Dr. Routh married one of his parishioners, Eliza Agnes, daughter of John Blagrave of Calcot Park. Mrs. Routh survived till 1869.

From this time, the events of Dr. Routh's life are few and unexciting. He became immersed in study, and, except when he visited his living at Tylehurst, was seldom seen beyond the walls of his College. Thus to the city and University of Oxford at large he was an almost unknown figure; but to those who resorted to him for counsel, instruction, or assistance in the sacred studies which were his delight, he was uniformly accessible, courteous, and communicative. In a quiet way he was very hospitable, and his enormous learning and astonishing accuracy were displayed as freely at the dining-table as in the study.

In 1834 it is recorded that he received a long visit from a Mr. (now Cardinal) Newman, who came to consult him about his 'History of the Arians'; and from this time onwards it was the President's habit to speak of 'that clever young gentleman of Oriel, Mr. Newman,' until, in recognition of a growing celebrity, he adopted the formula, 'the great Newman.' His regard for the character of the vicar of St. Mary's was not less than his respect for his intellect; and Mr. Newman, on the eve of his secession, writes to the President as 'the only person *in station* in Oxford, who has shown me any countenance for a long course of years.'

In 1836 the appointment of Dr. Hampden, afterwards Bishop of Hereford, to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, aroused a storm of indignation in the University. This drew the President for a moment from the seclusion of his College. Convocation resolved to petition the Crown against the appointment, and the President of Magdalen duly appeared among the doctors in the Sheldonian Theatre. 'At the first glimpse of his wig,' writes

writes an eye-witness, 'a general acclamation was raised, which the old gentleman returned with several bows, in all the courtesy of the old school.'

With the sole exception of these rare interventions in public affairs, the President's declining years were passed in close, uninterrupted, and most laborious study; collecting, arranging, deciphering, reading, annotating, and collating, he laboured to the end in the documentary evidences of the Christian Faith, as received and taught by Catholic antiquity. The Universities Commission of 1854, with all its actual and probable changes, fell like a dark shadow on his closing days. 'I wish,' he wrote, 'I was saying my prayers at Tylehurst before I go hence. But a notion that I may be in some way serviceable in the crisis that is approaching keeps me here.'

But, amid the annoyances inseparable from an age so strangely prolonged, it is pleasant to find the old scholar 'still able in a morning to peep into books.' And it is impossible not to sympathize with his vexation when, at past ninety, he was temporarily disabled, by letting drop on his foot a folio which he was taking down from the shelf, and which on inspection he found to be 'a worthless volume, sir, a worthless volume.' Had it been Augustine or Chrysostom, it might have been borne, but to be lamed by a dunce was an insupportable trial.

And so the evening of life's long day gradually and peacefully deepened into nightfall. For some time before the end came, he had 'rather lain on his chair than sat upon it.' His physical strength was absolutely exhausted, but his intellect remained quite clear, and he contemplated his approaching change with perfect calmness. On the 19th of December, 1854, he said to the late Provost of Oriel, 'Sir, I believe everything is ordained for the best. Do not you believe that, sir?' Later in the day he said to the Provost of Worcester, 'You are come, sir, to one that is going.' With Dr. Acland he conversed about the new museum, and the pure air of the Parks, said to come straight from the Highlands, 'but I have not enquired into the fact.' That evening he took to his bed, and on the 22nd he died, having completed ninety-nine years and three months of earthly existence.

Of Dr. Routh's personal appearance we have this graphic description in a letter by Miss Mozley, sister of the late Regius Professor of Divinity:—

'The President is more old and wonderful-looking than any one could imagine beforehand. He must always have been below middle height; but age has bent and shrunk him to something startlingly short.

short. . . . The wig, of course, adds to the effect—such a preposterous violation of nature! It seems quite to account for his not hearing what people say.'

And it is to be remembered that he was never seen except in cassock, gown, scarf, bands, shorts and buckles. His phraseology was of the previous century. 'Bring it back, *Sirrah*,' he would exclaim to his servant. 'There comes *My Lord of Oxford*,' he would say of the Bishop. He never became accustomed to the notion of travelling by rail; and as late as 1850 he persisted in excusing the tardy return of an undergraduate after the Long Vacation, by the bad state of the Suffolk roads. 'But he didn't come by road, sir,' urged the exasperated tutor, 'he came by rail.' 'Eh, sir? The—*what* did you say? I don't know anything about that.'

His temper indeed was hasty, but his disposition was essentially benevolent. An affecting letter, which he addressed to the murderer Tawell, on the eve of his execution, is given in Dean Burgon's volume. His administration of discipline was gentle even to laxity; and alike to equals and inferiors his manner was courteous and considerate in a high degree. His benevolence extended to animals. He maintained his pet dogs, in spite of a College rule which banned them; and the vocal exercises of his pet canary sometimes seriously added to the difficulties of those who came to consult him on knotty questions of theology.

But we must turn for a moment from the external characteristics to the inner constitution of the man. It is almost unnecessary to say that Dr. Routh was a Tory. He was brought up in a kind of theoretical Jacobitism, but his reverence for the powers that be made him thoroughly loyal to the established order, and he himself said that he could never have been a nonjuror. But in truth his Toryism was part of his theology; or perhaps we may properly say, that his Toryism and his theology sprang from the same source; and that source was his reverence for Antiquity and Authority. To him Authority meant the system ordained by Divine Providence for the good government of the world, both in secular and in sacred matters; and Antiquity was the surest witness as to the nature and requirements of that system. It had indeed been surmised by some who noted his long diaconate, that he was restrained from taking priests' orders by doubts as to the apostolic claims of the Church of England, and by a suspicion that they were inferior to those put forward by the Church of Rome. We have, however, his own explicit statements, that his sole reason for deferring priests' orders was that not till he was fifty-five years old had he any parochial

parochial charge; though indeed it is permissible to wonder, that so orthodox a divine should not have felt it desirable that the Head of a College should be capable of ministering to his Society in the holiest of all rites. Most emphatic is his testimony against Roman claims—'They have no support in the Fathers, sir, in the first three centuries, not one word.' And in such of his written compositions as deal with the doctrine of the Eucharist and the Commemoration of the Departed, he uses language of the most guarded sobriety. Still there is no doubt or ambiguity as to the strict orthodoxy of his beliefs. He was, in his own words, 'attached to the Catholic Faith taught in the Church of England, and averse from all papal and sectarian innovations.' In particular we note his emphatic testimony, all-important as coming from so profound an ecclesiastical historian, to the truth and value of the Apostolic succession; and his sense of the dignity of the ministerial function was strikingly illustrated by his determination, when very old and feeble, to assume the suitable attitude when asked to bestow his blessing on a visitor.—'No,' he exclaimed, 'let me stand'—and standing, 'or rather leaning over me, he spoke solemn words.' Even more touching was the scene in the College Chapel, the last time that the old man attended the Holy Communion there, when, being too feeble to approach the altar, 'he tottered down the steps from his seat, and knelt on the bare floor of the chapel below, to receive the Consecrated Bread and Wine, 'out of reverence,' as he told the officiating clergyman, for the Sacred Mystery. But time presses, and we must refer our readers to Dean Burgon's admirably graphic sketch, if they care to learn, or to be reminded of, further particulars concerning the marvellous old man, who, in Cardinal Newman's striking words, was 'reserved to report to a forgetful generation what was the Theology of their Fathers.'

We turn from the Life of Martin Joseph Routh to that of Hugh James Rose, and the contrast between the two is very striking. Dr. Routh's was the longest life recorded in these pages: Rose's the shortest. Dr. Routh, till he entered his hundredth year, had never been seen in bed by a physician. Rose's days were spent in one protracted battle with exhausting and disabling disease. Dr. Routh's long life was passed in the deep repose of solitary study. Rose's brief span was chiefly occupied in polemical efforts on behalf of the Faith.

Hugh James Rose was born in 1795 at Horsted, in Sussex, where his father was curate. He was delicate from his birth, but his delicacy did not impede, it rather seemed to develope, his intellectual precocity. He learned his letters before he could speak.

speak. He could not remember a time when he did not know the Latin grammar. He learned the Greek alphabet when he was four years old. Owing to his physical delicacy, Hugh Rose never went to school, but was educated at home under the supervision of his father, who was himself a schoolmaster. In October 1813 he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won the first Bell's Scholarship, and subsequently a Scholarship at his own College. He read omnivorously and laboriously, and spoke with great effect at the Union. In 1817 he took his degree as fourteenth Wrangler. There was then no Classical Tripos; but he obtained the first Chancellor's Medal, and the Member's Prize for a Latin Essay.

He was ordained deacon at Christmas 1818, and became Curate of Buxted. In 1819 he married Miss Anna Cuyler Mair, and in the same year was ordained priest. In 1821 he was appointed by Archbishop Manners Sutton to the Vicarage of Horsham. In 1824 the increasing severity of his asthmatical attacks compelled him to take a foreign journey, and he spent a year in visiting Germany, Austria, and Italy. 'It was the phenomenon of German Protestantism, as the system was to be seen at work in Prussia, which shocked his piety, aroused his worst fears, exercised his intellect,' and supplied the theme of some of his most stirring and memorable utterances. In May 1825 he was Select Preacher at Cambridge, and he took for his subject, 'The State of the Protestant Religion in Germany.' The sermons were published in the following September, and made a deep impression.

Next year he preached, also before the University of Cambridge, four sermons 'On the Commission and consequent Duties of the Clergy.' These also were published, and reached a second edition. It is interesting to see that they drew an enthusiastic eulogium from Mr. Keble.

In the same year he preached, at the Cambridge Commencements, a sermon which attained a great circulation under the title of 'The Tendency of prevalent Opinions about Knowledge considered.' In 1829 he was appointed Christian Advocate, and for four years held that office, together with the Select Preachership. It was during this period that he established his position as one of the most commanding, most searching, and most inspiring preachers whom the Church of England has produced. Abundant testimony to the effect of Rose's preaching will be found in the correspondence of Bishop Selwyn, Bishop Patteson, Bishop Abraham, Sir William Martin, and the Rev. G. Williams, of King's.

In 1831, the Archbishop of Canterbury, anxious to render some

some public recognition of Rose's services to orthodox religion, appointed him to the important parish of Hadleigh, in Suffolk. In the same year he undertook the editorship of the newly-founded 'British Magazine,' of which the first number was published on the 1st of March, 1832. The new venture was highly successful. Pusey, Newman, Keble, Hurrell Froude, Perceval, and William Palmer, were among the contributors; and Rose, in spite of his natural distaste for periodical literature, discharged the duties of editor till the last year of his life. From the association of such men in such work sprang the epoch-making 'Tracts for the Times,' which began to appear in 1833; and the not less important production of the 'Library of the Fathers,' of which the first instalment appeared in 1838. Meanwhile Rose's health became increasingly delicate. Persistent asthma destroyed his sleep, and thereby made havoc of his working days. The air of Hadleigh proved particularly injurious, and in the autumn Rose resigned the living, and accepted in exchange the small cures of Fairstead in Essex and St. Thomas's Southwark; and almost simultaneously he consented, at the earnest instance of the munificent Bishop Van Mildert, to undertake temporarily the Professorship of Divinity at the newly-established University of Durham. Here again his ill-health interfered with his designs. He found his new duties far too heavy for his limited stock of strength, and with deep regret he turned his back on Durham, and returned to the South. He now became examining chaplain to Archbishop Howley, and henceforward spent much of his time at Lambeth and Addington. To this period belongs the memorable controversy between Rose and the other authors of 'Tracts for the Times.' The Tracts had made, as we have seen, a most acceptable and successful beginning in 1833, and they continued in like manner till the middle of 1835. Then, after a break of six months, they were resumed under seriously altered conditions, and amid the alarmed suspicions of many who had been supporters of, or even contributors to, the earlier issues. No one perceived the latent danger more clearly, or expressed it more forcibly, than Rose, whose letters of urgent but affectionate remonstrance to Mr. Newman, are among the most interesting portions of the work before us. His main contention may be briefly summed up in this: he conceived that the tone of the later Tracts savoured too much of deference towards the Church of Rome, and apology for the Church of England. He was at one with the writers of the Tracts as to positive beliefs and first principles. He seriously differed from them on many minor but still urgent questions of policy, proportion,

and method. The position cannot be better described than in Dean Burgon's emphatic words:—

'The Tractarian leaders of the movement, strange to relate, seem to have been haunted by a suspicion that the office of the Theologian is to *exaggerate* Sacred Truth; the business of a Divine, to "*startle*" mankind. Accordingly, they went off on "Prayers *for the dead*" and "*Purgatory*," as if forgetting that even the *Intermediate State* was scarcely recognized by the generality of their readers. "*Exorcism*" before Baptism, was pleaded for at a time when Baptismal "*Regeneration*" itself was generally discredited. "The Breviary" (and "the *Roman* Breviary" of all documents!) was recommended to the notice of a Church which had become forgetful of the structure and method of her own matchless "Book of Common Prayer." "*Reserve in Communicating Religious Knowledge*" was advocated for a generation singularly unacquainted with divine things, and largely addicted to unbelief. How did it ever come to pass (one asks oneself), that men so intelligent as well as so learned should have so entirely overlooked the actual needs of those with whom they had to do?'

The year that immediately succeeded Rose's departure from Durham was one of comparative repose for mind and body; but before long we see 'the clouds return after the rain.' There was much in the condition and prospects of the Church, which was well calculated to arouse the gloomiest misgivings in the minds of Churchmen. The reports of the Church Commission; the scandalous appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity; the anarchical exploits of the Church Missionary Society abroad; the freaks of the Church Pastoral Aid Society and Church Building Society at home; all these weighed heavily on Rose's soul, and his visibly declining health made him peculiarly unfit to bear the burden. He speaks of 'disease effectually doing the work of years,' of his sermons as written 'under miserable circumstances of illness and haste,' and of himself as having 'almost always written under the actual pressure of disease, and known that in all probability he must print under the same circumstances.' And, when we bear in mind that periodical authorship was at the best of times distasteful to him, we can well conceive the eagerness with which he longed for some sphere of labour less exhausting and more congenial. In the summer of 1836 he turned his thoughts to America, and weighed the offer of a Professorship in the Theological Seminary of New York. But he was not long left in doubt as to the path of duty. The appointment of Dr. Otter to the see of Chichester left King's College, London, without a head, and Rose was immediately appointed to succeed him, by the

the joint act of Archbishop Howley and Bishop Blomfield. He resigned his cure of Fairstead, and entered on his new duties in the last week of October, 1836. At length it seemed as if Rose had found a suitable and promising sphere. He had the religious oversight of the College, and lectured to a hundred students in Divinity. He had secured assistance in the heavier labours of the 'British Magazine.' He had a comfortable house and a sufficient income. His wife, who had been ill, had recovered; and, for the moment, his own health had improved. His first course of lectures was on the Christian Evidences, and it was enthusiastically received. His sermons in the College chapel made a deep and abiding impression. In his personal dealings with the students his high bearing, his keen sanctity, and profound learning, inspired respect and admiration which, on closer acquaintance, were quickened into love.

But the improvement in Rose's circumstances was of brief duration. In the spring of 1837 his old malady returned upon him with redoubled vehemence. Breathing became increasingly difficult. He could not walk fifty yards. To write a letter was an impossible exertion. Recourse was had to temporary expedients for supplying his place when he could no longer discharge his duties in the College. But the conviction forced itself upon his mind, that resignation was inevitable. And after grievous searchings of heart as to his duty, and the best chance of being able to discharge it, he left England for Italy in October, 1838. During the journey the most unfavourable symptoms manifested themselves, and on the 22nd of December he breathed his last at Florence, where his remains are buried.

Thus prematurely ended a life which, to all outward appearance, was little better than a series of trials, failures, and disappointments; of curtailed opportunities, unattained ideals, and frustrated endeavours. Yet there is good reason to think—and we have reasons for knowing that Dean Burgon shared the opinion—that Rose's career was one of the most important recorded in these volumes. Of late years, we have been accustomed to hear and to think of the Catholic revival in the Church of England as dating from 1833, and issuing from Oxford. Such a view has passed, indeed, into a commonplace of ecclesiastical writing; but it labours under the fatal disadvantage, that it leaves out of account the lives and works of a distinguished line of men, who had preserved unbroken the orthodox traditions of faith and practice which they inherited from the Caroline divines. Among many illustrious and venerable names, memory at once [illegible] those of Bishop Horne, Jones of Nayland, Regina[illegible] Bishop Lloyd, Alexander Knox, Bishop Van Mildert,

and Bishop Blomfield. The human mind is always apt, for convenience' sake, to seize a particular date, an individual name, a special locality, and to reckon great movements as proceeding exclusively from the point so selected. But here were a succession of men, and many more might be named, who, belonging to different periods, occupying various stations, and working in widely-separated spheres, were yet at one in their loyalty to Catholic tradition, and their faithful witness to the character and claims of the English Church. They indeed kept alive the smouldering flame which the movement of 1833 fanned into a far-seen blaze. And among their goodly company there is no more honourable name than that of the man who, by his sermon in 1823 on the Commission of the Clergy, 'bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true Mother.'

One of the most interesting studies in the volumes before us is that which deals with Bishop Wilberforce, whom Dean Burgon styles 'The Remodeller of the Episcopate.' In one respect this study differs materially from those which we have already noticed. The lives of Dr. Routh and Hugh James Rose, though still recollected in their general outlines, needed the kindly aid of the biographer to recal them, in their details, to the public memory. Far otherwise is it with Bishop Wilberforce. For fifty years he lived so continuously in the public eye, and his removal from among us is still of such recent date, that most people are conversant with the leading features of his character and intellect, and the main incidents of his career. And if memory requires assistance, are there not three substantial volumes of his Biography? It will therefore be unnecessary to follow the Dean step by step through the lively and pleasing account of his former diocesan, which he offers us at the beginning of his second volume. But we will bespeak our readers' attention for two or three aspects of the Bishop's character and work, with which they may be comparatively unfamiliar.

Most of us have heard—some of us can remember—how completely the Bishop transformed the traditional manner of administering Ordination and Confirmation; with what inimitable grace and pathos he performed those rites; and how his mode of discharging the high functions of his office became the type and model for all similar ministrations in the Church of England. Slovenliness and irreverence had disfigured even the highest places of the Church. Tradition relates that Archbishop Harcourt used, once in three years, to assemble in York Minster all the young people of his diocese who desired Confirmation, and then, standing with uplifted hands on the steps of the choir, to pronounce

pronounce the appointed benediction once for all over the whole mass of kneeling candidates. The change from this way of scattering the grace of Confirmation *urbi et orbi*, to the orderly and impressive practice which now prevails in every English diocese, is in no small measure due to the example and influence of Bishop Wilberforce. It is, perhaps, less generally remembered, that he was the first to introduce into the Church of England the institution of the Parochial Mission, which, as he conducted it, was entirely free from those foreign and unhealthy features which have sometimes disfigured it. In his skilful hands the Parochial Mission became a powerful influence for good in the large towns of Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Berkshire. Some of our readers may perhaps need the reminder, that it was to the pious fervour and initiative of Bishop Wilberforce, that the Church owed those special courses of Lenten Sermons by eminent preachers, which have grown everywhere into an established usage.

Of the depth and fervour of the Bishop's personal affections most people are aware. Abundant and touching evidences of this characteristic are to be found in every page of his published journals. That the loss of his wife in 1841, while he was still a young man, overshadowed the whole remainder of his life, is sufficiently notorious. But perhaps not every one has heard the touching story, which Dean Burgon quotes from the Treasurer of his own Cathedral, the Rev. C. H. Borrer:—'We were sitting in a corner of the saloon, [at Marden Park], when Wilberforce, turning to me, said in a quiet undertone—"I saw her *there* for the first time. She was thirteen, and I was fifteen, and we never changed our minds."' In connection with this subject of the Bishop's domestic life, we would specially commend to our readers' notice Dean Burgon's admirably graphic account of the daily life at Cuddesdon; the devotional exercises, the walks and rides, the meals, the conversation, the business, the letter-writing. Of this account the late Canon Hugh Pearson writes, not more emphatically than justly: 'It is admirable—to the *life*—the scene at the writing-table quite capital.'

On the melancholy theme of the Bishop's death, a letter from the Rev. H. Raymond Smythies, given by the Dean in a note, may serve to make clear what has been in some people's minds obscure, and to correct a current misapprehension. Mr. Smythies remarks that the Dean, like many others, has fallen into the error of describing the Bishop as a good horseman. The fact was the reverse. He was fond of riding, and quite fearless, but a worse horseman was seldom seen. 'He had no

no seat on the saddle, or grip of leg upon its flaps; but rode entirely upon the pummel, with his full weight on his horse's shoulders. The only marvel is that the inevitable result did not occur sooner.'

Before leaving this portion of Dean Burgon's work, we would urge those who are anxious to see the Bishop's memory effectually cleared from the suspicion of double-dealing in the most trying crisis of his life, and to understand the rather complicated details of an intricate transaction, to read with care what the Dean has to say on the Hampden Controversy, and the Bishop's relation thereto. The facts, indeed, were set forth with great fulness and precision by Canon Ashwell, in the first volume of his 'Life.' But he leaves something to be desired as to a clear understanding of the Bishop's motives, and the determining causes of his successive actions. Dean Burgon enables us to see that the Bishop's rectitude of purpose and simplicity of intention were absolutely incontrovertible; and that his tactical errors arose from qualities which in themselves either were actually excellent, or, where they could be called failings, leant to virtue's side. 'He entirely miscalculated his own power of persuasion as well as misunderstood the *animus* of his opponent. . . . He was rash, impetuous, unguarded; over-trustful, over-sanguine, over-generous.' But in this, as in every transaction of his episcopate, his sole object was to promote the interests of orthodox religion, the peace of his diocese, and the Christian honour of the Church of England.

Bishop Wilberforce's life was lived from first to last in the public eye. His gifts and graces were common property. His successes, his failures, his merits, and his faults, were matter of universal notoriety. It was far otherwise with the life of the Rev. Charles Marriott; and yet it may be fairly questioned, whether the active and versatile prelate exercised a deeper or more enduring influence, than that which emanated from the quiet study of the ascetic scholar, whom Dean Burgon introduces to our notice under the title of 'The Man of Saintly Life.' For Charles Marriott was the chosen guide, counsellor, and teacher, in sacred things, of that gallant band of eager and militant Churchmen, who learned their theology from the Catholic revival, and then went forth from Oxford to illustrate and enforce in practical life the lessons taught them in devotional seclusion. 'If I have any good in me,' said the present Bishop of Lincoln, 'I owe it to Charles Marriott.' And many a man still living and labouring in the Church's cause remembers to this day, with pious gratitude, the help, the warning, and the

the encouragement, which he received from Charles Marriott in the most sacred of all confidences.

The details of Marriott's outward life are few and uneventful. He was born on the 24th of August, 1811, at Church Lawford, in Warwickshire, where his father was Rector. The elder Marriott was a man of brilliant gifts and wide accomplishments. He had been private tutor to the Duke of Buccleuch's grandson and heir, and in that capacity he obtained the friendship of Sir Walter Scott, who, it will be recollected, dedicates the Second Canto of 'Marmion' to 'the Rev. John Marriott, A.M.' The delicacy of Mrs. Marriott's health necessitated the removal of her husband and family from Warwickshire to the milder air of Devonshire, where Mr. Marriott held the curacy of Broad Clyst, and took private pupils. Mrs. Marriott died in 1821, and her husband in 1825. The guardianship of the children was left to their aunt, Miss Harris, and, while living with her, little Charles Marriott went as a day-boy to Rugby School. But he was wholly unsuited for the bustle of a public school, and he was removed at the end of his first quarter. Soon after this, Miss Harris married the Rev. Andrew Burn, of Kynnersley, in Shropshire, and Charles Marriott and his brother became Mr. Burn's pupils. In 1828 Charles Marriott went up to Oxford. He entered at Exeter College in March, but in the following November was elected to an open scholarship at Balliol. In 1832, after an undergraduate career marked by the highest devotion to moral duty as well as to study, Charles Marriott obtained a first class in Classics and a second in Mathematics. At Easter, 1833, he was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel. The society now numbered Newman, Froude, Keble, Jenkyn, Dornford and Denison, Christie and Mozley, Walker, Eden, and Frederic Rogers. In the closest intimacy with this distinguished community, Marriott passed the next five years of his life. In particular, he cultivated the friendship of Newman, 'the attractive charm of whose mind and manner' (says Dean Burgon) 'was a thing not to be described.' These five years were occupied by Marriott in close, laborious, and many-sided study. He read the higher mathematics and astronomy, the theory of music, English literature, biography, history, and metaphysics. But his master-passion was for theology; and so high was his reputation for proficiency in this sacred field, that in 1838 he was appointed by Bishop Otter to the Principalship of his newly-established Theological College at Chichester. He went into residence in January, 1839, and was ordained priest on the following Whitsunday. After two years of what seems to have been an energetic and successful administration, his health

health gave way, and he resigned his principalship. He returned to residence at Oriel in 1841.

The times were critical. Mr. Newman, to use his own phrase, 'was on his death-bed, as regarded his membership with the Anglican Church.' He had not indeed made his final and fatal decision; but he had already withdrawn from active participation in the movement which had been so conspicuously associated with his name. Of those who had been his coadjutors, Dr. Pusey alone remained at Oxford, and with him Marriott at once formally and publicly allied himself. From this time on, his work, though secluded, was continuous, multiform, and laborious in a high degree. He was the guide, philosopher, and friend of all the anxious and troubled souls whom the half-hearted loyalty or open treason of their leaders had filled with misgivings about the apostolic nature and claims of the English Church. 'He was written to, resorted to—worried with the conscientious doubts, scruples, perplexities, of a hundred persons who had no claim upon him whatever—became at last entangled in an unmanageable correspondence.' Besides all this, he continued his original researches into patristic divinity, and cheerfully undertook and conscientiously discharged an immense quantity of 'hack-work' in connection with the 'Library of the Fathers,' edited by Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, and Mr. Newman.

In 1850 Charles Marriott became Vicar of St. Mary-the-Virgin's, and he threw himself with whole-hearted devotion into the duties of the pastoral office. In the Long Vacation of 1854 occurred the memorable outbreak of cholera at Oxford. Charles Marriott and Dr., now Sir Henry, Acland, at the head of a band of exemplary women, laboured with the most splendid self-sacrifice for the spiritual and temporal relief of the sufferers. Of Marriott an eye-witness writes: 'I seem to see him now hearing the confession of a dying man in one part of the ward, while in another part the priest from the Roman Catholic Church in St. Clements was ministering in like manner to one of his flock.' From one of the patients, afflicted with small-pox, Marriott caught that awful disease, and was seriously ill for some time. He recovered from this illness; but on the 29th of June, 1855, he was attacked by a paralytic seizure, and though he lived for three years longer, he never recovered his working power. 'His example,' as his biographer remarks, 'had been especially precious at a moment of general dejection, and half-heartedness bordering on despair; when the suspicion was industriously inculcated in certain quarters that the Church of England was powerless to retain within her embrace the Saints she had nursed at her bosom. *Here* was the best practical refutation of the

the calumny! On no account may such a life be spoken of as a failure.'

Passing over the careers of DEAN MANSEL and DR. HAWKINS, whose biographies have been already given by Dean Burgon in these pages,* we next turn to HENRY OCTAVIUS COXE, whose life resembled that of Dr. Hawkins in its lack of striking incidents, though nothing could be more dissimilar than the characters of the two men. On the character of 'the large-hearted Librarian,' as sketched for us by Dean Burgon, we purpose to offer a few words; but, as a preliminary to the contemplation of the man, we must briefly recal the few events of his life. Henry Coxe was born on the 20th of September, 1811, at Bucklebury, in Berkshire, of which place his father was vicar. He was educated at Westminster, and at Worcester College, Oxford, where the future Librarian was more distinguished in oarsmanship than in study. But his bright intelligence and his love of books were already known, and while still an undergraduate he obtained an appointment in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. He took Holy Orders in London, and held successively two curacies, which he served in the spare hours left him by his work at the Museum. In 1838 he returned to Oxford, as Under-Librarian at the Bodleian. In the same year he accepted the curacy of Culham. In 1848 he became curate of Tubney, then of Yarnton, and then of Wytham, where he subsequently became vicar. In 1860 he was appointed Bodley's Librarian; and it is in that capacity that he is still, and long will be, affectionately remembered by many generations of Oxford men. From the time of his appointment as Assistant-Librarian, Coxe resided almost continuously in Oxford, and 'for the first thirty years of his work in Bodley, he never took the whole six weeks' holiday allowed by the Library.'

There never lived a more genial man. For young and old, men and women, high and low, his manner had the same attractive charm. He was pre-eminently (what Archdeacon Palmer called him) 'a lovable Librarian.' Profoundly and minutely versed in the contents of his splendid charge, the resources of his learning and his accuracy were always most heartily at the disposal of any one who really came to learn—not merely to pester, and ask questions, and waste time. The most sacred of his treasures were enshrined in a locked drawer in his own private room in the Library. Here were the scraps

* 'Quarterly Review,' January 1885 (Dean Mansel), and October 1883 (Dr. Hawkins).

of

of paper which used to pass between Clarendon and his royal master across the council-table; the King's touching love-letters to Henrietta Maria; and some illuminated manuscripts of exquisite beauty. Of course the common tribe of 'lionizing' visitors, intent on 'doing' Oxford, were constant in their application to the Bodleian Librarian for a sight of his most treasured stores.—'Dear Mr. Coxe, *do* show us your most curious things.' To such as these, Coxe used to apply what he playfully called his 'foolometer.' This was a small card, on which the Lord's Prayer was written with a crowquill, in a circular space not much larger than a big pin's head. If the enquiring visitor burst into a transport of enthusiasm at the sight of this relic, he (or she) was allowed to see no more. Coxe had taken his friend's measure, and would not cast the pearls of his collection before unworthy recipients. But if, on the other hand, through the visitor's struggles to be grateful and polite, a sense of keen disappointment visibly displayed itself, then Coxe recognized a genuine love of letters and of antiquities, and threw himself with characteristic delight into the task of displaying the resources of his 'beloved Bodley.'

His power of sympathy amounted to genius. 'Whether it was an aged parishioner broken with suffering, an advanced modern professor, or a poor servant-girl just confirmed, his method was still the same.' He was nowhere more at home than in the cultivated circle which Prince Leopold, when an undergraduate, gathered round himself at his villa in the Parks; or in the bright group of young and joyous spirits who gladdened the drawing-rooms of the hospitable Deanery. Yet in ministering in the humble church of Wytham, in the pastoral visitation of his rural flock, even in his playful dealings with the ragged urchins in the street, he was equally happy, equally popular, equally successful.

It was said that men who had rejected all other spiritual ministrations were grateful for his. Nor is the reason of this far to seek. Through his brilliant qualities of companionship, his wit, his humour, his playful mimicry, his light-hearted enjoyment of all that was agreeable in life, there shone the clear and steady flame of genuine piety. 'His mind seemed incapable of unkindness, profanity, or coarseness.' His religion was as simple as a child's, and as practical as it was simple. 'On your knees, my dear boy! on your knees,' was his counsel to a young friend who sought his aid in a difficult decision. He made it a rule not to dine out on Saturday, in order that he might be free to prepare himself for Sunday. His daily practice was to pray when he went to dress for

for dinner. His tact and tenderness, in dealing with sorrow and misfortune, were remarkable; and Dean Burgon aptly remarks that, though known to every one as 'Coxe of the Bodleian,' he will be as long and even more kindly remembered as 'Coxe of Wytham.' But, devoted though he was to the Church and the ministry, he belonged to no theological party, and studiously held aloof from the political and religious controversies which periodically ravage Oxford. An amusing and most characteristic instance of his method of avoiding these unpleasant complications is narrated by Dean Burgon.

'It was shortly after the publication of "Essays and Reviews," that Jowett, meeting Coxe, enquired, "Have you read my Essay?" "No, my dear Jowett," was the prompt reply. "We are good friends now; but I know that if I were to read *that* Essay, I should have to cut you. So I *haven't* read it, and *don't mean to*."'

It is probable that no man, filling a conspicuous station in Oxford, was so universally loved and respected as Henry Coxe. He died on the 9th of July, 1881, and carried with him to his grave a larger amount of personal good-will and sincere regret than any of his recent contemporaries.

Of less general interest than the Lives which we have already reviewed are those which still remain to be noticed. But there is not one of them which does not contain at least some points which well deserve to be rescued from oblivion.

The modern Episcopate has presented no more justly respected name than that of WILLIAM JACOBSON, Bishop of Chester—born on the 18th of July, 1803, died on the 13th of July, 1884. A persistent error has prevailed with respect to the early history of this excellent divine. It has been repeatedly affirmed, though as often denied, that he was born a Dissenter. The facts, as authoritatively set forth by Dean Burgon, are these. His father, William Jacobson (as he spelt it, JacoBson) lived and died a member of the Church of England. But, after his death, Mrs. Jacobson married a Dissenter, and her little son William, now eight years old, was taken to chapel, and brought up in the ways of Nonconformity. 'Those ways,' remarks Dean Burgon, with evident satisfaction, 'proved utterly abhorrent to him from the first.' If this is the case, Jacobson's early life must have been very uncomfortable; for he was educated, first by the minister of the New Meeting at Yarmouth, then by Mr. Brewer of Norwich, and then at the Nonconformist College at Homerton. From Homerton he went to the University of Glasgow, and in 1823 he went up to Oxford and entered at St. Edmund Hall, which he subsequently quitted for a scholarship at Lincoln College.

College. A hardworking and frugal undergraduate, struggling with financial difficulties, he received immense kindness and assistance from the Rev. C. T. Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and then a tutor of Christ Church. He eked out his scanty means by undertaking private tutorships, and, in one of these, he made the acquaintance of the saintly Alexander Knox, who seems to have formed a very high opinion of the young Oxonian's spirituality and attainments. The sentiment was warmly reciprocated, and, fifty-five years afterwards, Jacobson, then Bishop of Chester, expressed to a friend his deep regret that he had not profited more largely by his acquaintance with the saintly Irishman—adding, 'Indeed, if by God's mercy I am admitted to Paradise, I shall be ashamed to meet Knox.'

A most inopportune attack of illness, which prostrated Jacobson just as he was going into the Final Schools (and which is described with great humour in one of his letters), marred his excellent chance of a First Class. Indeed, he was so suffering at the time of examination that he counted himself lucky to have obtained a Second. But in 1829 he was elected to a Fellowship at Exeter, and in 1832 he was appointed Vice-Principal of Magdalen Hall. In 1848 the Regius Professorship of Divinity was offered to him by the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, and joyfully accepted. In this office he was thoroughly at home. The tranquillity of Christ Church and of Ewelme gave him abundant opportunity for the profound research in which he delighted, and the fruits of his labours were constantly seen in the depth, originality, and accuracy of the lectures which he delivered from the Divinity Chair. In particular his old pupils record with gratitude and interest his Lectures on the Structure and Method of the Prayer-book. These in his hands became practically a careful epitome of the science of Comparative Liturgiology.

During this period of his life he was three times Select Preacher before the University, and his name became known to the Church as that of a learned divine, and a singularly cautious as well as accurate thinker. In 1865 he received the formal and adequate recognition of his merits in the offer, through Lord Palmerston, of the See of Chester. As a diocesan, we cannot help suspecting that Jacobson was less in his element than as a student, tutor, and professor. Dean Burgon does valiant battle for his friend's reputation, and indeed no one would dream of denying that personal piety, profound learning, and calm judgment, such as Jacobson eminently possessed, are high qualifications for the Episcopal office. Nor can it be questioned that his diocesan organization was laborious, complete,

plete, and efficient in no common degree. But personally he was scarcely qualified to inspire men or win their affections. There was a lack of fire and enthusiasm about the good man, an excessive caution of speech and conduct, a frigid demeanour, and a stiff address, which did little justice to the excellent heart within. Living continuously in Oxford throughout the Tractarian movement, and being both personally and theologically in sympathy with many of the Tractarian writers, he yet kept so entirely aloof from the controversy, that he never wrote a pamphlet, nor signed any of the addresses or petitions, which, as Dean Burgon vigorously puts it, 'were cropping up at every instant.' Like Provost Hawkins, Jacobson saw from the first the Romeward tendency of much of the Tractarians' teaching, and found a good deal of their speech and writing highly distasteful to his rigidly exact temper. His horror of anything which in his opinion had a Roman look or sound, showed itself in his minutest acts and words. He celebrated always at the North end, of what he always called the 'Holy Table.' He stood when he consumed what remained of the Consecrated Species. He spoke always of the 'Administration,' not of the 'Celebration' of the Holy Communion. Yet, of the inward truths signified by the Church's outward forms, his grasp was strong and firm. 'I will do nothing,' he exclaimed, 'to obscure the doctrine of an Intermediate State.' And again, 'Those men' (the Zwinglian School) 'do not attend to what St. Paul says about "*not considering the Lord's Body.*"'

Though rigidly opposed to ceremonial excess, his strict sense of justice prevented him from making any terms with the persecuting party; and he warned those who urged him to undertake prosecutions of Ritualists, that, if the law was to be enforced in its strictness, it must operate against defect as well as against excess.

In pecuniary dealing, he was not just only but extremely generous. The diocese of Chester profited largely by his munificence, and it is remembered by his early friends that out of the first money, which his strict frugality enabled him to scrape together at Oxford, he repaid to Homerton College the cost of his two years' maintenance there.

In 1873 Bishop Jacobson declined translation to the See of Winchester, and he kept the noiseless tenour of his way at Chester till age and infirmity necessitated his retirement in 1884. He died on the 13th of July in the same year.

Of the 'Faithful who were not Famous'—at any rate beyond the walls of Oxford—was RICHARD GRESWELL. He was born on the 22nd of July, 1800, at Denton, in Lancashire, where his father

father was perpetual curate. The elder Greswell must have been a man of remarkable character and powers, for, beginning life on fifty pounds a year, he taught, trained, and sent to the University, five sons, each one of whom achieved high honours, and obtained a Fellowship at his college. Richard Greswell had been originally intended for a commercial career. The bent of his mind was mathematical and mechanical, and his father hoped to turn the boy's natural aptitudes to practical account by placing him in the counting-house of one of the cotton-masters in his vicinity.

But the success obtained by his elder brothers at Oxford, determined Richard Greswell on attempting a similar career. He obtained a scholarship, open to the sons of clergymen, at Worcester College, and went up to Oxford in 1818. In 1822 he obtained a double First-Class. He was examined by Mr. Keble; and Bishop Denison and Dr. Pusey were in the same class-list. He duly passed through the 'trivial round' of college offices, and superadded to the 'common task' of tutorship and bursarship, the self-imposed labour of transforming what was then a dreary swamp into the delightful garden of Worcester College. He was ordained in due course, but never undertook any parochial duty. His extreme nervousness and shyness would, in his biographer's account, have made it almost impossible for him to preach a sermon.

In the early days of the Tractarian movement Greswell heartily sympathized with the authors of the Tracts, but, like others whom we have already noticed, he separated himself from them as soon as he conceived that they had entered on Romeward courses. While thus constrained to stand, in a measure, aloof from the current controversies of Oxford, Greswell extended his pious energies to a far wider and more fruitful field of effort.

In 1843 it became evident that Sir James Graham would be forced to abandon his scheme of national education, which the Church barely tolerated, and which the Dissenting bodies vehemently opposed. The Minister's extremity was Greswell's opportunity. He was entirely unknown outside Oxford. But he conceived the bold idea of organizing a national subscription on behalf of Education in the principles of the Church, and he hoped to raise this subscription to so great a sum that the Church should be able to claim a large share of the public subsidies, which, under the recent Act for Public Education, were to be proportioned to the private exertions of each religious body without distinction of principle.

With a degree of sanguine boldness singular in a man of even shrinking

shrinking modesty, Richard Greswell broached his scheme in a long and elaborate letter to the Prime Minister—Sir Robert Peel—urging him, as an attached member of the Church, to place himself at the head of a movement which, while primarily designed to serve the interests of orthodox religion, was in entire consonance with the principles and policy of the Government. As an incentive to the statesman's liberality, the young tutor remarked that he had himself subscribed 1000*l.* *Audaces Fortuna juvat.* There promptly came a letter from Sir Robert Peel, expressing entire approbation of the scheme, and enclosing a subscription equal in amount to Greswell's own.

Thus encouraged, Greswell went boldly on. He appealed to the Queen, and obtained her patronage for his enterprise, together with a donation of 1000*l.*, and the same sum was received from the Dukes of Northumberland and Portland, Lord Westminster, Mr. Beresford-Hope, and Mrs. Lawrence of Studley Park. All the Bishops subscribed, and the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London gave 500*l.* each. A Committee was now formed, and a public subscription opened. The result was that the National Society became richer by a quarter of a million sterling. A contemporary observer writes:—

'The entire movement was due to the zeal and the munificence of one man, our friend Richard Greswell. But "Tulit alter honores." *When it was found to be a success*, the Heads of Houses took up the undertaking, and, of course, reaped all the credit.'

Next to thus refounding the National Society (for his work was nothing less), probably the most important act of Greswell's life was the part which he took in securing Mr. Gladstone's first election for the University of Oxford. The young statesman's first committee was of the most unpromising description. It consisted almost entirely of junior M.A.'s, without a single dignitary. It numbered only one doctor of medicine—and only one B.D., Richard Greswell. The Rector of Exeter at the last moment consented to propose Mr. Gladstone in the theatre, but Greswell's were the will, the energy, and the faith which mainly contributed to his friend's return. His love of Mr. Gladstone, 'amounted,' says Dean Burgon, 'to a passion.' He retained the Chairmanship of the Committee until the grave differences of opinion between the two men made joint action no longer possible; and, though in the final contest of 1865, Greswell resigned his official post, he never withdrew his support from the man whom he regarded as pre-eminently a Christian and a Churchman among politicians.

Much might be said of Greswell's zealous work (always accompanied

accompanied by a munificence disproportionate to his means) for the extension and encouragement of the Church in his native district of Lancashire; for the material, moral, and intellectual improvement of the city of Oxford, and for the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. But enough has been told to display Richard Greswell as what his biographer justly terms 'the faithful steward' of gifts and opportunities, which, not in themselves remarkable, were made by faith and energy the means of incalculable service to the Christian education of the poor. He died on his eighty-first birthday, July 22, 1881.

The life of CHARLES PAGE EDEN will be recalled with interest by men who were members of Oriel between the years 1830 and 1850; and also, we believe, by a larger circle of readers in the Northern Province, where the last five-and-thirty years of his life were spent.

He was born on the 13th of March, 1807, at Whitehall, St. George's, near Bristol. His father, who was a curate and took pupils, died in 1809, leaving a widow with eight children. So narrow were Mrs. Eden's circumstances that little Charles's nurse offered, in her own and her husband's name, to take the infant off his mother's hands, and bring him up with their own as a collier.

Mrs. Eden struggled bravely with the difficulties of her lot, and contrived that little Charles should be educated, first at a day school in Bristol, and afterwards at the Royal Institution School at Liverpool. At eighteen he went up to Oxford, and entered as a Bible-clerk at Oriel. Two touching memorials of this time of laborious struggle are recorded by Eden's friends. When his mother was eighty-two years old, she was asked by her son to inscribe her name in a private book of memoranda; and she added to her signature the words, 'The Lord will destroy the house of the proud, but He will establish the border of the widow.' And in a private paper recording the chief blessings of his life, Eden was found to have entered among his causes for gratitude: 'The having been sent to an excellent college, *but in a position calculated to guard me from idleness and expense.*'

In 1829 Eden obtained a First-Class in Classics, and in 1832, he was elected Fellow of Oriel. In 1834 he was ordained priest, and became Curate of St. Michael's, Oxford. In late years he officiated during vacations as honorary Curate at Littleworth, near Faringdon, where he had been mainly instrumental in building the parish church. Meanwhile he had been appointed Tutor, and subsequently Dean, of his College, and his lectures

lectures were successful and popular. But the candid biographer is constrained to admit that, in his social relations with the Provost, the Fellows, and with the undergraduates, Eden was not wholly agreeable. He appears to have been, or at least to have seemed, arrogant, conceited, inconsiderate, and even rude. Disorderly undergraduates found his discipline too rigid; idle ones thought him too exacting as to preparation for his lectures. Sensitive men, and people who set store on the amenities of intercourse, found him rough and overbearing. We hear of his saying to a French governess, 'Mad*amm*, je déteste les Français;' and of his summoning the College cook to the high table, and bullying him before the assembled college, because the plates were cold. A college-life is perhaps the one which above all others tries the social capacities of a man; and in which faults of temper and of manner incur more than their just share of obloquy and ill-will. Dean Burgon does the fullest justice to the sterling qualities which were concealed beneath these disagreeable features of Eden's temperament. But it is pleasanter to turn our contemplation from a sphere in which he was not seen at his best, to that in which he excelled. In 1843 he succeeded Mr. Newman in the Vicarage of St. Mary-the-Virgin's, and here at once he 'made full proof of his ministry,' as a laborious parish-priest, a powerful and original preacher, and a discreet guide of doubting souls. A letter of his to a curate in spiritual trouble, given on p. 335 of the second volume, strikes us as singularly wise and helpful. His theology was of the Tractarian stamp, and he was himself the author of Tract No. 32 on 'The Standing Ordinances of Religion,' but, like so many others whose lives are recorded in these volumes, he severed his connection with the Tracts when their principal authors took 'a more marked line of doctrine than some of us—including myself—could see our way to follow.' He busied himself in the sanitary and social condition of the city of Oxford, far beyond the limits of his own parish; and engaged to some extent in the political controversies of the University, where he was always a stout opponent of Mr. Gladstone's candidature.

In 1850 Eden was presented by Oriel College to the Vicarage of Aberford in Yorkshire, where his work was vigorous and successful. He restored the parish church, at the cost to himself of a year's income. He rebuilt the parsonage-house. He enlarged and improved the schools. His preaching, alik[e] his own church, in York Minster, and at various di[o]gatherings, made a deep impression by its originali[ty] and searching skill. His parish became a trai[ning]

curates, who came to him from all parts of England, and always professed the deepest obligations to his pastoral teaching. He kept up his own habits of theological reading; and he made time for private study by an almost complete abstention from society and holiday-making.

During the last two years of his life, his physical strength and activity greatly failed, though his intellectual vigour underwent no diminution. He died on the 14th of December, 1885. The point which most forcibly struck an old and intimate friend, the Bishop of St. Albans, in reviewing Eden's life and character, was the wonderful 'development' which they displayed from the tutor of Oriel, rugged, inconsiderate, and egotistical, to the Vicar of Aberford, genial, kindly, and widely-loved.

Of all the characters depicted in these volumes, none certainly was more curious and original, and few more truly estimable, than the twelfth and last that of CHARLES LONGUET HIGGINS. Yet beyond the limits of the county of Bedford and the Diocese of Ely his name was scarcely known, though perhaps such of our readers as have been in the habit of attending Church Congresses may recollect a short and sturdy gentleman, dressed (though he was a layman) like an ecclesiastical dignitary; with a ruddy face, and long white hair descending below his shoulders; who frequently discoursed on hymnology and music, and their application to parochial services. Such was Mr. Higgins of Turvey Abbey, the 'Lay-bishop' of the Diocese of Ely.

The family of Higgins had been established for some five generations at Weston Underwood, in the county of Buckingham, but on the borders of Bedfordshire. Here they were the neighbours and friends of the Poet Cowper, of the Throckmortons, of Mrs. Unwin, Lady Austen, Lady Hesketh, and Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford. In 1787 Mr. Charles Higgins, Sheriff of London, purchased the manor and estate of Turvey in Bedfordshire, from Charles Henry Mordaunt, last Earl of Peterborough, whose ancestors had possessed Turvey Hall from before the time of Richard I. The splendid monuments of this family still are the chief glory of Turvey Church; while the ancient honours of the Mordaunts have fallen into abeyance between the ultimate descendants of Henrietta Mordaunt, Duchess of Gordon. Mr. Charles Higgins was succeeded at Turvey by a nephew, whose eldest son was the subject of our present notice. Charles Longuet Higgins was born at Turvey on the 21st of December, 1806. He was educated at home, and very badly educated too, except in the lore of angling and wild-fowl shooting

shooting. In 1803 the Rev. Legh Richmond became Rector of Turvey, and this devout and gifted man exercised a powerful influence on his youthful neighbours at the Abbey. Charles Higgins, who from his childhood had shown a pious and thoughtful disposition, now secretly resolved to seek Holy Orders, and with this view he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1826. Here he associated himself with a band of young men like-minded with himself—Bishop Harold Browne was one of their number—who practised the strictest self-denial in their way of living, and were constant in their devotional exercises and in the study of the Bible. They founded the Jesus Lane Sunday School, and systematically laboured for the moral improvement of the degraded district of Barnwell. It is needless to say that in all their good works they were stimulated and guided by the public ministrations and private counsels of the saintly Simeon. On leaving Cambridge in 1829, Higgins began to negociate for a curacy, and accepted a title offered by the Vicar of Halifax. But here an unexpected and a fatal obstacle intervened. His father peremptorily forbade him to take Holy Orders; and Charles Higgins, with a conscientious, but, as we think, most mistaken notion of duty, submitted to the prohibition. What this refusal of the Divine vocation cost him, is unknown to man. But he was still a priest at heart. His favourite study was divinity. His supreme ambition, to restore Turvey Church. His chief recreation, to reform the parochial psalmody.

Baffled by his father's harsh resolve in the chosen purpose of his life, he determined still to be, in another than the ministerial sense, a 'fisher of men.' He resolved to acquire a thorough knowledge of medicine, for the benefit of his poor neighbours. He went up to London, and became a student at St. Bartholomew's, where he had for a fellow-student Sir James Paget. Even when the curriculum was finished, and he had returned home, he pursued his study with unabated vigour. 'Twice a week, throughout more than one winter, he rose at five in the morning, and, having saddled his pony himself, left the Abbey punctually as the clock struck six, in order to attend Dr. Witt's clinical lecture, at seven, at the Bedford Infirmary.'

By these laborious means he acquired a working knowledge of medicine and surgery; and, by the consent of the local practitioners, he gratuitously attended the destitute poor in all the surrounding villages, 'the signal that he was wanted, in cases of sudden emergency at night, being the switching of his bedroom window-pane with a long wand which lay for that purpose in front of the Abbey, under his window. So sum-

moned, he would rise instantly, repair to the stable in the dark, and sally forth.' For five and-twenty years, besides the ordinary treatment of common illness, he attended women in their confinements, extracted teeth, couched for cataract, and set broken limbs. He would tire out two horses in a day, and, if sent for again, would walk. But this medical practice by no means exhausted Charles Higgins's energy. He was an active and zealous magistrate. For eight-and-forty years he hardly ever missed the weekly meeting of the Board of Guardians at Bedford. In many respects he was a model landlord. He built a national school, a school house, an infant school, a reading room, and a village museum. He entirely remodelled the sanitary arrangements of the village, and built sixty new cottages on the most approved principles. He restored the parish church at his own cost, lengthened the nave, and erected a new chancel. The village choir was the object of his special care. He was organist and choir-master of his parish, and he organized a choral association in his neighbourhood, which did wonders for the music of the adjacent churches. He attempted to compile a Diocesan Hymn-book, which, he hoped, might in time become the authorized hymnal of the Church of England. At the annual Church Congresses, and at local and diocesan gatherings, he constantly spoke on the subject of Hymnology, which indeed occupied a chief place in his affections. In all his manifold works for the glory of God, the good of His Church, and the service of the poor, he received the readiest and most sympathetic help from his admirable wife (whom he had married in 1853), a sister of Dean Burgon's.

Towards the end of Charles Higgins's life his physical strength, which had once been enormous, gradually declined; but his mental faculties remained unimpaired to the close, which occurred on the 23rd of January, 1885. He had been, as his brother-in-law and biographer truly says, 'a blessing to his native village for seventy-eight years.'

We have thus reached the close of that series of Twelve Lives, which, according to Dean Burgon's own showing, cost him so much time and toil during his last days. He was busy with the task almost to the end, for the preface bears date, 'Holy Week, A.D. 1888,' and the author died on the 4th of the following August. The Lives depicted are of very various degrees of interest and importance; but in each case the method of handling displays the same accurate research, the same painstaking care, the same quickness to seize the salient features of a character or a situation, the same humorous vivacity, and the same

same originality and vigour of style. In brief, Dean Burgon seems to us to have possessed, in no common degree, the most valuable qualifications for biographical writing. In addition to the Twelve Lives which form the substance of his volumes, he briefly sketches in the preface certain characters which were closely akin to those described at greater length, and which, already half-forgotten, the Dean desired to preserve from total oblivion. These were Robert Hussey, B.D., first Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford; Walter Waddington Shirley, D.D., a later occupant of the same post; James Riddell, Fellow of Balliol; Philip Edward Pusey, the Editor of St. Cyril; Edward Cooper Woollcombe, Fellow of Balliol; William Kay, the Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta; Robert Gandell, the Professor of Syriac and Arabic; and Charles Portales Golightly, the sturdy champion of Protestantism in Oxford. There is not one of these characters, on which the student of ecclesiastical history might not dwell with interest and advantage; but enough has already been said to show that the lamented author of these volumes has, in his latest work, conferred the most important and enduring benefits on those who shall hereafter attempt to delineate the history of the Anglican Revival. But the Dean's work has not been, solely or even chiefly, to provide material for future historians. He has rendered a signal service to the Church, of which he was the most devoted son, by exhibiting her power to produce, under the most various circumstances, the highest type of Christian saintliness and ministerial efficiency. He has shown, by repeated instances, that practical labour can be combined with profound research; that the most passionate zeal on behalf of imperilled Truth is compatible with the widest charity and the gentlest temper; and that a sturdy resistance to all modern and foreign corruptions of the Catholic Deposit is not merely consistent with, but consequent upon, a heartfelt devotion to the ancient faith of Christendom.

We end, as we began, with the expression of our affectionate and regretful respect for the memory of the pious and learned writer of these volumes; and we cordially say 'Amen' to his devout aspiration that this, his latest handiwork, may not only serve to perpetuate the names of certain 'good men,' but may also incite a later and laxer generation to imitate their holy and serviceable lives.

ART.

ART. VII.—*The Life of Sidney, Earl Godolphin, K.G., Lord High Treasurer of England*, 1702–1710. By the Hon. Hugh Elliot. London, 1888.

THE first Tory Prime Minister of England was a man of whose private life few particulars have come down to us, though his personal tastes and habits have been described by Swift and Pope. The additional information, therefore, relating to the family history which, Mr. Elliot has been able to supply from the new materials placed at his disposal, will be welcome to the curious in such matters. This information is nearly all contained in the second chapter of the book; which, with this brief exception, is exclusively dependent for its interest on the political questions of the day, and on the light which it throws on the parties and party intrigues of the time. In this branch of his subject the author has not, however, much to tell us which is absolutely new. No biography of Lord Godolphin, he confesses, 'can be really complete, till much material which is at present entombed in family archives is rendered accessible.' But the official life of Lord Godolphin embraces several great public questions; and as Mr. Elliot, by his manner of dealing with these questions, challenges criticism, we will now reconsider some of the political controversies, and personal mysteries, by which students of the reign of Queen Anne still find themselves confronted. There are three questions still *sub judice* on which we shall join issue with Mr. Elliot: namely, Godolphin's relations with the Stuarts after the Revolution; his connection with the betrayal of the Brest expedition; his differences with Lord Peterborough; and a fourth, which is now raised for the first time, namely, his general scheme for governing without party.

Sidney Godolphin was a gentleman of an ancient Cornish family, claiming descent from the De Godolghan, who held land in Cornwall under the Norman Kings. His immediate ancestor was Sir John Godolphin, High Sheriff of the county in the reign of Henry VII. In the seventeenth century the Godolphins were Cavaliers, and the statesman's father and uncle were both in arms for the King. Sidney, the uncle, was one of the soldier-poets of that romantic era, and some verses quoted by Mr. Elliot possess considerable merit. He was killed at Chagford, in Devonshire, in 1643, and buried in Okehampton Church. 'Clarendon has described his character; Waller collated his poems: and Hobbes wrote his epitaph.'

At the ancestral seat in Cornwall, situated between the Lizard and the Land's End, Sidney Godolphin was born in the summer of

of 1645, and was christened in the neighbouring church of St. Breage on the 15th of July, a month after the battle of Naseby. He is said to have been a master of classical learning, but he did not acquire his scholarship either at a public school or a University. Mr Elliot thinks that, while still a boy, he joined Charles II. on the Continent, and that it was the recollection of the wretched life then led by so many British exiles, which determined him at a later stage of his career not to go on his travels again. But the first thing known about him with certainty is that, in April 1664, when he was not quite nineteen, he was a page at Whitehall. Here he learned some accomplishments which were useful to him in after life: the art of keeping his countenance; of assuming a vacant look when he heard tidings which he did not wish to seem to understand; perfect self-possession; and the manners necessary to a courtier. During the Dutch war of 1667, he obtained a commission and served as cornet in a troop of horse; but he never was on active service; and in October 1668 he was returned to Parliament for the family borough of Helston.

He married in May 1675, at the age of twenty-nine, Margaret Blague, one of the maids of honour — Evelyn's Mrs. Godolphin then in her twenty-third year, who died in September 1678, leaving an only son Francis, who married in 1698 Lady Henrietta Churchill, eldest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, and became the second Earl Godolphin. Sidney Godolphin and his wife were devotedly attached to each other. She was good, beautiful, and clever, and Ben Jonson's epitaph on Lady Pembroke might, it seems, with almost equal propriety have been applied to her. Her husband mourned for her as one that would not be comforted, and all the romance of his life was buried in her grave. It is something in Godolphin's favour that he inspired such a woman as this with a genuine passion, when he had neither rank, wealth, nor a handsome face nor figure to recommend him. He was called 'Baconface' by his contemporaries; and though the bust in Westminster Abbey is more favourable to his features than Kneller's portrait, it is clear that he never had the form and mien which 'ladies love to look upon.' At the best he must have been a heavy, phlegmatic-looking man, though, according to Boyer, he had a bright piercing eye; and his habitual gravity, almost bordering on pomposity, was occasionally relieved by a very pleasant smile. He had, we are told, a brown complexion, a little disfigured by the small-pox, and, what Mr. Elliot omits to mention, 'a very amorous temper,' which at a later period of his life seems to have exercised some influence on his fortunes.

Lord

Lord Macaulay has drawn the character of the statesmen of the Revolution in a few bold lines which, granted his premisses, convey, no doubt, a tolerably just impression of them. All, however, was not dishonesty which seemed such to Lord Macaulay. If the Revolution was an unmixed good, if the honest men opposed to it were destitute of ability, and if the able men opposed to it were destitute of honesty, there is an end of argument. But this reasoning is based on an assumption, which history will hardly sustain, that the balance of advantage in favour of the Revolution was so heavy, and so obvious, that there could be no occasion for doubt in the mind of any real statesman. The general accusation against the cluster of distinguished men, who stood at the head of affairs in this country from 1680 to 1720, is, that they played a double game in politics, courting the confidence of one dynasty while engaged in the service of another; and thinking rather of their own security and success than of what was most conducive to the interests of their country. But their excuse is that it was not altogether so easy then, as it may be now, to see what really were the true interests of the country. A very large part of the nation, probably a large majority, thought that, if only the Stuarts could be brought to conform to the Church of England, the public interests would be best served by their restoration. This would save all the evils of a disputed succession; and would save England at the same time from the unpalatable expedient of handing herself over to the rule of foreigners, and from being drawn into those European complications which were destined to cost her so dear. That the Stuarts would never take kindly to the system of Parliamentary government was an argument which the men of that day could not be expected to appreciate as clearly as we do now. Why should not James III. be contented to rule like William III.? If it was quite certain that the father would never change his religion, the son might. The duty of a wise and prudent man, with a reasonable regard for his own interests, did not in this matter seem inconsistent with the duty of a patriot. If the Revolution government was only a provisional government, there was surely no harm in taking thought of what was to follow, and in being prepared for all eventualities.

There was, in the abstract, nothing dishonest in this mode of reasoning; but it is easy to see that it might soon become so in the concrete; such reasoning involved a principle of action which it was not possible to avow, and which it might become necessary to conceal by the wilful deception of individuals. Professions of attachment to the exiled dynasty were

not likely always to end in words. Sooner or later, some earnest of their sincerity was sure to be required. And so we see that men, not naturally dishonourable or unprincipled, were seduced into actions which no casuistry can defend. But, except in these extreme cases, much of the language which has been applied to the statesmen of the Revolution is wholly out of place. Events had lowered the moral tone of English public life, and had created a class of statesmen not above doing the dirty work of Revolutions. Rival factions must be kept quiet for the time by working on the hopes of some and for the present interests of others; and while the infant dynasty is taking root and gaining strength, rival claimants to the throne must be put off with fair words and specious promises. The statesmen who are willing to do these things are not likely to be men of exalted virtue, or to be unmindful of their own safety; they will make a point of standing well with all parties, and of securing their retreat, in case their position proves untenable. But these are the men who prevent civil wars: who, in the exercise of their peculiar talents, stand between disaffection and despair; and who avert violence by insinuating in the most plausible tones all that may be won by patience. It is hardly fair to call them dishonest, unprincipled, or immoral. They are the men of the age; and one of the most finished specimens of the class was the Lord Godolphin who served four sovereigns, and, though strictly faithful to none, was trusted by them all.

Godolphin's first public employment was, in 1678, as Envoy Extraordinary to the Spanish Netherlands. Here he made the acquaintance of the Prince of Orange, who seems to have been much pleased with him, and who, on Mrs. Godolphin's death in the following September, sent a message of condolence to her husband. He also at this time fell in with Sir W. Temple, who was engaged in negociating the Treaty of Nimeguen; and when on the failure of Sir William's Council of Thirty in 1678 the Government was partly reconstructed, Godolphin was recommended by Temple for a seat at the Treasury, the first Lord being Hyde, Earl of Rochester, and Halifax and Sunderland being leading members of the Government.

The Parliament of 1661 had been dissolved in January 1678. But the new Parliament did not meet till the following March, when it was found that in the House of Commons the Whig party had a majority. Charles II., finding this Parliament obstinate respecting the Exclusion Bill, dissolved it in the following July. Its successor, elected in October 1679, was not called together for another twelve months; and when it met

met in October 1680, it proved just as intractable as the last. The King dissolved it in January 1681, and summoned another one to meet at Oxford in March. It met on the 21st, and was dissolved on the 28th: and no other Parliament was called during the remainder of the King's reign. It is remarkable that in all these Parliaments, though Godolphin, who always swam in the stream, voted with the Exclusionists, his opposition to the Court lost him the favour neither of the King nor of the Duke of York. At that time he was the only member of the Government who understood finance; and, down to the day of his death, he had but one equal in that department. He was therefore too useful a man to be got rid of; and his opposition was not sufficiently formidable to counterbalance his utility. Charles II. found in him a convenient and accommodating servant, who was never in the way and never out of the way. And for James II., we suppose it was enough, that Godolphin consented to attend mass, and helped him in his arrangements with Louis.

Between the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament in the spring of 1681, and the death of Charles in February 1685, the Cavalier party were dominant. A strong Tory reaction, admirably described by Lord Macaulay, set in against the Exclusionists; and the King, we may charitably conclude, took advantage of this interval of quiet to reflect upon his own position, and to ask himself whether the course, which he had hitherto pursued, had been in reality conducive either to his own honour or his own comfort. He had reached that time of life, when men often exchange pleasure for politics, and develop qualities hitherto unsuspected by their most intimate associates. After the many things which he had done to excite the suspicion and distrust of his subjects, he found himself once more, at the age of fifty-two, 'the most popular man in his dominions.' With such a hold upon his people as this, might it not be worth while, after all, to try the part of a patriot King? It is quite possible that Charles at this time, while resolved to take vengeance on his enemies, had other and better aspirations, and that the rumours of some new system of policy which began to be heard in 1684 were not destitute of foundation. In August of this year Godolphin was raised to the peerage, with the title of Lord Godolphin of Rialton, and appointed First Commissioner of the Treasury in place of Rochester, who became President of the Council. Godolphin, at this time, belonged more decidedly than ever to the moderate section of the Tories; and though he took care to observe a prudent neutrality between Halifax and Rochester, the heads of

of the two rival parties, we can have no doubt to which side he secretly inclined. Had Charles II. lived, it is by no means improbable that Godolphin might have been as great a man as he became after the Revolution, without any of the stains which that political convulsion left upon his character.

It is important to remember, in estimating the characters of the statesmen of the Revolution, that the duplicity and ambidexterity, which became so general after 1688, had in reality begun before that date; that there were statesmen in communication with the Hague, while holding office under Charles and James, as there were statesmen in communication with St. Germain's, while holding office under William. Between 1680 and 1720 a sense of impending change pervaded the whole governing class. There was hardly a single man of eminence but would have been glad to have two strings to his bow. Godolphin had been in communication with the Prince of Orange before the death of Charles II. He threw aside his former professions as soon as James was on the throne, and renewed them after he was banished. Scores of other English gentlemen were acting in the same spirit. They were not more false to one king than to another: and treachery on so large a scale, and of so indiscriminate a character, almost ceases to be treachery.

On the accession of James, Godolphin left the Treasury and was appointed Chamberlain to Mary of Modena, whom he regarded throughout life with a degree of affection, which shows that, with all his worldliness, he had still a soft place in his heart. He soon accommodated himself to the new *régime*. Rochester, who was now First Lord, refused to go to mass with the King, and was turned out of the Treasury; Godolphin went, and was replaced in the Department. Rochester, however, was not dismissed till he had participated with Lord Sunderland and Godolphin in the treaty with France, to which we have already referred. By this compact, for it was not of course a regular treaty, Louis XIV. undertook to make the King of England virtually independent of the House of Commons, on condition that he used his powers in the interests of France.

It does not appear that Godolphin took any active part in the negociations with the Prince of Orange, which immediately preceded the invasion of 1688. When, after the landing of the Prince, the King set out for Salisbury, Godolphin was one of the Council of Five whom he left in charge of the Government. Shortly afterwards, Godolphin, Halifax, and Nottingham, were the three Commissioners chosen to treat with the invaders. When James turned his back upon

upon the throne, Godolphin was one of those who refused to declare it vacant, and voted for a Regency. Having thus done his duty to his late master, he saw nothing to prevent him from taking service with his old friend, and on February 14th, 1689, he was once more gazetted to his old place at the Treasury. Just a year afterwards, the Convention Parliament was dissolved, and then for some reason—jealousy, it is thought, of Sir John Lowther, who had been appointed to the Board—he insisted on resigning. In the following November, however, he came back again as Chief Commissioner, or First Lord, a post which he retained through all ministerial and party changes for six years. He resigned in October 1696; was reinstated four years afterwards, and resigned again in six months, just a year before William's death.

Of Godolphin's relations with the Jacobite party in general during the reign of William, Mr. Elliot, as we have said, has nothing fresh to tell us. Godolphin saw the Jacobite agents: sometimes, with a command of countenance peculiar to himself, pretended not to understand on what errand they had come, and turned the conversation to the race-course or the play-house; sometimes he professed warm attachment to the exiled Prince, and declared his willingness to serve him effectually as soon as he could withdraw from William's service; sometimes he sent promises, and sometimes good advice; but never, we may be quite sure, without a mental resolution that he would do nothing more till a restoration was morally certain. Mr. Elliot, in dealing with this portion of our history, displays much needless excitement. We have already pointed out, that the treachery imputed to those statesmen, who kept themselves fair with both Courts, was but a venial offence. Mr. Elliot thinks it impossible that Godolphin should have given both William and James good counsel at the same time. He certainly offered such to William, and therefore, thinks Mr. Elliot, could not possibly have offered it to James. We see no impossibility in the matter. Horace Walpole supplies what is no doubt the key to Godolphin's double-dealing, and Clarke, in his 'Life of James II.,' takes the same view. It was the primary object of both Godolphin and Marlborough, who always acted together, to prevent James II. from forming any other engagements with the English Tories, or learning to rely on any one except themselves. They might not have been willing to make any great effort to effect his restoration: they may not even have desired it; but they were quite determined that, if it did happen, nobody else should have the credit of it. If the course of events brought it round, they wished to be able to say that it was owing to their own advice, and

and their own secret exertions. When James was reseated on the throne, he must attribute his good fortune to Marlborough and Godolphin, and to them alone. It was clearly their interest, therefore, to give him such advice as would be seen in the event of his return to have been well calculated to promote it.

In illustration of this advice, Mr. Elliot quotes Godolphin's letter to William in 1695, first published in Dalrymple's 'Memoirs.' And he is quite right in giving this letter a very prominent place in the history of Godolphin's public life; for it is virtually an exposition of his political principles, and foreshadows, as Mr. Elliot says, the ministerial plan which he himself endeavoured to carry out while at the head of Queen Anne's Government. On this occasion William, it seems, had grown impatient of the Parliamentary difficulties by which he was surrounded, and was anxious to try the effect of a dissolution. Godolphin advises him not to dissolve Parliament till he has made peace, which he recommends him to do in the following summer. As long as the war lasted, he could hardly have a Parliament better suited to his purpose. The Whig party in it was just strong enough to support the war, without being strong enough to annoy the King. In another Parliament, this balance was not likely to be maintained. If the Whigs had a large majority, they might be willing to feed the war, but they would impose conditions on the Sovereign. If the Tories had a large majority, they might uphold the prerogative, but they would be lukewarm in the cause of the alliance. But if peace were once made, and the King were relieved from the necessity of coming to Parliament for money, then indeed he might pursue his favourite scheme of ignoring party differences, and party pretensions, with some prospect of success:

'And if it pleased God to grant your Majesty an honourable peace, and you would then be pleased to set up for a party of your own, and let all people see that if they expected your favour they must depend upon you for it, and not let any one hope for promotion for being true to a faction, but by serving you; I presume to say that the war being ended, a new Parliament called, and such measures pursued, your Majesty would quickly find that the Jacobites would turn moderate Churchmen, and loyal subjects, and the Whigs much more obsequious courtiers and easier servants than now they are.'

This letter suggests to us a further explanation of the apparent contradiction, which so puzzles Mr. Elliot. Godolphin here advises William to make peace in the ensuing summer; and he advised James, it seems, to invade England with a French

French army if peace was not made. Godolphin knew well how unpopular the war was in England. He knew better than any one the magnitude of the pecuniary difficulties in which it was involving the nation. Any great financial crisis, supervening on an odious war, might have been extremely awkward for the Minister, who would be held responsible for both. There was no saying what Parliament might do in such a case, as Godolphin himself once remarked to Prince George of Denmark. If matters came to that pass, and William had no power to protect him, it would be well to look to some one who could. If William would take his advice and make peace—well. If not, if he was obstinate and rushed upon his fate, then it might perhaps be just as well that James should reappear upon the scene. Godolphin gave the advice which was in each case distinctly the best for his own interests.

The second of the three subjects to which we have referred is the affair of Brest. It is well known that the betrayal to the French king of the intended expedition against Brest in 1694 is attributed exclusively to Marlborough by the great historian of the Revolution. There is no doubt that Marlborough sent this information to James. But it seems equally certain that Godolphin had been beforehand with him. That Macaulay takes no notice of this report, need surprise no one acquainted with his mode of writing history; but the charge is confidently made by Macpherson, an author whom Macaulay generally trusts. It is repeated by Mr. Leslie Stephen, as a recognized truth; and Mr. John Paget, who has enquired into the whole transaction, has no doubt that the charge is true. But the real question is not who told the secret, but who told it first. If Godolphin told it before Marlborough, the Earl of Arran had told it before Godolphin: while it is by no means improbable that there was a fourth person concerned, who told it before any of them. In a letter of Horace Walpole's, which we do not remember to have seen noticed by any modern writer on the period, he says that William III. openly charged Marlborough with betraying the secret, and that Marlborough replied, 'upon my honour, your Majesty, I only told my wife.' 'I did not even do that,' was the King's answer. Now Marlborough's wife was the sister of the Duchess of Tyrconnell, a devoted adherent of the exiled family, who, if she heard such a secret, was under no obligation to respect it. It seems to us that here we have a clue to the real channel through which the information reached Louis. It is difficult to doubt, in face of the evidence we possess, that Godolphin, as well

as

as Marlborough, sent news of this expedition to James. But we may equally believe, that they both knew it to be valueless: and that whatever harm could be done by the disclosure, had been done already. We should have expected to see this question discussed by Mr. Elliot at a little greater length, we confess. He scarcely seems to realize the atrocity of the act imputed to men high in the confidence of the English Government. Godolphin's connivance at the French compact, which he calls 'a terrible crime,' is a joke compared to it.

We have seen from Godolphin's letter to the King, that in the year 1694 he took rather a gloomy view of our financial situation; and, as Mr. Elliot contends with some justice, there was very good reason why he should find his seat at the Board of Treasury an uneasy one, without supposing that his occasional anxiety to quit it arose from any wish to be at greater liberty to assist King James. Godolphin was alarmed for his own safety: and on this point Mr. Elliot has placed the situation before us, for the first time, in a concise and intelligible form. Thus:—

'The off-hand manner in which William treated the Treasury shows how great Godolphin's difficulties must have been in saving the wealth of the nation from the rapacity of the King. William's orders were no less diverse than peremptory. The Commissioners of the Treasury are immediately to pay 2 0*l.* to every battalion in Flanders for the purpose of buying and maintaining a waggon. His secretary has lost his horses, plate, and equipage, in a passage to the Low Countries; the Treasury must compensate him with 2000*l.* The Duke of Schomberg's pay is to be increased. The arrears due to the troops in Savoy are to be paid. Godolphin no doubt found the execution of the King's commands a very delicate task. Certain sums of money had been voted by Parliament for certain purposes; more could not be furnished without adding recklessly to the debt. "I beg of you," he writes to Blathwayte, "to represent to the King that the consequence of all this is loading his revenue with more anticipations and plunging it into [such?] fresh engagements as he will be sorry to see at his return, and not only [this?] but the debt to his household and family is all this while increasing, by the necessity of applying all the money that can any way be borrowed to the extraordinary charges of the public." In regard to the necessity of the expenses he had nothing to say. They might be necessary or they might not. Their consequences, he affirmed, however, would be most inconvenient.'

* * * * *

'The remonstrances of Godolphin passed unheeded. The King effected neither reform nor retrenchment, while to make matters worse, as time passed on, the news from abroad became alarming. The years 1693 and 1694 were years of intense gloom in England. Every

Every speech from the throne was a petition for money, or contained an announcement of naval or military miscarriage. The charges for the war were boundless and continuous. Extravagant bounties to foreigners further swelled the gigantic total of expenditure; while treason and conspiracy, which were ever imminent, seemed all the more threatening, because the rumours which announced them were intangible and undefined. In the House of Commons there existed a strong opposition to the Court. Clarges, Foley, and many other members of influence and repute, persistently attacked the Government for its prodigality, for its foreign policy, or for its corruption.' —Page 159.

Godolphin began to be alarmed for his head. He knew that he was hated by the Whigs; and it was possible that neither King might be able to save him from ruin. He was a timid man, and must often have thought it would be wise to leave the sinking ship while he could. But the emoluments of office were necessary to him; and while he hesitated between the two alternatives, the horizon cleared. Commercial prosperity and financial credit were restored. Peace was made; and at last when Godolphin did quit office, he did so against his will, and in consequence of a party intrigue.

The story of Sir John Fenwick's plot is too long to be repeated here. But in October 1696, Godolphin was the last Tory left in the Government, and the Whigs were resolved to have him out. He had been named, together with two Whigs, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Edward Russell, in the confession which Sir John Fenwick had laid before the Government in the hope of obtaining his own pardon. The Whigs, however, had no wish to see these two men punished; nor did the King wish to punish any of them. Consequently, as it was impossible to make any distinction between the guilt of Godolphin and the guilt of the other two, the Whigs saw that their only chance was in persuading Godolphin to resign.

'If Godolphin had steadfastly refused to quit his place, the Whig leaders would have been in a most embarrassing position. But a politician of no common dexterity undertook to extricate them from their difficulties. In the art of reading and managing the minds of men, Sunderland had no equal; and he was, as he had been during several years, desirous to see all the great posts in the kingdom filled by Whigs. By his skilful management Godolphin was induced to go into the royal closet, and to request permission to retire from office, and William granted that permission with a readiness by which Godolphin was much more surprised than pleased.' *

* Macaulay.

William

William III. died on the 8th of March, 1702: and the best known period of Godolphin's career now begins. At first he declined the office of Lord High Treasurer when offered to him by the Queen, from a sincere desire, Mr. Elliot thinks, to escape into the country and enjoy the pleasures of rural life. But whatever the reason was, it was soon overruled. Marlborough, it is said, refused to take the command of the army, unless Godolphin was at the head of the Government. To this consideration were no doubt added the personal entreaties of the Queen: and, after all, the prize now within his reach was a very splendid one. So he laid aside his scruples, and placed himself at the head of Queen Anne's first ministry, being the first English statesman who can properly be called Prime Minister.

The ten years that followed are perhaps, upon the whole, the ten most interesting years of English history; for they unroll before us, on a large scale and in brilliant colours, the two most important dramas which can be acted by civilized nations—a great military struggle against a foreign enemy, and a great constitutional struggle between rival parties, in simultaneous operation, and conducted by soldiers and statesmen of unrivalled genius and undying fame. The part allotted to Godolphin in this splendid scene, though less showy and less prominent than that of some of his contemporaries, was extremely important. English political parties had their origin in the reign of Charles II.: but it was not till after the Revolution that the 'party system' began to take its modern shape, and to demand recognition as one of the essential organs of constitutional government. William III. refused this recognition. Godolphin followed in his footsteps; and must be regarded as the first of that long line of statesmen, who from William III. to William IV. fought against the Whig doctrine of party, and who, had they been successful, would have saved us from a sore disease under which our political system still suffers most severely.

Before, however, we follow party history through the first eight years of Queen Anne's reign, it will be well to consider Godolphin's connection with the war. We have seen the advice which he gave to King William in 1695, and that he did not in 1700 wish to put himself in the same position again; and we have seen, that he hesitated to accept the brilliant position offered to him by Anne. We cannot doubt that, on each occasion, he was influenced by the same considerations. He did not believe that the resources of the country were equal to the strain which the Grand Alliance would

impose upon them. He had not been Finance Minister from the battle of La Hogue to the Peace of Ryswick for nothing. He knew that the ultimate cost of the war would greatly exceed the estimated cost; and he knew also that, if a crash came, he would be the first sufferer. Had England in 1711 continued the war upon the only scale which would have enabled her to crush France, she must have been bankrupt in twelve months. So wrote Bolingbroke to Peterboro', January 8th, 1712; and what we might not believe on the word of Bolingbroke alone, we are bound to believe when it comes fortified by the authority of Godolphin. For the latter, events were too strong. War became inevitable, and such being the case, it was necessary to have Marlborough at the head of the army. Marlborough refused to go unless Godolphin was Prime Minister; and so, as we see, Godolphin was drawn into a position which he would gladly have avoided if he could; not because he thought war was at that moment unjustifiable, but because he foresaw the domestic difficulties to which it must eventually give rise, and did not wish to be the victim of them.

During four years he co-operated with Marlborough cordially and zealously. But when in 1706 an opportunity of making peace on advantageous terms presented itself, and was deliberately rejected, his zeal began to cool, and for the first time he and Marlborough were at variance. We need not go into particulars of the offer made by France to the Allies in 1706. Lord Stanhope, whose reign of Queen Anne is not written from a Tory point of view; Mr. Wyon, who is a decided Liberal; and Lord Bolingbroke, who was War Secretary at the time, are all agreed, that they would have accomplished all the objects of the grand alliance, and were better terms than the Allies had any reason to expect.

Why, then, were they not accepted? Godolphin was decidedly in favour of them, but was overruled by Marlborough, who, however, seems to have proceeded on no very fixed views of public policy; since while he told the French that England was bound to uphold the integrity of the Spanish monarchy, he told the Dutch at the same time that Louis XIV. could hardly be expected to make peace without something being carved out of the Spanish monarchy for his grandson. Archdeacon Cox tries to make out, that Godolphin was the obstacle to peace. But we agree with Mr. Elliot, that the theory is absurd. Peace was distinctly Godolphin's interest, both for the sake of his own personal security and for the sake of the political scheme which he was bent on carrying out. And Mr. Elliot admits, that Godolphin was so enraged with our allies, that he proposed

posed to Marlborough that England should throw them over and make a separate peace with France. In many respects Godolphin's views were identical with Bolingbroke's; and what is most curious of all is, that, if the war was to go on, he would have adopted the very same system of hostilities as Bolingbroke himself recommended nearly forty years afterwards during the war of the Austrian succession. This was to withdraw our troops from Flanders, and confine ourselves to naval operations. By blockading or bombarding French ports, by harassing descents upon the coast, by destroying her trade and her commerce, and by taking advantage of the discontent known to exist in certain classes of French society, Godolphin thought we might bring France to terms as quickly as by continental campaigns, and at one-fourth of the expense. This was Godolphin's principle; this was Bolingbroke's principle; and this, till events proved too strong for him, was Pitt's principle. But in 1706 the opposite view prevailed, and the war went on as before.

Again, however, in 1709 still more liberal terms were proposed by France, first informally, and afterwards at the Congress of Gertruydenberg, when she offered to resign the whole Spanish monarchy, and when the negociations only broke off on the demand of the Allies that Louis himself should compel his grandson to leave Spain, if necessary by force of arms. This Louis positively refused to do; and again hostilities were resumed; and it was not till two years afterwards, when the burden upon England at length became intolerable, that a Tory Government saw the necessity of adopting Godolphin's suggestion and making a separate peace. Our allies, who had disappointed us and defrauded us all round, and whose preposterous demands, going utterly beyond the original term of the alliance, had been the sole cause of prolonging the war, had no reason whatever to complain of what happened. And this must appear very plainly, we think, to all who study the history of the period, even in the pages of a partisan. Archdeacon Cox admits that the terms offered at Gertruydenberg were such as the Allies ought to have accepted; but he tries to prove that Godolphin again was the man to blame for the failure of the negociations. Yet peace had become almost a matter of life and death to Godolphin. Peace in 1709 would in all human probability have averted his downfall in 1710; and would have saved him from the necessity of abandoning his favourite theory of government. Whoever was to blame for the failure, it could hardly be Godolphin. He was, as much as the regular Tories, in favour of a peace; and if he had retained his office, and his

power and authority with it, he would certainly have done what the Tories did, and probably a year sooner.

The Treaty of Utrecht was no mere party manœuvre, but a great measure of state forced upon England by circumstances, with hardly any alternative; a peace which any English statesman would have been bound to make; a peace less favourable than might have obtained on two previous occasions, only because the Allies, in their extreme greediness and selfishness, overreached themselves. Not only, however, must we acquit Lord Godolphin of all responsibility for these failures, but we are in justice bound to recognize, that he did what he could to prevent them, and condemned almost from the first the turn the war was taking. In a word, he was no friend at all, but a sworn enemy to what Bolingbroke calls the 'new scheme' which was hatched by the alliance after 1706, and which, instead of aiming at satisfaction to the Emperor for the loss of the Spanish Crown, aimed at nothing less than placing the whole Spanish Empire in his hands. That Godolphin was unable to act up to his convictions, and to exert himself more effectually in the interests of peace, was due partly to the influence of Marlborough, but much more to the party connections with which in 1706 he was beginning to be entangled. The Whigs cared no more than the Tories for the Austrians or the Dutch; but in their eyes to crush France was to crush Jacobitism. They did not encourage the war to bring Charles into Spain, but to keep James out of England. For this purpose they were ready to spend the last shilling which could be wrung from the English people; and from the moment that Godolphin fell into their hands, he had to put his peace principles in his pocket.

Of Godolphin's connection with the war in another quarter, and of Lord Peterborough's behaviour in Spain, Mr. Elliot's account seems to require considerable modification. He admits that Peterborough was allowed a large discretion; but declares it to be certain 'that when he left England, the English Government had no more idea that their general would attack Barcelona, than that he would attack Seringapatam.' Yet Colonel Russell, whose 'Life of Peterborough,' published only last year, Mr. Elliot seems not to have consulted, distinctly states that Peterborough, besides being ordered to assist the Duke of Savoy, 'was also directed to attack Barcelona and Cadiz, and was given general directions to the effect that the principal design of the expedition was to make a vigorous push on Spain.' Lord Stanhope distinctly asserts, as a matter which requires no proof, that Peterborough, while instructed in the first instance

to

to relieve the Duke of Savoy, 'was allowed a discretionary power, if he should rather choose some enterprise on the coast of Spain.' If these statements are trustworthy, one half of Mr. Elliot's accusation disappears. The other is that Peterborough allowed himself to be overruled by the Archduke Charles, instead of 'assuming an authority which it was his duty to exercise.' On this point Colonel Russell writes as follows: 'Peterborough had been accepted as Commander-in-chief to the Allied armies in consideration of the large body of troops, and great subsidies supplied by England. But his power was more nominal than real: he could not shoot for mutiny, or coerce, generals of another country.' He could not have compelled the Dutch and German troops, who formed part of his army, to go on to Nice, or to march to Madrid, instead of attacking Barcelona. He might have separated himself from his allies, and gone on to Italy with the English regiments alone. But he does not seem to have thought that he was warranted in doing this, nor does Mr. Elliot assert in so many words that this is what he ought to have done.

If we take Lord Stanhope as our guide, we should find in his failing health and energy a clue to much of Godolphin's conduct at this time. 'His fire was indeed nearly burned out,' says the historian, writing even of the year 1704. And if so, we have in this fact a sufficient explanation of his acquiescence in measures to which he was at heart opposed. We do not know, however, what evidence there is for this statement; and of the history of the next great transaction in which Godolphin played a leading part, namely, the Union with Scotland, we should be inclined to think Mr. Elliot's version of the story the more probable of the two, especially as it is supported in the main by that trustworthy writer Mr. Burton. It is of importance whether Godolphin was at this time the weak and failing old man that Lord Stanhope represents him, or the sagacious and calculating statesman that Mr. Burton and Mr. Elliot see in him.

The first proposal of Union between England and Scotland received anything but a cordial welcome from the Scottish Parliament; an idea having got abroad that the Union would be made use of to restore episcopacy. Commercial and Colonial jealousies did the rest; and the celebrated 'Act of Security,' passed in the Scottish Parliament in 1703,—

'declared that on the decease of Her Majesty without issue the Estates should name a successor from the Protestant descendants of the Royal Line, but should be debarred from choosing the admitted successor to the Crown of England, unless there were to be such

forms

forms of government settled as should fully secure the religion, freedom, and trade of the Scottish nation.'—Stanhope, p. 89.

In September the Duke of Queensberry informed the House that Her Majesty refused her Royal Assent to this Act, and immediately prorogued Parliament. On the 6th of July, 1704, the Estates met again, and again passed the obnoxious Bill. But on this occasion Godolphin advised the Queen to give way. Lord Stanhope thinks he was wrong, and says that 'a more resolute Prime Minister would have refused the Royal Assent a second time.' But both Mr. Elliot and Mr. Burton see in it a master stroke of policy, by which Godolphin saw that the Union would eventually be secured. Burton says Godolphin was not frightened at the Act, for he saw, that the probable rupture between England and Scotland would make England more inclined to those commercial concessions which the Scotch still demanded. Mr. Elliot describes it as an act of statesmanship which, for its success and daring, is almost without parallel in English history. These are rather tall words, it is true. But they are nearer the mark than Lord Stanhope's, who himself indeed seems to have caught glimpses of the truth, when his favourite creed of Godolphin's timidity was not in question.

Godolphin, it will be seen, resolved to use the Act of Security as a lever for extorting the Union: to hoist his opponents with their own petard. This does not seem very like the policy of a man in his dotage; on the contrary, he proceeded with great boldness and decision. He knew well enough that his assent to the Scotch Act would bring down a storm of reproaches on him in the House of Commons; but his courage never seems to have faltered:—

'There are positive as well as presumptive reasons for conjecturing that the Act of Security was advised by him as a portion of a premeditated scheme which was to lead to a Union. The Act of Security was no sooner passed, than Godolphin warmly supported a measure introduced into the English Parliament, which in the first place empowered the Queen to appoint commissioners to consider a Union, and in the next declared that, until the Crown of Scotland was settled in the same manner as the Crown of England, natives of Scotland should not be permitted to inherit lands in England; that wool, horses, arms, and ammunition, should not be imported from England into Scotland; and that linen cloth, black cattle, sheep, coals, and salt, should not be exported from Scotland into England. The Act was designed to bring about a crisis, and it admirably answered its purpose.'—Elliot, p. 287.

England and Scotland began to make preparations for war. In

In the northern counties the militia were called out; Carlisle, Tynemouth, and Newcastle were put in a state of defence. Civil war seemed imminent. But the two countries came to their senses in time. When both were brought face to face with the immediate consequences of obstinacy, they gave way. The English yielded on the commercial and fiscal question. The Scotch accepted the Act of Settlement, and the Union became an accomplished fact.

It certainly seems to us, on a calm review of the whole circumstances of the case, that Godolphin acted the part of a true statesman in the conduct of the Act of Union, and that without the help of his sagacity and equanimity it would never have been carried. He is said to have been a timid man, yet in this instance his timidity is not very manifest. If a second refusal of the Act of Security could have raised a storm in Scotland, the assent to it did raise a storm in England, which was far more dangerous to Godolphin.

It is often forgotten—it is perhaps indeed not generally known, and is not mentioned by Mr. Elliot—that while Scotland was fighting against a Union with England, Ireland was asking for it. The refusal of the Irish petition in 1703 is a notable incident in the career of Godolphin, who on this occasion was probably overridden by the English commercial interest, as Mr. Pitt was eighty years afterwards; but the loss of this one opportunity which never returned, is a blot on Queen Anne's government.

Following Mr. Elliot, we have stated that Godolphin's purpose on becoming Prime Minister was to continue the system of government pursued by William III. We are not sure that the statement requires no modification; but assuming it to be substantially correct, we may proceed with our enquiry into the nature and working of that system. William III., in spite of the murmurs of the Whigs, insisted upon choosing his own Ministers, and choosing them indiscriminately from both the great parties in the State. To this policy he was impelled, not more by the determination to maintain his own prerogative, than by the necessity of preventing the Revolution from seeming to be the act of a party. When two parties combine for any common end, it is not necessary that they should both think exactly alike about it, or even be equally well affected towards it. The one may regret the change which they allow to be inevitable; the other may receive it with enthusiasm, as the triumph of a theory to which they are devoted in the abstract. But as long as both agree in its practical expediency, and exert themselves with equal honesty to ensure its success, they have a right to be considered fellow-workers in the same cause. Now this

this is a fair description of the Whig and Tory parties after the Revolution of 1688. But it is not the description which any thoroughpaced Whig of that period would have accepted. In his eyes the Revolution *was* the act of a party, and that party, as they were entitled to all the credit of it, so were they entitled to all the honours, emoluments, and privileges, which the new system had to bestow. They had taken the fortress and had a right to the prize money. William III. would not listen to this plea; but with the accession of Anne the struggle began at once; a struggle which, with varying fortunes, has lasted down to our own day.

The object then, which Marlborough and Godolphin set before themselves, was to establish a system of government in which men of all parties might combine; the Sovereign being at liberty to appoint them at her own discretion. They would have no 'proscription,' a system which, according to Bolingbroke, was the only thing which kept Jacobitism alive after 1714. Both sides were to be invited to serve under the new Constitution, if they chose to do so. This was the scheme which Godolphin had in his mind's eye when he entered on his duties; and this is the scheme which Mr. Elliot pronounces, *ex cathedrâ*, to be impossible as much then as now, and now as then.

There are two errors, says Lord Macaulay, against which we should be particularly on our guard: one is the judging of the present by the past; the other, the judging of the past by the present. The former, he says, is the more dangerous to a statesman; the latter, to an historian. And it is this error into which Mr. Elliot falls. He seems to think that government without party was impossible two hundred years ago, because it is impossible now; forgetting that it is just the usage of these two hundred years which has made it seem impossible now. We must remember, that in Anne's reign all precedent, as far as there was any precedent applicable to the question, was in Godolphin's favour. Government by party, not government without it, was then the experiment. But waiving this argument, and granting that there are two distinct parties in the country, the one interentially favourable to organic change, the other opposed to it; still there is a vast field of activity lying outside the boundaries of this original antagonism, in which both may work together without coming into serious collision, or into collision of any kind founded on their respective principles. We say there is no reason in the nature of things why, under these circumstances, the Ministers of the Crown should not be taken equally from both parties. Between the

the accession of George I. and the accession of George IV. there were long intervals of quiet, when either no party in the country desired to touch our institutions, or when the desire, if it existed, was common to both parties. These were times when Godolphin's system would not have been found impossible, but for certain vested interests which had grown too strong to be resisted.

Now what Mr. Elliot seems unable to see is this, that Godolphin failed, not because his plan was essentially impracticable, but because the time for the attempt was ill chosen. The reign of Anne was not one of those periods of quiet which we have just described. In the reign of Anne the original antagonism between Whig and Tory, instead of being in abeyance, was in full blaze. Tories and Whigs were opposed to each other on first principles; or, what comes to just the same thing, they thought so. When the Tories sincerely believed that the Whigs were in alliance with a party who were bent on overthrowing the Church of England, and perhaps in the long run the monarchy; and when the Whigs believed that the Tories would repeal the Toleration Act, and, without being regular Jacobites, would be ready enough to set aside the Act of Settlement, it is easy to understand that men like Nottingham and Bromley could not long sit in the same Government with men like Halifax and Wharton. These mutual suspicions were, if not justifiable, excusable. One side could quote the reign of Charles I., the other the reign of Charles II., to support their apprehensions. What the Whigs had done at the earlier and the Tories at the later period, they might do again. The firm establishment of the Hanoverian monarchy, and Walpole's concordat with the Church of England, took the edge off the quarrel. But, while it lasted, it may be frankly owned, that it required a much stronger will and stronger character than either Queen Anne's or Godolphin's to keep a mixed Cabinet together. William III., besides his intellectual and moral superiority, could always frighten the Whigs by the threat of resignation. But Queen Anne had no such weapon in reserve: and, though she had authority enough to break through the meshes woven round her by the oligarchy, and to maintain the right to choose her ministers, she did not succeed, perhaps hardly wished to succeed, in governing without party.

But this is no proof that party government, as it exists among us at the present day, was under all circumstances inevitable then, or is absolutely ineradicable now. The Whigs during their long term of ascendency riveted the yoke upon our shoulders; and we have got used to it as horses get used to the collar.

collar. But whether the chariot of the State can be drawn by no other means less cumbersome, less mischievous, and less at variance with modern ideas, is a question that will some day arise; if not in this generation, almost certainly in the next.

One word more. 'The Queen,' says Mr. Elliot, 'had still to learn the lesson which a history of many years was insufficient to impress upon her successor, George III., that the strength of the Crown is as nothing compared to the strength of a triumphant party.' The history of many years certainly *was* insufficient. George III. wrestled with a triumphant party and threw it. If ever there was a triumphant party, it was the Coalition which deposed Lord Shelburne. Yet the King crumpled it up in his hand, when he found a fit Minister to help him. Of course there must be an appeal to the people afterwards: and so in Anne's reign, after she dismissed the Junto in 1710, she immediately dissolved Parliament. But Sir Robert Peel, surely a moderate, practical, cautious, and constitutional statesman, was prepared to go further than this, and even in a reformed House of Commons to carry on the King's government in the face of a triumphant party, and after a dissolution had failed to give him a majority. He was beaten; but that he should have thought such a plan possible in 1835, proves that it could hardly have been utterly impossible in 1702. If what Mr. Elliot means is, that Anne and George III. had to learn by experience that they could not govern permanently in defiance of a majority of the House of Commons, the sufficient answer is that neither Anne nor George III. ever tried to do so.

Godolphin, Carteret, Chatham, Shelburne, Pitt, Canning, and Peel, are the line of ministers who at various times, and with different degrees of perseverance and success, have fought against 'that thing called connection,' and have shown that it is not indomitable. Ranke observes, that in 1710 the Whig chain was broken, and 'that the Queen attempted to break it, and succeeded in doing so, gives her reign a very strongly marked character in English History.'

In Godolphin's first administration, the great majority were Tories of the deepest dye. The Earl of Nottingham, the Earl of Rochester, Sir Charles Hedges, the Marquis of Normanby, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Jersey, Sir Edward Seymour, Sir John Levison Gower, Sir Simon Harcourt, were all decided 'Highflyers;' while, on the other hand, the names of Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, and Lord Orford were omitted from the new Privy Council. But the first symptom of dissension came from the Tories themselves. Lord Rochester, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, complained from the first

that

that the Government was not sufficiently homogeneous. He wished for an entire change of men, from the highest to the lowest, extending even to the Judges and Lord Lieutenants, and made himself so generally disagreeable that Godolphin was obliged to get rid of him. He was ordered to go back to Ireland. When he refused, the command was repeated in a much more peremptory tone, and Rochester at once resigned.

But more changes were to follow. Godolphin's Cabinet—for that is the most convenient name by which to designate it—underwent two separate reconstructions; one in 1704, when the high Tories were exchanged for moderate Tories; and another in 1708, when the moderate Tories were exchanged for Whigs. The first reconstruction was mainly owing to the discontent of the High Church and Cavalier party with Godolphin's attitude towards the Occasional Conformity Bill; the second was mainly owing to the dissension between Harley and the Prime Minister. The first disruption was accelerated probably by Godolphin's encouragement of the insurgent Protestants in the Cevennes, who were 'in arms against their lawful Sovereign'; but the Church question was the main factor in the case. Nottingham and his party worried Godolphin on both subjects till he grew heartily sick of them as colleagues, and began to turn his thoughts elsewhere. Of the Occasional Conformity Bill it is enough to say at present, that it was a Bill to prevent the Test Act from being evaded by a subterfuge certainly not entitled to any great consideration; but with which, as a matter of prudence, Godolphin would rather not have interfered. The Bill was brought in, three Sessions in succession, 1702, 1703, 1704, and was thrown out in the Lords after being carried in the Commons. And when on the last occasion an attempt was made by the Highflyers to tack it on to a Money Bill, the epithets of Tackers and Non-tackers, so prevalent for a time in the political literature of the day, first came into use. The Government resistance to this attempt occasioned the first division in the Tory camp, the Highflyers mostly voting for the tack, and the more moderate men against it. Godolphin, who had always given the Bill a reluctant support, both spoke and voted against the Bill, which was then dropped for several years, and eventually was only carried by a very discreditable intrigue. Godolphin's conduct in this matter had damped the devotion of the Church party, and had shaken the confidence of the Queen, who never, according to Swift, regarded him with the same feelings after 1704; and had Lord Nottingham played his cards better, he might possibly have stepped into Godolphin's place. But Nottingham committed the error

error of attempting to coerce the Sovereign; who promptly sent him about his business; though Anne was far more in sympathy with his views than with those of Godolphin. Nottingham told Her Majesty roundly, that she must choose between the two parties; that if she chose the Whigs, he and his party would resign; and that if she chose the Tories, she must dismiss the Dukes of Devonshire and Somerset. To choose between the two parties, in this sense of the word, was just what the Queen and Godolphin did not wish to do; and they acted promptly and wisely. The Queen at once dismissed Lord Jersey and Sir Edward Seymour, and then Nottingham himself, who had hoped for better things, retired also.

As both Godolphin and Marlborough still wished to keep a Tory preponderance in the Cabinet, Nottingham was succeeded by Mr. Harley, then Speaker, and afterwards Lord Oxford; Lord Jersey, by the Earl of Kent; Sir Edward Seymour, by Sir Thomas Mansell; while a smaller Highflyer, Blathwayt, made room for Henry St. John as Secretary at War. Early in the following year the Duke of Buckingham, who, though a 'Non-tacker,' still belonged to the party of Nottingham and Rochester, was deprived of the Privy Seal, which was given to the Duke of Newcastle, a Whig.

Thus Godolphin was gradually imparting to the administration that mixed or independent character which both he and Marlborough designed it to assume. But the Prime Minister was a man to walk warily. A general election would take place in the summer, and he held his hand till public opinion had declared itself. But the Tory party was now divided. The Church question then, as throughout the reign of Queen Anne, dominated every other in the country at large. The clergy and the High Church party in general were dissatisfied with the Government, and either stood aloof altogether, or gave a very lukewarm support to the Ministerial candidates. The result was that the Whigs gained largely at the polls, and when the composition of the new House was determined, Godolphin found it quite safe to admit Lord Sunderland and Lord Cowper into the Government. The latter received the Great Seal in place of Sir Nathan Wright, and was the first Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. The former was contented for the present with a diplomatic appointment, but in the following year was made Secretary of State.

History it is certain very often does repeat itself; with a difference. Have we not seen almost exactly the same sequence of events repeated in our generation? The memory of the days when the alienation of the High Church party from the Conservative

vative party prevented the latter from obtaining a majority at the polling booths, both in the late Lord Derby's lifetime and subsequently, will enable us to realize very vividly what was going on in England in the middle of Queen Anne's reign.

The Government had now been brought to very nearly the exact pattern which Godolphin wished it to retain; but Harley and St. John, though willing enough to displace men like Nottingham and Jersey, were still decided Tories, and looked very coldly on the new Whig appointments. The conduct of the war, after the failure of the negociations in 1706, created a fresh division in the Government; for Godolphin, as we have seen, had felt himself obliged to fall in with the Whig conceptions of the war, to which St. John, Harley, and their party, together with many of the Highflyers, were as strongly opposed as he was himself, without the same reasons for dissembling.

Between Harley and Godolphin, moreover, there was never any real cordiality. It is said that they quarrelled about the good graces of Fanny Oglethorpe, a young lady of wit and beauty, but of very doubtful reputation. Bolingbroke, who knew her well both in London and Paris, couples her with Mrs. Trant, whose reputation was not doubtful at all. She was a well-known Jacobite partisan, and formed one of the little Paris circle so humorously described in the letter to Sir William Wyndham. She was well connected, being a daughter of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, a member of the House of Commons, and sister of the famous General Oglethorpe. But from the manner in which she is spoken of we are led to conclude, that she was a lady of gallantry; and in 1705 she was in England on some Jacobite errand, when both the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State became enamoured of her.

But Godolphin had grounds for distrusting his new colleague. It soon appeared to the Prime Minister that the Secretary of State was making a party for himself. He was the close ally of Mrs. Masham, the Queen's new favourite, and the enemy of Marlborough and Godolphin's interest; and through her he conveyed his secret counsels to Her Majesty. These for the most part related to Church questions, on which he took care to flatter Her Majesty's prejudices, and it seems plain that he was endeavouring to gain for himself that place in the confidence of the Church which Godolphin had lost. He took care to represent the Whigs to the Queen in the most unfavourable colours, and to insinuate that Godolphin was ratting. In Parliament he was equally troublesome. Yet he still continued Secretary of State, and was able to mortify the

the Whigs still more before they ultimately got the better of him.

In the summer of 1707 affairs came to a crisis. The two sees of Exeter and Chester became vacant, and the Queen filled them up without taking the opinion of any of her Ministers on the subject. Godolphin believed that Harley had suggested this step to her. But he had probably gone no further, than to give her some general advice with regard to the exercise of her prerogative. She assured the Duke of Marlborough that the act was entirely her own; adding that she felt bound to fill the Bench with men who, she thought, would be a credit to it, and not always to take the recommendations of the 'Junto.' The Junto at this time consisted of five great Whig peers—Somers, Halifax, Orford, Wharton, and Sunderland. These men were all furious. They declared that they must withdraw their support from the Government, unless the Queen consented to act in obedience to their views. Even when the unfortunate lady did make some concessions, they would not be satisfied without the dismissal of Harley. Godolphin shrank from putting the necessary pressure on his Sovereign, and as a matter of course drew down their wrath upon himself.

Now, therefore, and not for the only time in Queen Anne's reign, the Junto sought an alliance with the discontented Tories, and when Parliament met on the 23rd of October, 1707, instead of an answer to the Address from the Throne, the House of Lords passed a resolution, declaring that the state of the nation required consideration. Godolphin was obliged to give way, and it was moved by the Junto that a Committee should be named to receive proposals for the encouragement of trade, and of privateers in the West Indies, an implied reproach to the Board of Admiralty, of which the Queen's husband was at the head. Godolphin again submitted, and the Committee was selected. Then the Whig leaders, with the assistance of their temporary allies, proposed and carried two resolutions in regard to the conduct of the war, which conveyed an indirect censure on the Government, and not till these blows had been struck, was the answer to the Address voted.

Godolphin now saw that the Junto were in earnest, and that the time had arrived when the 'system' upheld by himself and Marlborough must be abandoned in favour of the Whigs. Godolphin, accordingly, in an evil hour for himself and his own fortunes, consented to become their tool, and to force his royal mistress to part with her confidential servant. Some suspicion being opportunely thrown on Harley's loyalty by the conduct

conduct of one of his clerks, of which, however, he was subsequently proved innocent, Marlborough and Godolphin set to work at once. Finding the Queen firm, they had recourse to their favourite threat of resignation, but even against this Her Majesty was proof; and, strange to say, Marlborough and Godolphin did not resign. But the Junto were determined that Anne should bend her neck to the yoke. On Sunday, the 8th of February, a Cabinet Council was to meet, at which the Queen as usual would preside. Marlborough and Godolphin told her, that they did not mean to attend unless Harley was dismissed. The Queen took no notice of the threat, and went as usual. But when Harley began business, the Duke of Somerset declared that it was impossible to proceed in the absence of the two chiefs. The Queen rose and left the Council, uncertain, probably, what course she should adopt. But Harley understood the situation, and saw that the pear was not ripe. He tendered his resignation, and advised the Queen to submit. She had, in fact, no alternative; and on the 4th of February, 1708, the change was made. Harley, St. John, Harcourt, and Mansel, all retired together; and were succeeded by Henry Boyle, Robert Walpole, Earl Cholmondeley, and Sir James Montagu, all zealous Whigs.

This was the second reconstruction of the Godolphin ministry, which was now as decidedly Whig as in 1702 it had been Tory. It had passed through an intermediate phase, in which Godolphin would have wished to keep it. But the political passions of the period were too fierce to admit of such a system, and after a brief trial it was relinquished. What Godolphin really meant may fairly be inferred from his letter to William III. But what was possible under William was not possible under Anne. What Godolphin might have done, and in doing would have been faithful to his own convictions, was to reject the Whig dictation, and resign with Harley and St. John. In that case he would probably have come back again in two years, more powerful than ever. But Godolphin was not given to look ahead. To him, says Lord Stanhope, the nearer danger always seemed to be the worse.

The Queen was deeply wounded. She seems to have had a personal regard for Harley, whose 'facetiousness,' according to Somerville, she greatly relished. Of the quality of Harley's humour, Bolingbroke speaks in sufficiently contemptuous tones; 'he broke now and then a jest, which savoured of the lanes of Court, and the bad company in which he had been bred.' The Templars of that day, be it remembered, are not treated with much respect by either Pope or Addison: so that Bolingbroke's

Bolingbroke's sarcasm is intelligible. However, these ill-bred jests found favour at Court: and Harley after his retirement seems to have continued in the Queen's confidence.

But the Whigs had not done with Her yet. The general election of 1708 had given them a decisive majority, and they at once determined to give Her Majesty no quarter. They began by demanding, that the Earl of Pembroke should be dismissed from the Presidency of the Council in favour of Lord Somers. Again the Queen refused, and again the Whigs had recourse to violence. They intrigued with the Jacobites to secure a majority of anti-ministerialists among the sixteen Scottish Peers about to be elected at Holyrood. When they failed in this, they threatened the Queen with bringing over the electoral Prince of Hanover, a proposal which they knew to be eminently disagreeable to her; and finding that even this did not answer, they declared that, if she did not yield, they would, as soon as Parliament met, bring a motion of censure on Prince George of Denmark, then upon his death-bed, for mismanagement of the Navy. Before this atrocious menace the Queen's fortitude gave way. Somers became President of the Council, and Wharton Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and, on her husband's death, Lord Pembroke was transferred to the Admiralty. The arrangement lasted one year; and then Pembroke retired with a pension, and was succeeded by the Earl of Orford.

The transformation was now complete. The Tories were stamped out. The Queen, after reaching the verge of emancipation, had been thrown back into captivity.* And Godolphin at last was thoroughly broken in, and the very humble servant of the oligarchy. But the triumph had been bought dear. It had cost the victorious party the confidence of the Church. It had disgusted the majority of the people, who still respected the authority of the Crown, and resented the insults which the Whigs had offered to a woman. The war was fast ceasing to be popular. And the tide would soon have turned, even had the Government not been tempted, mainly we believe by Godolphin himself, to commit political suicide.

It was in the month of October 1709, that Lord Orford was placed at the head of the Admiralty: and it was on the 5th of November that Sacheverell's sermon was preached before the Lord Mayor. Godolphin had often been likened to Ben Jonson's 'Volpone.' Sacheverell denounced what he considered to be Godolphin's apostasy, who, after having been the leader

* Somerville.

of

of the Tories and the professed friend of the Church of England, had gone over to the enemies of both, under this obnoxious nickname. 'It is not an open enemy that has done me this dishonour, but it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend.' Godolphin's opposition to the Occasional Conformity Bill was now read in the light of his junction with the Whigs, and men said it was only what might have been expected of him. Godolphin felt the taunt and lost his temper. He pronounced eagerly for Sunderland's proposal, namely that Sacheverell should be impeached, and thus precipitated the catastrophe which need not have occurred till after the next general election.

Sacheverell was impeached and convicted, and at once became a popular martyr. Hoadley, his pulpit rival, an extreme Low Churchman, was made a Whig hero, and recommended to the Queen for high preferment. The action against Sacheverell had driven the ultra-High Churchmen, already hostile to the Government, into furious opposition; the exaltation of Hoadley equally inflamed the rest; and the two together constituted four-fifths of the Church of England. The people everywhere espoused the same side: all through the winter the feeling continued to grow, and the Queen at length saw that she might safely strike the blow which, we may well believe, she had been long burning to deliver. One by one the leading Whig Ministers were dismissed. First, in the middle of April, went the Marquis of Kent, Lord Chamberlain, who had come in as a moderate Tory in 1704, but was now a Godolphinite Whig. He was ordered to break his staff, as less painful to his feelings than giving it up. He did so, in a rage: and threw the pieces into the fire. Sunderland went next; and then came Godolphin's own turn. Somers, Halifax, Cowper, and others followed; and presently re-appeared in their places, Harley, St. John, Shrewsbury, Rochester, Buckingham, and Harcourt, and the leading men of that particular connection. These changes were all going on during the summer of 1710. On the 21st of September Parliament was dissolved, and a powerful Tory majority was once more returned.

Mr. Froude speaks of this 'as a strange freak of popular feeling.' There is surely nothing either strange or freakish about it. The Whig majorities of 1705 and 1708 were due entirely to the divisions in the Tory party. In 1710 these had disappeared, and the party were once more firmly welded together, with the whole influence of the Court on their side. They went to the country with a popular cry, which, always effective in the quietest times, was rendered doubly so by the

trial of Sacheverell. The dissolution was an appeal from the Queen to her subjects, against the dictation of the Whigs: an appeal from the friends of the Church, to be delivered from the yoke of those who were believed to be the enemies of the Church. The Tories were the peace party, and the country was tired of the war; and, with these mingled recommendations to popular support, the triumph of the new Government was a foregone conclusion. The Tory majority of 1710 was so far from 'being a freak,' that in 1713 it was renewed; and in 1716 the Government was obliged to pass the Septennial Act, to prevent it from being renewed again. It was not till Sir Robert Walpole came to an understanding with the Church, on what Lord Beaconsfield called 'the best-bargain principle,' that the Tories ceased to be formidable.

The key to the whole situation was the Church question, and unless we recognize this truth, we shall never understand the history of that period. During the thirty years that followed the Revolution, the mission of the Tory Party was the defence of the Church of England. That there was a party in the country which would have willingly made great alterations in her constitution and ritual, is as certain as that the bulk of the nation was devotedly attached to both. The Tory party was therefore in this respect the national party; and it is idle to say that their vigilance was unnecessary, because no attack was made, or that nothing was intended, because nothing was done. Who shall say that it was not the consciousness of a strong Tory party existing throughout the whole kingdom, ready to rise as one man in defence of the Church, that kept her enemies inactive? Whether the undisputed supremacy of the Church of England throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century was for good or for evil; whether the 'sober piety' which she is thought to have fostered be a subject for reverence or derision; whether the affection and respect which she inspired in the people was due to her own merits or to their ignorance: however these questions may be answered, the fact that she has come down to us as she now is, and that we have preserved intact her ordinances, ceremonies, and Liturgy, is due to the Tory party under William, Anne, and George I.

Nothing in Godolphin's career became him so little as the ending of it. He clung to power with a tenacity which seems to have excited the contempt of some of his colleagues; and it is said that he implored the Dutch and Austrian Ambassadors to intercede for him. According to Mr. Elliot, Godolphin was only too glad to go, and his attempts to retain office were solely on account of the Duke of Marlborough, and contrary

contrary to his own intentions. We should be glad to think that this was true; and we can, indeed, easily believe that anxiety for his friend's interests was coupled with anxiety for his own, for Godolphin does not seem to have been either a heartless or a selfish man. To speak positively about the motives and conduct of a man who lived two hundred years ago; to call one thing incontestably right, and another thing incontestably wrong, is not only presumptuous, but silly. Apparently, there was some want of dignity in Godolphin's retirement from power; and he did not take any leading part in public affairs afterwards. He was dismissed on the 8th of November, 1708, and he died at Holywell House, Marlborough's seat, near St. Albans, on the 15th of September, 1713.

Of his public character very different estimates have been formed. M. Remusat likens him to Chatham: but there is more resemblance between Lord Liverpool and Lord Godolphin, than between Godolphin and any other English Minister. If we add to the financial abilities, the gravity, the modesty, and the conciliatory manners of Lord Liverpool, the sporting and amatory propensities of Lord Palmerston, we have Godolphin before us.

To what extent his Jacobitism extended we shall never know, till the family archives mentioned by Mr. Elliot are explored, if we do then. He is reported to have told Lord Arran, the Jacobite agent, that, if he had been left alone, he could have restored James III. at the death of Queen Anne without any help from France. The violence of the high Tories, he used to say, drove him into the arms of the Junto. But what he could have done, and what he would have done, are two different things. The worst charge ever brought against him in his public capacity is his privity to an alleged plot, in which Prince Eugene was the chief figure, the object of which was to get up a riot in London, set fire to St. James's Palace, and carry off the Queen to France. Swift professes to believe it, and we are to suppose from him that Harley believed in it too. But most modern historians have agreed to treat it with contempt.

Whatever blame may attach to Godolphin on the score of political dishonesty, it is not denied that from the corruption and nepotism, which were hardly thought vices in the reign of Queen Anne, he was honourably free. Burnet speaks of his having been thirty years at the Treasury, and nine years at the head of it, without ever being accused of a job. He praises his 'clear head and unsullied integrity,' and calls him 'the worthiest and wisest man that has been employed in our time.' Horace Walpole says much the same of him, and a foreign states-

man declared he was the only honest man in a Cabinet of rogues. He seems to have lived two different lives. At the Treasury or in Parliament he was the heavy, sagacious, wary man of business, immersed in finance, and seemingly wedded to his duties. But admirably as he discharged them, his heart was not really in his work. His heart was on the race-course, or at the gaming-table, or else with the Cynthia of the minute. We wonder that Mr. Elliot forgot to quote the lines of Pope, familiar as they are to every student of the period :—

> 'Who would not praise Patritio's high desert,
> His hand unstained, his uncorrupted heart,
> His comprehensive head! all interests weighed,
> All Europe saved, for Britain not betrayed?
> He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
> Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.'

This tribute to Godolphin's political honesty from Pope, who was the friend of Harley, is especially valuable, and decidedly outweighs 'Sid Hamet's Rod,' perhaps the poorest satire which Swift ever wrote.

The Minister was at Newmarket when he heard of the Queen's dismissal of Lord Kent, and the appointment of the Duke of Shrewsbury. But he only wrote to her from the spot; he did not think it necessary to come to town. Swift says that love and play were his two master passions, and that in them alone he was ambitious of distinction. He was often in earlier days to be found in the Duchess of Mazarin's Drawing-room; and he had some pretension to the character of a man of wit and pleasure. 'He could scratch out a song,' says Swift, 'in praise of his mistress with a pencil and a card.' He is said to have formed a romantic attachment for Mary of Modena, whose Chamberlain he had been in early days; and when the opportunity occurred, he used to send her little presents to Paris, 'such things as ladies like,' says the same Diarist—whatever that may mean.

We have to thank Mr. Elliot for a very interesting book, though there are many questions in which we cannot entirely agree with him; more particularly the question of Party government in the reign of Anne, and the scheme of Godolphin and Marlborough for superseding it. It appeared to some of the ablest heads of that day, that parties ought to have expired at the Revolution, and were kept alive by artificial means afterwards. This was Lord Bolingbroke's view; and a view, which had practically in its favour two such heads as Bolingbroke's and Marlborough's, can hardly have been the absurdity which Mr. Elliot represents it.

ART.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Story of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa.* By Rev. H. Rowley. London, 1866.
2. *The Zambesi and its Tributaries.* By David and Charles Livingstone. London, 1865.
3. *Memoir of Bishop Mackenzie.* By Harvey Goodwin, D.D., Dean of Ely. London, 1864.
4. *Livingstone's Last Journals.* London, 1874.
5. *Memoir of Edward Steere, third Missionary Bishop in Central Africa.* By Rev. R. M. Heanley. London, 1888.
6. *Tropical Africa.* By Henry Drummond. London, 1888.
7. *Reports on Slave Trade on the East Coast of Africa*, 1887-8. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, Nov. 1888.
8. *Mission to Nyassa.* By E. D. Young, R.N. London, 1877.
9. *Central Africa, a Monthly Record of the Universities Mission.* London, 1888.

TO walk in front of the strange implements gathered together at our Colonial and Industrial Exhibitions is in itself a valuable lesson. A whiff of the prairie here, the stifling fusty smell of the sugar plantation there, the dust of the Diamond Fields, all bring back vividly to the memory of the traveller scenes never to be forgotten. But the lesson is also useful to him who stays at home. He sees the apparatus for 'heaving down' the gigantic trees of the primeval forest, hitherto undisturbed throughout their generations by the hand of man. There too is the 'stump-extractor' in its place, ready for the sinewy wrist of the colonist 'out West'; and gazed at with awe by many a 'cold-land' farmer of the Shires stands the massive prairie plough, built to tear and rend, to jump what it can't get over, and go round what it can't get under in the hitherto untouched waste. Here at all events men can realize for themselves what the beginning of things means. Reverence is begotten for the enterprise and determination which have called these things into existence, and for the firm hope which has planned and forged, and welded and tempered tools, for the tremendous task.

Some such awe and reverence was accorded to David Livingstone, as the men of Oxford and Cambridge scanned him in 1857. Fresh from his marvellous travels in Central Africa, pale with fever-poison, struggling with nervousness, Livingstone, nevertheless, won all hearts with his simple addresses. The face of the plough-share might be seamed and cut into, the frame might be wrung and twisted, but he stood there, the hard unflinching instrument, who had gone through lands and tribes and tough problems, and had cut furrows in a wilderness

a wilderness of human life which no one had heard of or dreamed of. The appeal was not in vain; 'I have opened the door, I leave it to you to see that it does not close after me.' The Universities' Mission to Central Africa, the direct result of Livingstone's appeal to the Universities, was a new departure, and a very bold one; it was launched against a special evil, rather than dedicated to the heathendom of a geographical tract.

Livingstone in more than one direction had come face to face with the *avant-courriers* of the East Coast slave-trade, which was fomented by the Arabs and the Portuguese. He met Zanzibar Moslim at Linyanti buying boys in exchange for muskets in 1853, and the Portuguese along the Zambesi were actively at work sending slaves to markets which no cruiser ever heard of or suspected. His idea was to develop the capabilities of those lands he had travelled through, simultaneously introducing Christianity. His practical eye quickly took in the fertility of the Shiré highlands. The current price of boys and girls, around the Lake Nyassa of his discovering, was from two to three yards of American calico apiece (for your slave-dealer fights shy of stuff which is bedaubed with size), whilst a few strings of beads would fill any slave-stick: why then should the wretched people not be taught that coffee, cotton, sugar, and wool might take the place of their own flesh and blood?

To Bishop Mackenzie, 'second wrangler' of his year, and already known for missionary work in the young colony of Natal, he commended the problem. So in 1860 we plunge into the day of small things. With one fellow-Cambridge man, the Rev. H. Scudamore, a member of the Durham University, a lay superintendent, and some mechanics, Charles Frederick Mackenzie sailed for Africa in October 1860, hoping to meet Livingstone, who had previously returned to the rivers at the head of the 'Zambesi Expedition.' It was now Livingstone's desire to see the Mission settled in healthy quarters, and to give it a fair start by personally making the new-comers acquainted with the natives, who had already received him well. The 'Expedition' and the 'Mission' met at the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi in May 1861, for the ascent of the rivers. Unluckily the 'Pioneer' steamer, which the Admiralty had sent out was ill-fitted for the shallow waters she had to navigate. The next three months were spent in fighting all the difficulties of sandbanks, snags, and rocks. However, all reached the upper waters of the Shiré in due time, and anchored where the navigation is interrupted by rapids, in August 1861, at Chibisa's village. Within twenty-four hours of their first start towards some table land which their leader knew of and believed

to

to be healthy and fertile, they were confronted by a difficulty which was as unwelcome as it was unlooked for. Livingstone had left the country in peace and prosperity but a short time previously. African travellers have, through a succession of years, enlarged upon the horrors of the slave-trade, but they have kept their descriptions within bounds: they bury much of what they have witnessed too deep down to be exhumed for the gratification of sensational literature. We know that Gordon held fast to this resolve; his notes from the Soudan were carefully penned, and perhaps poor humanity has to thank him for it!

But if ignorance is bliss to the stay-at-home, the revelation is all the more horrible to the new-comer as he meets his first slave-gang. We repeat that Livingstone had left this district in peace, but he now found to his chagrin that fire and musket were rampant. Partly to exchange them for ivory, thousands of captives were being taken by Portuguese agents from the town of Tette, to the Banyai and other tribes in the very centre of the continent. The Portuguese Governor was more deeply implicated in this traffic than any one else. Almost at the same moment that our travellers arrived at M'bami's village, a gang of eighty-four captives was marched in. Emaciated, wounded by the sticks of their drivers, burnt by the falling wood of their flaming villages, and torn about by the rapid march through forest tangle, it was impossible to look on unconcerned.* This was a 'no man's land' in particular, and quite outside and behind Portuguese territory. In a few moments they were set free; and when once the slaves had been assured, a very difficult task, that the white men were not going to eat them, a bonfire was made of their thongs, bonds, and slave-sticks. By the embers of this fire the two leaders took counsel together. But the released slaves settled the question. 'You are free to go to your homes,' they were told: their reply was that they had none, for they were destroyed when they themselves were taken prisoners. So after their tale was heard and carefully considered, it was agreed to lead them to a place of safety, in order to begin life afresh under the white man's auspices. Every few miles confirmed the history. Slavers were surprised here and there: their diabolical cruelty fairly exasperated Livingstone; and his anger was contagious enough. It was no good dealing with these men in twos and threes; every one reported head-quarters to be under Mount Zomba, and the country must be rid of them. Livingstone has been rather

* For further information on the slave-trade in Central Africa, see Drummond's 'Tropical Africa,' chap. iv.

reticent

reticent on what ensued. A 'special reporter' would have told a story of slave-dealers being put into their own yokes and marched about the country, and of a hard-fought tussle as a wind up, which led to the complete discomfiture of a horde of some 800 men.

Such doings very naturally astounded folks at home, and also very naturally divided public opinion. On the one hand, Bishop Mackenzie was condemned in strong terms. Other men, who could safely testify that he was in every way the very personification of all that was kind, tender-hearted, and gentle, felt that there must have been a good cause indeed before he took up arms to side with it.

The Mission had been launched against the slave-trade, but those who fitted it out with the sinews of war hardly knew what was implied in the work. It was reckoning without one's host when an Englishman was brought into a scene like this, where the war cry, and the wail and sob of widow and child, sounded in the ear day and night. It certainly was never Livingstone's intention to lead the Mission into this state of things, but being face to face with it, what was to be done? They passed five burning villages one morning. They saw women and children swept off in scores. Chiefs and people besieged their resting-places for help. The question was, could the missionaries stand between two tribes and save the Manganja people, amongst whom circumstances had brought them, and who gave them a welcome, though of course an interested one. 'If you stop here,' said Livingstone, as he quitted Magomero to attend to his explorations on Lake Nyassa, 'you will save the tribe; if you fall back, they will be annihilated.'

And so months passed on at Magomero. The stress upon all was terrible. Beyond being a defensible position, it had nothing to recommend it. At times the advance of the Ajawas was repelled; for the offensive is inseparable from a plan of defence. The liberated people could not grow a crop till the rains came; the neighbouring villages were drawn upon to feed some three hundred mouths, and it would not do to allow these to be burned. Fever and dysentery were never absent. Those who were down had to ask the others to take double watches at night. Mackenzie was in the worst possible condition for undertaking a long journey in the drenching storms of the 'rainy season,' and he was a doomed man when he set out from Magomero in January 1862, for the river Shire, just as, years after, Livingstone struggled into the swamps of Bangweolo to die. He reached the Ruo, a tributary of the Shire, with the Rev. H. de W. Burrup, to wait an indefinite time

time for Livingstone's steamer, and it was here that fever caught him—such is its way with its victims! The medicines were lost by the upsetting of a canoe. Burrup and some of the Makololo hastily ferried the body of their dead chief from the island of Malo to the mainland, to bury him, and Burrup threw himself on a litter, from which he staggered in delirium to tell the story of Mackenzie's death, and then to die also.

The remainder of this chapter in the Mission's history must be rapidly told. We commend Mr. Rowley's account as a record to fall back upon. He places before one in a picturesque manner perhaps the most remarkable account we could turn to in missionary tidings. When famine and pestilence joined forces against the remnant of the Universities' missionaries, they had to beat a retreat from Magomero to the sweltering banks of the Shiré at Chibisa's. Maize could be grown at any time in the mud; the hill land had become a desert from the entire absence of rain through a twelvemonth. The staff was now rapidly succumbing; Doctor Dickinson and Mr. Scudamore died; the Rev. H. Rowley, and Rev. L. J. Proctor, and some of the laymen were invalided home; and of the original party the lay superintendent, Mr. Horace Waller, and one of his men alone remained. Looking back, it is evident that Mackenzie's career was a firm foundation-stone in the edifice now before us. Suspicion of the white man utterly rolled away from the minds of the natives in his presence, and for the Church it was a great life. For a further account of his life and labours, we refer our readers to Bishop Godwin's very interesting 'Memoir of Bishop Mackenzie.'

Bishop Tozer arrived on the Shiré as successor to Bishop Mackenzie in 1863. Consecrated Bishop 'to the tribes bordering on the River Shiré and Lake Nyassa,' he determined to remove everything to the island of Zanzibar, *reculer pour mieux sauter*. It was a sore business though. What was to become of the poor people who had faithfully carried out their part of the original charter, and had stuck to the English as long as these stuck to them? Perhaps the best was done under the circumstances. Dr. Livingstone felt in honour bound to take up the pledges given to the people by Mackenzie, and in this he was joined by the survivors of the Magomero days.

The same vessel which brought new recruits to the Mission also brought Livingstone's recall, for even in those days the inexplicable 'meddle and muddle,' which seems to haunt all our African interests, had begun. To the Portuguese, Livingstone's discoveries, geographically and socially, were a standing cause of irritation. They gave Earl Russell reason to know that

that they heartily wished him out of the country of new rivers and lakes: it became uncomfortable when Governors were implicated up to the hilt in the slave-trade! It seems very strange to read the following passage, indited at the Shiré cataracts to a friend a few miles off in 1863, when the sense of bitter disappointment was upon him; because the same might be almost written to-day by the missionaries and trading companies of Nyassa-land!

'. . . . In my recall, which was far from unexpected, we see that this country is to be given up as a slave-preserve to the Portuguese, but it would have been impolitic to have said so. I have put it so pointedly to our Government that, unless some check were given to the Portuguese following on our footsteps with this slaving, and the restrictions taken off rivers which they never use, the objects of *our* expedition could not be attained.—Private Correspondence, July 6th, 1863.

At the present moment half-a-million sterling has been spent by the Missions, and by the two trading companies working on the Shiré and Nyassa, but their committees are besieging the Foreign Office 'to know exactly what the Government mean.' Although they pledged themselves to open the Zambesi in April last to all concerned, it seems now to be closed tighter than ever by well-nigh prohibitive tariffs.

But to pick up the thread of the narrative. Before the general break up on the Shiré took place, those released people, who felt themselves tolerably safe, agreed to become tribesmen of the Makololo, or to put themselves under an Ajawa chief who was in friendly alliance. The Makololo are a strong colony on the river to the present day. An offer of asylum was made to such crippled women, widows, and orphan children as could not shift for themselves, and they were eventually taken down to the Cape of Good Hope, and provided for in different ways. In this manner Bishop Tozer was free to begin again with a *tabula rasa*. Then, as now, our cruisers liberated a great many slaves on the high seas; and the puzzle was, and is, what to do with them. Bishop Tozer took over these miserable slaves wholesale. He clothed, fed, and educated them at great expense before the eyes of all; in fact, a great part of the work done by the Universities' Mission, from the first and down to the present time, comes under this description. It was anticipated that the island of Zanzibar would prove more healthy than the Shiré highlands, but the result on the whole was very disappointing. Amongst the first to suffer was Bishop Tozer, although he had done excellent service in the new sphere before ill-health compelled him to quit East Africa.

A new

A new impulse was given to the Mission by the consecration of Dr. Steere, the third Bishop, of whose labours we have a graphic account in Mr. Heanley's Memoir. If Oxford and Cambridge in the early days were rather conspicuous by the absence of representatives, what a change came about soon after the new Bishop had taken the reins! He invited men to join him, on the understanding that they were not to receive a stipend; they were to risk their lives with him where no Insurance Office would allow them to set foot; a passage out and home; food and clothing—with these they were to be content. Could such an invitation get a hearing? He knew the rising missionary spirit amongst students, and was not the man to make a mistake. But let the annals of this flourishing Mission reply to the question. As a matter of fact, working on these lines it has been ever since besieged by men of the highest stamp and promise, and by ladies who put their hospital training at the service of the poor survivals of the slave-dhow's sickly hold.

And what a work it was! Come what may—and much may happen at Zanzibar before these words are in print—it is probable that the beautiful English Church that stands on the site of the old Zanzibar slave-market will tell its story for ages to come. Acting together throughout the great transformation scene at Zanzibar, Sir John Kirk and Bishop Steere, each in his own sphere, brought about that change which eventually made it possible to raise up in the midst of a fanatical Mohammedan population this singular monument to the advance of Christ's kingdom. No one can surely enter that church with ordinary feelings. No record is at hand to show us how long the Zanzibar slave-market had existed, but its occupation was gone when this country sent out Sir Bartle Frere to curtail the slave-trade, and Bishop Steere had the satisfaction of seeing its dark dens and hovels swept away, that he might lay other foundations with his own hands. The Bishop was his own architect, mason, plasterer, decorator, and clerk of the works. His designs were worked out during translations of the Scriptures, long journeys into the interior of the continent, and busy hours at his own printing-press. The ideal missionary once was he 'who could read a Bible and make a wheelbarrow.' Here is the record of work done in the twelve months of 1879:—

'First of all it included the ordination and appointment to a mainland station of the first native clergymen of the Mission, the Rev. John Swedi. Secondly, the taking up and settling down to a well-ordered life at Masasi, of some sixty more adult freed slaves, who had been rescued at various times from Her Majesty's cruisers, cared for and educated

cated in Zanzibar. Thirdly, as the natural outcome of their Christian lives, the application of several chieftains in the neighbourhood of Masasai for resident Missionaries. Then in the Usambara country, the signs of a firm rooting of the Faith among the people of the country themselves became so clear that the church there deserved and required a fixed head, and the Rev. J. P. Farler was appointed Archdeacon of Magila. And lastly, to sum up the Bishop's own personal work for the year, we may note the completion and printing at the native press of the translation of the New Testament into Swahili, the completion of the Prayer Book in the same tongue; the completion of the outer fabric of the church in the slave market, and its opening on Christmas Day; the commencement of a permanent stone church at Mbweni; and during the very last week of the year an expedition by the Bishop into the Zaramo country, which lies due west of Dares Salaam, some forty miles south of Zanzibar, where he had long desired to plant a station, as being in the direct line of what then promised to become a great trade route between Zanzibar and Lake Nyassa.'—'Memoir of Bishop Steere,' p. 240.

Collected from the dhows, the Bishop had boys and girls of every tribe around Lake Nyassa: children are notoriously more helpful in compiling dictionaries and translations than adults. It was to be a time for reducing the inland languages, and for him of occasional rest and self-indulgence—for here was his recreation. Gifted with an extraordinary love for a task of this description, he would indulge in a stalk after a new Manganja idiom, or bag a brace of Yao participles right and left. Far and away he was the greatest African linguist of his or any other day.

The establishment of a Theological College at Zanzibar was due to his inception. That such labours as these brought their satisfaction at times, we can see plainly enough. He writes:—

'I do think our children are very happy, and yet what miseries many of them have gone through! They will sometimes talk of the days when they were seized and carried off, and it seems strange to hear from living mouths the same horrors which one used to read of about slavery. One told me that her father was taken with her, but he was ill and could not keep up with the gang, so he was killed there and then. Another, that her little brother was thrown into the sea. Then they talk of the numbers of children and babes who were killed, and thrown into the grass by the side of the road on the march. And now when one sees them playing about, well and happy and cared for, or kneeling by the wall in the long dormitory saying their prayers, one cannot feel too thankful for being allowed to share in their uprising.'—Ibid. p. 230.

The Church was complete by the end of 1879, and the following is an account of the opening day:—

'Christmas

'Christmas Day was a special time of joy this year, as being the opening of the great church in the slave market, the outer fabric of which was at last entirely completed, though much remained to be done inside. First the Bishop celebrated the Holy Communion, at eight o'clock, in the little school chapel opposite the church. And as soon as breakfast was over they began preparations for the morning service in the church. It had been beautifully decorated the day before by some of the Kinugani boys, under the direction of the Bishop and Miss Mills. The scaffold poles still needed at the east end had been masked with palm-branches, till they looked like a decorative screen. In front of this, where the altar was to be, a cross was set up about twenty feet high, covered with mango boughs, relieved with white and red flowers. The walls were hung with banners of most effective design, and the floor was swept and laid with mats. There were a few benches and chairs carried in for the use of the Europeans from the town and the members of the Mission, but all the natives sat on the floor. The girls and women were on the north side, the boys and men on the south.

'One could not but think, as one looked at them, of the groups that might have been seen upon that very spot, not so many years before, when it was the slave market. Groups so similar, but assembled for how different a purpose! And to heighten the resemblance, there were at the west end of the church, in the auto-chapel, a number of Arabs and Swahilis, some of whom doubtless had, in former times, come to that very spot to choose a slave, now listening, with those once slaves but now free indeed, to the glorious Gospel of Christmas Day. The church proved all that could be wished for sound, the voices clear and resonant without any perceptible echo, and the chants and hymns, all in Swahili, rolled magnificently under the vaulted roof.

'The style of the church is a mixture of Gothic and Arabic, with windows very narrow but of great beauty, and very thick walls. The roof is a plain-pointed barrel of twenty-eight and a half feet span, and the centre line is exactly sixty feet from the pavement. It is perhaps the greatest evidence of the Bishop's skill. Wood could not be used because of the white ants, nor iron because of the heat of the sun; he therefore resolved to build it of concrete, over a wooden centering, which was afterwards removed, and now it stands a solid stone roof, covered over on the outside with sheets of corrugated iron.'—Ibid. pp. 249–252.

Apart from the workshops, schools, laundries, hospital, theological College, and the Church work on the island, that on the mainland grew year by year. Along the plateaux near the Ruma river to the south, on Lake Nyassa itself, as well as at Magila and its satellite stations near at hand, the active machinery of mission work was set in motion. Here and there a chief, fascinated with his new visitor, would ask the Bishop to take his son away to educate him. Again and again, Sir

Sir John Kirk would announce that another batch of slaves had been brought into port. From 1875 to 1881 there was no break in this laborious and exhausting process. But towards the end of 1881 the Bishop wrote:—

'I do not know how far I ought to attribute to physical causes the feeling of utter weariness which makes one work on, as it seems, only because work is ours and all else is God's. It does sustain one when exaltation and almost hope seemed banished.'—Ibid. p. 336.

Early in 1882 the Bishop fainted whilst at Divine service, and the medical men on the spot thought so seriously of it that he was ordered home for a change. On his arrival in England he was indefatigable in urging the claims of the Mission. Here is a summary of his work in the Address he gave on the 23rd of June, 1882, before starting on his return:—

'He had had at one time but one fellow-worker in his mission field; he spoke that day of his staff of thirty-four Europeans, and nearly as many native helpers, all of whom had once been slaves. It was the means of opening the eyes of many at home to a clearer perception of the true principles of mission work amongst the heathen, and the proper relations of missions and missionary societies. It was the record of the establishment, on a broad and deep foundation of a great indigenous Church in Central Africa, not a feeble copy of our own Anglican Church, but a genuine Native Church. It was the history of the foundation of civilisation, of all the freedom and liberties which are dear to the Englishman's heart. He had formulated a language, so that not only future colonists and teachers might make themselves at home, but that the deepest theological truths might be clearly stated. He had, to a marvellous degree, won the respect of both Arabs and natives, and rolled away the deserved reproach that hung over the English name there. When he first arrived in Zanzibar he had found there the largest slave market in the world: he had made that same spot the Christian quarter of the largest city in the world south of the Equator, save Sydney and Melbourne, with its noble church, built in great measure with his own hands, an infirmary, mission house, printing-press in active work, crowded schools, and a settlement of native adult Christians, once slaves. He began his work with five little slave boys, naked and starving, in a half-ruined house, but before his sun had set he had the satisfaction of having restored numbers as Christians to their own homes, and having formed three great centres of work upon the mainland, many hundreds of miles apart.'—Ibid. pp. 349, 350.

He returned to Zanzibar in June 1882, and the end soon came. He laid down his life amongst the children of his saving, and the men and women of his training. When he marked out the ground for his Church, he uprooted the public whipping-post of the slave-market and planned for the altar to occupy

occupy its site. Tears enough had been shed there, God knows! but when the great assemblage laid their Bishop to his rest behind that altar, they were not the tears of the old days. They were now the tears of a free people who, under God, owe their lives and liberty to English hearts and hands—a people who look forward—not to the life in the harem, or the quick death on the clove plantation, but steadfastly to the time when they shall meet him whom they learnt to call 'father' on earth, in the presence of the Common Father of us all. Of the many testimonies to the value of Bishop Steere's character and work, Miss Allen's graphic account deserves quotation: -

'It is just because his memory seems to pervade everything here that I find it so difficult to define and describe my thoughts about him. Whatever happens, I find myself thinking—I wonder what he would have said to this? If I learn a new word in Swahili, or come upon an instance of an idiomatic use of a word already known, my first thought is a longing for his sympathy and pleasure at the increase of our knowledge of the language of the people for whom he lived. If I get hold of a new book, I long for the way in which he used to devour and *digest* a book in little more than the time it takes me to cut the leaves and glance at the headings of the chapters. He used to give one some trenchant criticism on the book that seemed to lay open its purpose and meaning at once.

'If I am weeding the little patch of ground in front of the house, I am longing for his appreciation of the plants and flowers there, and I recollect with a smile how he himself dug over the whole of it, because, he said, the natives would not know how to get it level. How amazed the dignified Arabs used to be when passing by they saw him, whom they all looked up to as a man of much learning and piety, thus engaged! This often furnished me with an excellent text from which to enlarge on the dignity of labour, when the Arabs argued that they must have slaves, for how else could the work be done? "An Arab cannot dig," they used to say; then I used to take much delight in telling them how our great Bishop could dig.

'There is another way in which I constantly miss him. With all his great gifts he was always ready to turn his hand to the meanest occupation, if he could thereby do any one a service. Oh, how I miss his ready "Can I help you?" in any difficulty! It did not matter what the obstacle was, he was always ready to help you over it. If it was some difficulty in our life as a community here, he would give us some pithy saying which made one ashamed ever after to have thought of the difficulty as a trial at all. For instance, we were speaking one day of the forbearance which is certainly occasionally required to enable five or six persons who are no relations, to live together harmoniously in one house, and some one said it was quite different from doing parish work at home, where one met one's fellow-workers

workers in district or school work only, and then went home to one's own family. "Yes," said the Bishop, "half-Christians may do for that, they won't do for this." Or again, whether the trouble was a lamp that would not burn, he would have the chimney off and trim the wick, with the sort of unerring skill with which he seemed to do everything, and the lamp would burn as it seemed never to have burnt before. Even if he saw one try more than once at threading a needle, his "Can't I help you?" never failed. His quick observation, too, seemed always to show him who needed a helping hand, even in such trifles as the assistance of his arm upstairs if you were not quite well.

'The readiness, too, with which he always lent us any assistance we asked for from the workpeople outside the house, whether to alter the position of a door or window in the fabric of the house, or only to send any of them on a special message in any direction that might be convenient, it gave one a sense of everything being done that could be done to make the wheels of life run smoothly, which was worth far more than the actual service rendered.

'Thoughts of him are of course indissolubly connected with every corner of our beautiful slave-market church. Few have any idea of how much thought, and pains, and watchfulness, he bestowed upon the laying of almost every stone. How he would stand patiently watching the native workmen till he thoroughly understood their methods of working, and had thought out for himself the practical advantage of the different proceedings, for which they themselves would give no reason beyond saying that it was the custom; then, having mastered their methods, he was in a position to carry out his own ideas safely and satisfactorily. So well did he do this, that even the Seyed himself said to him one day, "Can you tell me why it is that when I build, my buildings tumble down, but what you build never falls down?" It is quite true that there are frequent accidents to the buildings the Seyed puts up, but work done under Bishop Steere is conspicuous for its stability. . . . I remember when nobody believed so bold a design could be accomplished, when the Mohammedans said the whole structure was only standing by miracle, until the day when the building should be opened and it should be full of the Christians, and it would then fall and crush us all; and even some of the Bishop's best friends amongst the Europeans in the town shook their heads and said they didn't think they should like to be under that roof when the supports on which it was built were taken away. Now people will hardly believe that they ever doubted its stability.' -Ibid. pp. 281–285.

As far as we can judge, the educational training of the children furnishes some remarkable results. He must surely possess the hope that hopeth all things when, in tanning up the little spark of life which is left amongst the skin and bones hoisted out of the slave dhow, he anticipates to see scholars some day appear. However, results speak for themselves. We have

have some examination papers before us which were set at Kiungani in July 1887: the Principal writes:—

'All the questions were printed at our own press by old boys of the Mission, and the examination was conducted exactly as in any good school in England; and considering who the examinees were—some of them only six years ago being slaves right away in the interior of "the Dark Continent," and most of them being quite eight years of age when they began to learn the alphabet—the results are remarkable, and plainly show how God has wonderfully blessed the efforts of all their present teachers.'

Here are some of the questions, which we will preface by saying that they are set for young men, a few of whom will be drafted in amongst the clergy, while the vast majority will continue their training into well-instructed mechanics and clerks. The Sultan and those around him speak bad Arabic; Swahili is the language of the coast and the interior trade path: and the Yao or Nyassa student is fortified with a tongue which he can speak to all whom he is likely to come across.

'Question XVI.—*Arabic Writing.*—The boys had to write in English characters the Swahili of an Arabic tract, and afterwards to write in Arabic characters, the Swahili of St. John xv. 1–12. Full marks were 35. Paul and Samuel obtained 32; William, 29; Hugh, 25.'

We take a few of the questions out of the Divinity paper. We find that a lad named William gained 20 marks out of a possible 30, with such questions as these before him:—

'1. How was Melchizedek a type of our Lord?

'2. Jesus Christ (1) prayed for His murderers; (2), was thirsty; (3), was betrayed by Judas Iscariot. How were these events foretold in the Old Testament?

'3. What do you think of Jael's act in killing Sisera? William wrote.—"In these present times if a person kill another, he, too, is put to death. But considering those times in which we do not fully understand the mysteries of God, I think she did well, because he was an enemy. Therefore we are not able to judge her as to her action being good or bad according to her belief she did well."

Who that is acquainted with the climate of Africa's swamp lands imagines that a native ministry can be dispensed with? In the next place where the German and English 'spheres of influence' become clothed with reality, it is from Colleges of this description that agents and factors will be drawn.

As we have said, Bishop Steere passed away suddenly in August 1882, and his successor, Dr. Charles Alan Smythies, the present head, was consecrated in January, 1884, to a post

which is now beset with very grave complications, as daily telegrams from the scene of the German invasion tell us. The coast tribes and those behind them are beginning to discover that they have been 'protectorated' and 'sphered' off, not only on maps, which they do not understand, but by new flags, and shot, shell, and canister, too, when it comes to a definite object lesson!

There is a sad passage in 'Livingstone's Last Journals' (vol. i. p. 81), where he laments the abandonment of the Mission's original intent, for he recognized in 1866 that its presence was more and more required on the Lake. The matter was taken up in Scotland with enthusiasm soon after Livingstone's death, and carried out with tact that left nothing to be desired. The tale of the Scotch Missions in Nyassaland should be told in some popular form; nothing more honourable or praiseworthy could be collated, and in the person of the Rev. Dr. Laws, M.D., we have one whose value is second to none of the men we have mentioned.

But neither did Bishop Steere ever lose sight of the original plan of planting a Mission on the shores of Lake Nyassa, and, with a view to this, several of his mainland stations were placed along the route between the Lake and the coast, notably Masasi and Newala. In the autumn of 1875, he travelled on foot to Mwembé, with a view to establish a station on Lake Nyassa. In the following year a halfway station was formed at Masasi, being, in fact, a Christian village, peopled by freed slaves once torn from that same region by slave-dealers. The higher ideal of life, set by the Christian villages before the heathen tribes, made deep and favourable impression, though suspicion was slow to be allayed, and actual conversions for some years very few.

We must recur to the last year of Bishop Steere's life, 1882, for it was the most eventful since the foundation of the Mission. In January, Mr. Johnson, who had already spent two years (1879–1881) on the Lake, travelled from Masasi to Chiteji's, on Lake Nyassa, accompanied by Rev. C. A. Janson. There, in February, Mr. Janson died, and Mr. Johnson remained alone. Mr. Janson had joined the Mission from Oxford in 1880, and during that short time had made himself much beloved by all his fellow-workers. It is of him that Archdeacon Maples gives the following touching account:—

'One word I have about him: he solemnly charged me, when in June last year he thought he was dying, to do my utmost to prevent anything being published to his praise in our reports and papers: he said: "I always feel that our Mission stands in great danger of losing God's

God's blessings upon it, if we will persist, when any of us dies, in representing our deaths out here, as they have been both written and spoken about in several instances. It seems to me, that the offering we make to God in coming out here, and trying to do a little for the glory of His Name in the way of work amongst the heathen, should be made as simply as possible, and spoken of as a matter of course and not as a kind of special sacrifice, as it too often is at home. I am convinced that no true view of Missionary work can prevail at home, until missions and missionaries are regarded in a very different light, than in the present halo of romance and unreality, that people will invest us with. However we die out here, the offering is too small to be mentioned outside our circle, and it is a serious drawback, I think, to our work, that people will think it necessary to speak of us at our deaths in language they would never have used had we been called away when at work in some curacy at home."'

These words give the key-note to the spirit and working of the whole Mission.

Mr. Johnson, after spending eighteen months alone about Lake Nyassa, and owing his life more than once when ill to the kind care of the Scotch Mission at Bandawé, on the west shore of the Lake, returned, *viâ* Magomero and River Shiré, to England to raise funds for a steamer to ply on Lake Nyassa, his plan being to make the headquarters of the Mission on the Lake itself, healthier than the shore. In 1884, Mr. Johnson's collection prospered so much, that the steamer 'Charles Janson' was built, and sent out piecemeal, in eight hundred packages, to Quillimane. There he was in one night struck blind by ophthalmia, and had to return to England, where an operation *partly* restored the sight of *one* eye. He returned to Africa as soon as he was allowed, and has worked there incessantly ever since.

In 1885 the pieces of the 'Charles Janson' were taken up the Zambesi, carried round the Shiré cataracts, and successfully put together at Matopé. The vessel, dedicated by the Bishop in September, is now plying on the Lake and Shiré.

It is very pleasant to notice that the greatest cordiality exists between the Presbyterians and the men of the Universities' Mission; the only 'unhappy division' we can detect is the seventy miles of stormy lake which keeps Archdeacon Maples and Dr. Laws apart! We have thus looked in upon the two chief fields of the Mission's operations, Zanzibar and Lake Nyassa.

The Rev. W. Porter has held his own for a number of years at Masasi and Newala. On one occasion his Mission Station was burnt down by the Magwangwara, who carried off many of the Christian natives. Few more daring things have been done than the single-handed visits to the marauders' camp, which

were undertaken by Mr. Porter on one occasion, and by Bishop Smythies on the other. The journey involved a tramp of several hundreds of miles through unexplored country, and they were partially rewarded by being able to rescue some of the people whom they had lost.

The history of Magila, a colony of released slaves founded in 1875, is one of continual advance under the fifteen years of Archdeacon Farler's influence. He has now been forbidden by his medical advisers to return to Africa. A man of his force will be sorely missed, not only on the station, but amongst those tribes which have from time to time buried their hatchets, as he has taken upon himself boldly to upbraid them for going to war. Amongst photographs before us we see him figured in a group of 120 native Communicants; and in short the advance of Christianity appears now to be marvellous, in spite of all we are taught to believe at Church Congresses. In 1886, the Church of the Holy Cross, large, handsome, and of stone, was consecrated at Magila. One of brick has been built at Umba. Stations have been formed at Mkuzi and Misozwe. The Church at Magila was built by one English mason, who joined the Mission under the same conditions as its other members, assisted only by native workmen trained by himself. One of the most remarkable branches of the work here is the industrial training given to the converts, enabling them to earn their own living: this may best be described by quoting the following extracts from a letter of Archdeacon Farler's:—

'With regard to Dr. Lenz's statement that the converted natives are unfit for manual labour, I can only say that this is an extraordinary mistake, which can only proceed from defective knowledge. I will describe what I have seen as to the good worked by a Mission station in Central Africa, and the public can judge.

'Twelve years ago the station of which I am speaking consisted of a mud hut, the residence of the missionaries, a few sheds, and a small iron building used as a church. The natives were always fighting; no man could travel alone safely; they clothed themselves with goat-skins, and their only means of exchange were strings of beads or Americano—i.e., cotton sheeting. Now the excellent granite of the country has been quarried, lime has been burnt, a large and beautiful church, capable of holding seven hundred people, with nave, aisles, and arches, has been built in granite; a large hospital has been erected, with schools, house for the missionaries, dormitories for boarders, and dining hall—all have been built by our native converts, in granite, under the superintendence of a young English working mason.

'At this moment, as I write, I see eleven masons, native converts, nine of them being apprentices, hard at work building a large house for

for sisters of mercy. I see other converts, native carpenters and their apprentices, bringing up the doors and windows they have just made to fix into the new house. I am writing at a table made by native converts. Not far off is a large workshop, well fitted with tools, also a forge and anvil, full of busy native converts learning carpentering and blacksmithing. Around about are many native converts, some bringing planks or rafters, which they have cut in the forest, others working as mason's labourers, others digging; more than we want every morning eagerly pressing for work, lasting from 7 A.M. to 5.30 P.M., under strict supervision, with one hour's rest at noon, for the wage of fourpence a day.

'There is now perfect peace and safety in the land; a child can travel alone. The natives dress now in well-made garments, sewn by themselves after the coast fashion. All now use pice and rupees, and our wages are paid in money. Trade has been introduced; a large market has been established close to the Mission station, attended by some two to three thousand traders every market day.'

These words were written in June 1887, and this is one of the stations sorely embarrassed in consequence of the blockade on the coast.

One of the things to be noticed in Africa is the prevailing type of ugliness—not necessarily arising from degraded faces at all—for the variety of feature is infinite. It is then exceedingly instructive to look over photographs such as are lying before us, and which give the portraits of men and women who have become Christians at the various Mission Stations, and in the villages influenced by them. Care makes wrinkles enough upon our foreheads at home; what then is the impress which centuries of African bloodshed and insecurity are likely to have made on the human countenance! The face of the old chief, when first the white man sees him, is a scowl encased in a network of misery-lines, and the mere child seems to have all the cares of his tribe upon him; count the furrows on his forehead, and you come at the proportion which fears bear to joys inside his cranium. Now it is a most remarkable thing that, when we scan a group of these converts, whose social surroundings in the villages are not so materially altered, a distinct change in the human aspect is visible. 'You have ironed the wrinkles out of their faces,' was the comment made by a looker-on, who himself had passed years amongst the tribes, and it is a pity to alter a verdict which appears so exactly to fit in with the evidence.

The history of a Mission like this is, in fact, precisely what we want; it is for the most part the barbarity of the Mohammedan which calls for these strenuous exertions upon the part of the Church as a counteracting force. As for the natives, it speaks well for them that no missionary in these ranks has fallen

fallen by arrow or spear. The list of killed and wounded is a terrible one, it is true, and sets one thinking that if the climate can decimate men engaged as these are, what are the prospects ahead for the trader in the districts we are dealing with?

Whilst on this subject of climate and health, we cordially commend to the would-be explorer one or two hints which we find under Dr. Laws' hand. His experience of Central African hygiene is absolutely unique. He states broadly that a chill means fever; this is the first canon of Dr. Laws' faith, and it does not matter whether the chill arises from cold winds, tramps through wet grass, sudden check of perspiration, or injudicious bathing. What he insists upon is that every one in Central Africa shall arm himself with an india-rubber hot-water bottle, which can soon be filled when a shiver comes on, for every native hut affords a cooking pot and a fire. Applied to the back till warmth is restored, the otherwise inevitable attack will often be averted. Temperance, of course, is a necessity of the situation, and there are plenty of healthy Europeans on the Shiré hills who will insist that abstinence from all wine, beer, and spirits, has had much to do with their good health.

We give all prominence to these doings amongst tribes that are now exercising the minds of the Cabinets of London and Berlin, and among which the Universities' men have wandered and laboured for over twenty-five years. Every movement of the blockading fleets, every engagement on the coast, and the pressure put on the Sultan of Zanzibar, inevitably affects Bishop Smythies and his colleagues. As we write, the Universities' men are allowed to go to and fro between Magila and the Zanzibar sea-board, passing through an excited and inflamed population, who exterminate every German they can lay hands upon. Archdeacon Farler can well claim to say '*circumspice*' here, for it is due to his labours. The implements which have been pressed into use have not failed to do their work, in the direction which the plough originally marked out.

We cannot disguise from ourselves, that the future of the Mission must require an unabated display of the devotion which has distinguished it hitherto. None of the stations have been abandoned; the only work interrupted for a time is that of the ladies at Magila, on the mainland, who have been sent down to Zanzibar. Bishop Smythies is with his men, and each remains at his post. Twelve Europeans have joined during the year 1888, making seventy in all, viz. twenty six clergy, twenty-five laymen, and nineteen ladies.

If, however, upon the one hand we see the leaven of disturbance at work throughout East Africa, occasioned in the first

first instance by the German Colonists, who have done all that is rash and nothing that is wise; if we have to watch Portugal, taking this opportunity to march a horde of savages as her mercenaries into a land, where many years of labour testify that we have an undying interest in it, whilst she has no settlement of any kind involved—we allude to the Shiré highlands and Lake Nyassa—there is, notwithstanding, much that we can turn to with satisfaction. Stanley was certainly safe and well a few months ago, and in this fact we shake off a host of cares. We may anticipate his arrival with fresh stores of knowledge concerning the great Slave-preserve near Albert Nyanza, and also respecting the doings of the Zanzibar Arabs nearer the Congo; all this means surely an impetus to the anti-slavery feeling, which is gaining a foothold on the Continent.

The Imperial East African Company is no emanation of the 'promoter.' A remarkable list of names appears at its back, and we may be sure that freedom will be pitted against slave labour with a determined hand. From this point of view we could wish it nearer to the slavers' collecting-grounds, instead of in the Masai country. But in the meantime an unprepared public is somewhat suddenly instructed, that the moment has arrived for a combined movement against the slave-trade. Many excellent persons, both here and in Africa, dislike any such arrangement; but there are some considerations which should be borne in mind. England has spent millions over the East African slave-trade, since the fathers of the present generation virtually put a stop to that which prevailed upon the Western side. We are spending vast sums still in the same direction; and, if another European Power for the first time offers to bear part of the expense, it is certainly worth while to entertain the suggestion with a little more readiness than has been accorded in the last few months. No doubt Germany has herself to blame, in a great measure, for the scepticism which has been forthcoming. The energy, which has been thrown into the potato-gin trade all round Africa, appears to be incompatible with a new desire to deliver the Africans from themselves. Here again, however, it is probable that the business acumen of Hamburg and Bremen moves in a smaller circle than is generally imagined. It is only fair to recollect that, just as we learn our geography from little wars, so do we imbibe clear conceptions of great evils when disasters happen, which touch either the national pocket or the national pride. Germany has hitherto in all probability been little versed in the ramifications of the slave-trade; what interest has she had in it? what expenditure has she made in quelling

quelling it? But now that she has had her disasters, equally in pocket, pride, and prestige, her interest is aroused. Is it too much to believe that, with the newly engendered interest in African affairs permeating all classes, and strengthened with the very natural satisfaction at having such men as the explorer Wissmann, and the brave Prussian, Emin Pasha, there will be raised up in German society a worthier intention than we seem inclined to allow credit for?

It has been pointed out, that there is another side to the German character, and that the nation which in less enlightened times could launch against the heathendom of the world by far the most wide-spread and influential missionary organization in existence, the Moravian Brotherhood, cannot safely be ridiculed on the score of good works. The spirit which sends forth the 'Herrnhuters' must find something well within its scope in this new anti-slavery movement. In any case, the barbarities of the slave-trade and the ferocity of Mohammedan potentates—whether we turn to the Khalifat at Kartoum, or the Sultan of Zanzibar, in a mood for executions—are now coming under vigilant scrutiny, and a little competition may tend to sharpen the perception.

The accusation of being participants in a sham must, and no doubt will, be repelled at all hazards, and not by unavailing words. The two foremost European statesmen, against whom it has been levelled, will not lack the sympathy of the people, either in this country or in Germany, when the case is more clearly stated; and, we may add, when the slave-trade is more intelligently studied. When it is remembered what the African slave-trade means to millions of human beings, no man can altogether divest himself of the idea, that it would become perilously near mocking God were the subject to be dressed with importance of a sudden for a sinister purpose, or bedecked with unusually emphatic verbiage to secure a retreat from a diplomatic complication.

We are told that no tomb is visited so often as that of Livingstone in Westminster Abbey. Men of all nations stand and spell out the words written on the slab which covers his remains—almost his own last words:—'All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world.' We cannot believe that Germany will fail to claim her share in the old traveller's benediction.

ART. IX.—*Mr. John Morley's Collected Writings*:—Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Critical Miscellanies, Compromise, and Burke. 10 vols. London, 1886–88.

WE have frequently, in this Review, when discussing political questions, made passing reference to the views of Mr. John Morley; and there are perhaps few persons of equal eminence, whose authority we have treated with scantier respect or admiration. We have, however, before now urged, that the views of public men demand and deserve attention, in proportion, not to their intrinsic worth and reasonableness, but to the practical influence which they exercise, or the forces which they represent. On this last ground alone, if on no other, Mr. Morley takes an exceedingly high place amongst those, to whom attention of the most careful kind is due. If there are few politicians who less deserve to be followed, there are few whose opinions it will be more instructive to examine.

We will make our meaning a little more precise. We have spoken of men who exercise practical influence: but it is not his influence which makes Mr. Morley important, neither influence as a thinker nor influence as a politician. We do not believe that, in either character, he has any personal following that numerically is worth speaking about. His importance is due to the fact, not that he wields forces, but that he represents forces, and that he represents them in a way more complete and clear than any other public man in England. That party which, to describe it by the term most acceptable to all of its various sections, we may in a technical sense call the 'Party of Progress,' no doubt possesses and is inspired by a large number of philosophers; but Mr. Morley is the only one of this number who has connected himself with practical life, or been in contact with affairs and statesmen. Nor has this contact been accidental. He is not a philosopher who, like Mr. Arthur Balfour, has turned aside from philosophy to devote himself to some urgent national business. There is, in his case, no turning aside whatever. His position in the practical world is the direct consequence and sequel of his position as a thinker, and takes from his position as a thinker whatever meaning it possesses. The Radical party has sought him out and promoted him, not because he was eminent for any practical tact or ability, but because he was eminent as an exponent of the underlying *rationale* of Radicalism. He has none of that mastery of men's most powerful weaknesses which Mr. Gladstone possesses from being himself a colossal embodiment of them: but his works and his life possess what Mr. Gladstone's do not.

There

There is in them a certain oneness of purpose and coherency, which embrace not only the theory of Radical politics, but also the theories philosophical, social, and religious, with which, on the whole, those politics are inseparably allied. He is the Fénelon or the Cardinal Newman of, we will not say the Radical party, but we will say of the Radical movement. He expresses for that movement the reason of the faith that is in it, or at least as much of that faith as has any reason to be expressed; and hence the interest that attaches to the ten handsome volumes, in which his writings have been recently collected and published, and whose general significance we now propose to discuss.

It is well, indeed, to warn the reader that, when we call these volumes interesting, we do not use the word in the sense which it would bear at a circulating library. With certain notable exceptions, of which we shall speak presently, the style, though close and lucid, is of almost unparalleled dryness. But, if we master our distaste for this strangely repellent medium, we shall find in Mr. Morley's writings a lesson that is singularly instructive, and is certainly very different from any that he means to teach us. We shall see the whole inner spirit of modern democratic progress, represented in its best, its completest, and its most conscientious development. We shall see, not only its political creed and aims, but its religious, its moral, and its philosophical creed also, as they appear to a man who has devoted every effort to bringing them into some consistent and practical whole, and who does not flinch from letting the world know, what many of his party have not the courage to confess, and what still more have not the capacity clearly and consistently to realize. We shall see this, and something else besides. We shall not only see the man as the representative and exponent of a system, but we shall also see a system as re-acting on and affecting the man. We shall see the man bringing to the system many qualities of a high and unusual nature, unusual integrity, unusual intelligence and culture, unusual fairness, and unusual powers of reasoning: but we shall see that, though these qualities are strong, the system is still stronger; and that with a savage and pitiless force it crushes, distorts, or mutilates, whatever of good is unhappily consecrated to defending it. We shall see that, being immoral and irrational in its postulates, in its temper, and in its aims, it makes its defenders immoral and irrational also; that, by an iron and irresistible movement, it tortures tolerance into intolerance, candour into rancorous hatred, scientific scepticism into the blindest and most abject superstition, and logical consistency

consistency into confusion and self-contradiction; we shall see, in fact, the man of clear thought and integrity completely broken on the wheel of the creed he has adopted, writhing and exhibiting himself in intellectual attitudes that are only not ridiculous because they are so profoundly pitiable.

It is a well-known device on the part of critics or orators to overpraise the persons whom they design to attack, so that by raising the pedestals they may secure a more ignominious fall for the statues. In our praise, however, of Mr. Morley, we can honestly acquit ourselves of any such insincerity; and we propose to begin our examination of his volumes, by substantiating, with their aid, our estimate of his natural qualities.

Of the three or four thousand pages of which these volumes consist, considerably more than half are devoted to the studies of men who directly or indirectly assisted in the French Revolution. One volume is given to Voltaire, two to Rousseau, two to Diderot, and separate essays, which equal another volume in bulk, are given to Turgot, to Condorcet, and to Robespierre. Six volumes out of the ten are thus practically accounted for. Of the others, one is given to Burke, one to an Essay on Compromise, a production something in the style of Mill's 'Essay on Liberty'; whilst the remaining two consist of various shorter studies of English writers, regarded mainly as revolutionaries, Byron, J. S. Mill, Miss Martineau, and George Eliot, together with one or two pieces almost entirely literary. Mr. Morley's philosophy is nowhere set forth formally; even in his 'Essay on Compromise' it is applied, rather than stated. It is only to be gathered from constant reference and allusion, from parenthetical paragraphs, or sentences of trenchant correction of others. It is held, as it were, in solution, in a mass of biographical and other criticism, from which, however, by the simple chemistry of attention, it is readily made to form itself into a precipitate. We will consider these volumes first in their ostensible character of criticisms, and critical biographies; and we shall thus be introduced to their author in his most favourable light.

The three capacities in which Mr. Morley shows himself at his best, are, according to our opinion, that of a literary critic, that of a philosophic biographer, and lastly—in spite of what we have said just now—that of an author, shown by certain rare and exceptional passages, to be capable of singular literary excellence himself. We will say something of his distinctive merits in each.

It is as a literary critic that we think his faculties are most remarkable; and though such criticism is the use to which he most

most rarely applies them, we cannot avoid thinking that, according to his natural tastes, it is the use which really is most congenial to himself. He has a singularly fine sense alike of form and of style; he is, in analysis, singularly searching and logical; he can be enthusiastic in his admiration of an author, without being blind to his faults, and contemptuous of his faults, whilst generally appreciative of his greatness. This severe fairness of temper enables him to discriminate with admirable acuteness and nicety the grade and quality of an author's talent or genius, and the kind of influence exercised by it. Finally, his own style, when he is dealing with literary subjects, loses much of its usual dryness, whilst retaining all its lucidity, and conveys to our minds his various thoughts and judgments in all the clearness and delicacy which they evidently possess in his own.

If we would see these qualities all displayed at their best, what we should turn to is his Essay on Lord Macaulay. As an analysis of a style, and of the moral meanings of a style, this Essay is, we think, unsurpassed. Many people are accustomed to think, that style is nothing but an affair of vocabulary, and balance of sentences. Mr. Morley destroys this narrow conception at once, by the pertinent remark that, to reproduce the style of Macaulay, the first requisite is to reproduce his extraordinary familiarity with literature, 'for the reason that it is, beyond all else, the style of great literary knowledge.' He does not, however, neglect its more formal and superficial characteristics, such as the sparkle of its phraseology, and the peculiarities of its rhythm and its cadences. On the contrary, he describes with equal appreciation and accuracy 'that splendid and glittering prose, which is like a suit of armour to the thought.' He points out its faults too with the same delicate discrimination: 'there is the hardness in it,' he says, 'if there is also the sheen, of highly wrought metal:' there is music in it, but it is the music of 'a solo on a silver trumpet, never the swelling diapasons of the organ, and never the deep ecstasies of the four magic strings.' All that Mr. Morley says on this subject is excellent; but his criticism assumes its chief and its most peculiar interest, when he gets beneath what we may call the tone and the gestures of style, and penetrates to the things they signify. No remark, for instance, could be more acute or more suggestive than this, that the dignity and elevation which impresses us in Macaulay's prose, 'when we look more closely into it . . . disagreeably resembles the narrow assurance of a man, who knows that he has with him the great battalions of public opinion.'

But

But he not only excels in criticism of individual writers; he is equally, as the following passage will demonstrate, an adept in the philosophy of literary expression in general. He is speaking of the view taken by many writers, 'that the type and mould of all written language should be spoken language':—

'There are more reasons,' he says, 'for demurring to the soundness of the latter doctrine, than can conveniently be made to fill a digression here. For one thing, spoken language necessarily implies one or more listeners, whereas written language may often have to express meditative moods and trains of inward reflection that move through the mind without trace of external reference, and that would lose their special traits by the introduction of any suspicion that they were to be overheard.'

This is equal, if not superior, to anything in the criticisms of Mr. Matthew Arnold. But Mr. Morley is not only a critic of good writing in others. He shows us occasionally, as has been already said, that he might have been, had he chosen, a singularly fine writer himself. The specimens of his style with which the reader has been just presented are, in point of style, far above his usual level. Even in them, however, the manner is noticeably inferior to the matter. It is not a laboured manner, but it is a labouring manner. It not only shows us the victories which his thought wins, but it shows us the painful and often ungainly struggle which he goes through in winning each of them. Words, with him, convey little to us beyond their bald intellectual meaning; they rarely gain any added force, from judicious placing, or from the music which in other writers Mr. Morley so much admires. In other writers he can detect the roll of an organ. His own tunes, if he has any, are for the most part played on a table. But here and there, not often, yet still often enough to show that it is not the result of chance, he turns from the table, he lays his hands on the keyboard, and we suddenly hear the prolonged and appealing notes of the 'open diapason' and of the 'vox humana.' Here is a passage which will justify what we say, and which shows him as critic of literature, and as master of style as well:—

'The few with minds touched by nature or right cultivation to the finer issues admire the supreme genius [of Shakspeare] which takes some poor Italian tale, with its coarse plot and gross personages, and shooting it through with the threads of variegated meditation, produces a masterpiece of penetrative reflection and high pensive suggestion as to the deepest things and the most secret parts of the life of men. But to the general, these finer threads are indiscernible. What touches them in the Shakespearean poetry, and most rightly touches

touches them and us all, are topics eternally old, yet of eternal freshness, the perennial truisms of the grave and the bridechamber, of shifting fortunes, of the surprises of destiny, and the emptiness of the answered vow. This is the region in which the poet wins his widest if not his hardest triumphs, the region of the noble Commonplace.*

Here is another passage, dealing not only with literature, but with human character, which for music, for dignity, and for profound pathos, it would be hard for any writer to excel. Mr. Morley is speaking of the best of Rousseau's 'Musings,' 'masterpieces,' as he calls them, 'in the style of contemplative prose':—

'The third, the fifth, and the seventh,' he says, 'especially abound in that even, full, and mellow gravity of tone which is so rare in literature, because the deep absorption of spirit which is its source, is so rare in life. They reveal Rousseau to us with a truth beyond that attained in any other of his pieces—a mournful, sombre figure, looming shadowily in the dark glow of sundown among sad and desolate places. There is nothing like them in the French tongue, which is the speech of the clear, the cheerful, or the august among men; nothing like this sonorous plain song, the strangely melodious expression in the music of prose of a darkened spirit which yet had imaginative visions of beatitude.'†

In these last words we have a specimen of Mr. Morley's literary handling, not of literature but of life; and this brings us to the second of the three capacities, in which, as we have said, he exhibits his highest qualities, his capacity of philosophic biographer. Philosophic biography, as we venture to call what forms at least seven-tenths of Mr. Morley's works, is a kind of writing of which there are too few examples. It is not history, it is not philosophy, it is not literary criticism, it is not biography; but it is a union of them all. It takes a man's life for its central theme; but it deals with such a man mainly for the sake of his influence on the world; his work, if literary, is subjected to literary criticism, with a view to understanding the cause that produced a given practical effect; and philosophy is invoked in order to connect the individual with the larger movements of history, which preceded, which surrounded, and which succeeded him. History has been described as philosophy teaching by the example of men: ordinary biography we may describe as ethics teaching by the example of a man: the sort of biography written by Mr. Morley, we may describe as a compound of the two; its teaching is the teaching of the first; its method is the method of the second.

* 'Miscellanies,' vol. i. p. 268.
† 'Rousseau,' vol. ii. p. 315.

Mr. Morley's

Mr. Morley's range of studies is no doubt narrow; but within his own period, his knowledge is singularly searching and thorough; and equally singular is the capacity he shows, for extracting a meaning out of immense masses of detail. No writer has made a more clear-sighted attempt to explain the ideas which underlay the watchwords of the French Revolution, to exhibit the various theories, passions, and protests that met in them, and through these ideas to arrive at a clearer understanding of the ideas, which animate the democratic parties of to-day. That Mr. Morley's pictures are always just, we are very far from saying; and there is much that is faulty in the artistic form of his work. But all that we are concerned to insist upon is, not that in dealing with historical questions he achieved a complete success of even a second-rate kind, but that he exhibits qualities by which he might have achieved, though he has not, a success of the highest kind, but for certain unfortunate circumstances.

The circumstances we have alluded to may be described briefly, but sufficiently, as follows. They are the circumstances, no matter what, which have made Mr. Morley a Radical (we do not mean merely a man of letters who votes on the Radical side, and gives to Radicalism the sympathies he can spare from literature, but a Radical who is a Radical first, and a man of letters afterwards); which have made his convictions in the former capacity the guide of his work in the second; which have, in fact, made the modern Creed of Progress the same thing for him, for his thoughts, and his interests, and his sympathies, that the Church and the Bible were for the Medieval Schoolmen. Mr. Morley, from many passages in his writings, seems not only conscious of this result, but proud of it. For literature as literature, although it evidently attracts him personally, he is careful to let us see he entertains a grim contempt. 'Most literature,' he says, 'nearly all literature, only serves to pass the time of the learned or cultured class.'* And even of such writing as aims not at the amusement of the few, but at stirring the minds and forming the opinions of all, he impatiently insists that its importance is far below the importance of action. Action, however, is not always possible for everybody; and according to Mr. Morley, the next best thing to action is the writing by which action is most directly influenced. Thus it has come to pass that his own writings are in reality something entirely different from what they seem to be. In form, as we have seen, they are a series of studies and

* 'Miscellanies,' vol. ii. p. 148.

biographies,

biographies, and we have seen that as such they have a number of admirable qualities; but what gives them their chief interest, their unity, and their practical meaning, is the fact, that indirectly they are treatises on contemporary Radicalism. When he criticizes the errors in the democratic creed of the last century, he is setting forth what he considers the truths of the democratic creed of this. When he ridicules the worship of the Goddess of Reason, he is inculcating another worship, which he thinks should take its place. When he is deploring that the Jacobin spirit went too far in France, he is arguing that it does not as yet go far enough in England.

We will now proceed to set before our readers what Radicalism is, as expressed, analyzed, and defined, by Mr. Morley. Let us begin then by repeating, what we have already hinted, that the doctrines which compose it are by no means all of them political. A part of them are moral and philosophic, and a part religious. Logically and practically they are all inseparably connected; but for purposes of criticism and explanation they can be, and they require to be, separated. Put into the briefest form possible, the sum and substance of these various doctrines is as follows. As regards morals, right and wrong have no standard other than social utility. As regards religion, there is no God, and there is no future life, and religion is some mode of feeling, the object of which is humanity. As regards philosophy, there is no free-will; thus human actions, equally with the movements of matter, are included amongst the subjects of science; and science shows that these actions, as a whole, produce a movement which is fittingly called progress. Finally, as to politics, this progress is bound up with the destruction, rapid or gradual, of all forms of monarchy and all forms of aristocracy, and the transference, in fact, not only in form, of all power to the poorest and most numerous classes. The logical connection of these various views is obvious. The negation of a God and a future life gives a harsher aspect to the darker sides of civilization, and thus creates a desire for reforms that would be otherwise unimportant. By making morals relative solely to social expediency, the area of reform, or at least of change, is widened, and the dignity of reform is increased. By the negation of free-will, and the inclusion of human action amongst the subjects of science, a theoretical basis is made possible for a positive doctrine as to progress: and thus, the idea of progress being essential to the modern idea of Democracy, the philosophy of Radicalism supplies the ideal state with its ends, and the politics of Radicalism supplies the ideal state with its means.

We

We say, that this connection between these various views is obvious; but though obvious, it is possible that the reader may think it slight. He shall learn from Mr. Morley's own words, whether it is really slight in the eyes of intellectual Radicalism. Let us begin with what we have said is the Radical doctrine as to religion, namely, the negation of Christianity, and the substitution for it of some humanitarian enthusiasm. No doubt, at the present moment, many Radicals are Christians; but we must judge of the character of a movement, not from superficial observation of opinions which accidentally are held by a number of its supporters, but from a careful examination of the opinions which animate its most influential leaders, and which are acted on, even when not recognized, by their followers.

Mr. Morley's views, as we have said before, are for the most part insinuated, rather than formally stated; but on this point, at all events, he is in one place sufficiently plain-spoken. 'The first condition of the farther elevation of humanity,' is, he says, 'the more or less gradually accelerated extinction' of all 'theological ways of regarding life, and prescribing right conduct.' * It is true that he is not often so blunt or so explicit as this; but the intensity with which he holds the view in question, and the importance which he attaches to it, are constantly shown in indirect ways, which are far more forcible than any direct repetition. The importance which he attaches to the destruction of Christianity is best measured by the spirit in which he treats and attacks it. From the point of view of the intellectual man, it is true, he regards it with contempt rather than anger. He begs that his readers will not think him a 'sceptic.' The sceptic's is a 'shivering mood;' it is a mood of 'sentimental juvenility,' only fit for such poems as 'In Memoriam.' 'The whole system of objective propositions which make up the popular belief of the day, in one and all of its theological expressions,' that is to say, the whole of Christianity, is not worth the trouble of doubting about; and Mr. Morley tells us that 'he rejects them as false positively, absolutely, and without reserve.' † But when he turns from the truth or the falsehood of these beliefs, and regards them as facts in society, which still exercise an influence, his contempt changes into vehement denunciation and anger. The Church is for him the 'infamous' almost as much as it was for Voltaire. 'The great ship of your Church, once so stout and fair and laden with good destinies, is become a skeleton ship; it is a phantom hulk, with warped planks and sere canvas, and you who work

* 'Miscellanies,' vol. ii. p. 239.

† 'Voltaire,' p. 69, and 'Compromise,' p. 160.

it are no more than ghosts of dead men, and at the hour when you seem to have reached the bay, down your ship will sink like lead or like stone to the deepest bottom.'* The mainspring of progress, as we shall see presently, he holds to be a lofty conception, on the part of man, of humanity: and this lofty conception, he says, is mangled and bruised and paralyzed, by the idea which he calls 'palsied and crushing' † of the Christian God. On no view does Mr. Morley lay greater emphasis than this; no other excites his voice to tones so bitter and vehement. Naturally, as we have said, his mind inclines to fairness, and a judicial restraint in language; and on one or two occasions, with a visible effort, he forces himself to speak with fairness of certain individual Churchmen,‡ and with a real though a momentary comprehension of the Roman Church as an organization. But such is his underlying hatred of Christianity and of the Christian spirit, that as a rule, when he speaks of them, it entirely overmasters him. He forgets everything which in his better moments he would most wish to remember —respect for himself, respect for the feelings of others, ordinary fairness, and ordinary good manners. Subjects and names which to a large number of his readers he knows perfectly well are indescribably dear and sacred, he goes out of his way to mention with foolish insult, and in phrases where the want of taste is only equalled by the want of wit. Diderot, in a certain passage, expresses his condemnation of Christianity, in very uncompromising, but in grave and decorous terms. His most vehement sentence simply states that 'the Christian religion is to his mind the most absurd and atrocious in its dogmas.' This passage Mr. Morley quotes with an apology, fearful, he says, that it may 'shock devout persons.'§ Such being a specimen of what he thinks likely to wound the feelings of others, it is easy to see what a passionate animosity must have filled his own mind, before he could, without any apology at all, have written as he has written about the Christian religion, himself. Thus, for instance, he classes St. Paul's conversion with one of Rousseau's fantastic transports. ‖ But even more remarkable than this profanity are his blind onslaughts of solemn and yet unbridled vituperation. Any stick, for him, is good enough to beat the Church with, the Church, its teachers, and its teaching; but his utmost virulence is reserved for bishops and clergymen for all Christian ministers of what kind and degree soever. He is affected by the thought of them as a

* 'Miscellanies,' vol. i. p. 81. † 'Rousseau,' vol. ii. pp. 201, 202.
‡ See an allusion to a certain limited section of the English Church, 'Diderot,' vol. i. p. 221. § 'Diderot,' vol. i. p. 219. ‖ 'Rousseau,' vol. i. p. 136.

street-boy

street-boy might be affected by the sight. They never can cross his mind without his pelting them with some intellectual garbage. He describes them as 'that organized hierarchy of ignorance and oppression in all times and places, wherever they rear their heads—the bishops and ecclesiastics of every sort and condition.'* The profession of a Christian minister is, he says, 'essentially and profoundly immoral in all its forms, and no matter in connection with what school, or what dogma.' 'The time will come when society will look back on the doctrine, that those who serve the altar should live by the altar, as a doctrine of barbarism and degradation.'† The clergy he represents as a set of men who make a disgraceful living in one or other of two ways—either by drugging their minds, or else by dissembling their convictions. In either case, according to him, they are the professional foes to Truth; and the higher their position, the more vehement and more wicked is their enmity, so that—to give his own astounding words, 'an archbishop owes it to himself to blaspheme against reason and freedom in superlatives of malignant unction.'‡ Elsewhere, from the curse he descends to the giggle, as when he says that he supposes the orthodox will take a vindictive pleasure in learning how sea-sick Hume was when crossing from Calais to Dover.

The reader must remember, that we are not citing these degrading exhibitions of temper, as examples of Mr. Morley's habitual mood or language. On the contrary, we cite them because they are singular exceptions. Christianity is the only subject which puts him thus beside himself; and our sole aim has been to show the extraordinary importance which, as a Radical, he attaches to its destruction, by pointing out that of all Conservative forces it is the one which rouses his hatred to far the greatest intensity.

The blindest hatred, however, originates in some reason. Let us turn to Mr. Morley's reasons for hating Christianity. In one way at least we shall find something refreshing in them; for, whether sound or not, they are at all events temperately stated. Christianity represents man as being by nature sinful, and the evils in the world as being due to the inherent imperfections in his nature. This doctrine Mr. Morley regards as entirely fatal to an efficacious doctrine of progress. He rejects Christianity because he does not believe it to be true; but he hates it because he believes it to be thus practically mischievous. Man, he says, instead of being naturally sinful, is

* 'Rousseau,' vol. ii. p. 56. † 'Compromise,' p. 194.
‡ 'Rousseau,' vol. ii. p. 83.

in reality an 'excellent and helpful being,' 'patient' in the search alike for 'beauty and for truth,' 'infinite in his capacities' alike for 'love and for pity,' and full of a sense, devout, and yet undogmatic, 'of the manifold sweetness, and glory, and awe of the universe.'* Thus agreeing with Diderot that 'human nature is good,' he declares it to be by this time a mere truism to say also with Diderot, 'that the evil in the world is the fruit of bad education and bad institutions.'† Accordingly if those amongst us who can in any way help to do so will only go on endeavouring to make these bad things better, the lot of man will be one of 'boundless improvableness' and of 'sublime possibilities'; and when once conceived of in this, its true light, life offers to the human soul an ideal capable of arousing the enthusiasm by which it can be realized.

Now Christianity, no doubt, is fatal to such an enthusiasm as this. It is not indeed incompatible with many moderate doctrines of progress; but the secondary importance which it attaches to the things of this world, and especially the grave imperfections which so long as this world lasts will always, according to it, vitiate human nature, reduce the possibilities of social and political progress to somewhat narrow and unimpressive dimensions, and suggest an end which is not only problematic, but at the best quite disproportionate to the trouble necessary for arriving at it. An enthusiasm for its own purposes Christianity could excite, and it excited them by touching the very depths of human emotion. Thus much Mr. Morley fully recognizes; and he recognizes also that, to achieve progress in this world, men will have to be animated by emotions at least as deep as were ever excited in them by the thought of salvation in the other. Such being the case, his contention is as follows, that though we destroy Christianity, there will still remain in man the same dormant emotion which Christianity called forth; and that the human race and its destinies, if properly presented to the mind, will give these emotions an even more adequate object, and develop them to a pitch of even greater intensity than they ever possessed or reached under the sway of the Christian teaching.

We shall have occasion presently to discuss further the religious and philosophic bases of Radicalism, as expounded by Mr. Morley, and we now pass on to his theory of Radicalism as applied to politics. We are all by this time familiar with Mr Morley as a politician We know him from his speeches in the House of Commons, and on the platform. We know him as a

* 'Rousseau,' vol. ii. pp. 201, 202. † 'Diderot,' vol. i. p. 5

candidate

candidate on his own account, and as an agitator on his own account; and we know him also as an agitator in the retinue of Mr. Gladstone. We know him—and our knowledge of him is the clearer, because of his marked public consistency—as the extremest courtier of the multitude, the extremest advocate of appeal from wealth to poverty, from dignity to obscurity, from knowledge to ignorance: we know him for the extreme claims he makes for the Irish people, as a democracy which ought to be sovereign over its own destinies. It is therefore highly curious to turn from the conduct of the practical politician, to the inner thoughts really approved of by his reason, and to compare the esoteric principles with the exoteric adumbrations of them. The comparison is indeed surprising. Mr. Morley's theories of democracy, as calmly stated by him in his books, are as remarkable for their moderation, as, when stated on a public platform, they are for their crude extravagance. To say this, however, is to state but half the case. The difference between the two is not merely the difference between a similar statement repeated in two different tempers; it is the difference between two statements whose meanings are contradictory. What Mr. Morley really thinks about the matter the reader shall learn, as far as possible, in Mr. Morley's own words. We shall be surprised, if any one can recognize in it any identity with the views implied or stated by the Radical politician.

To begin then, Mr. Morley, in his capacity of serious thinker, rejects, as completely and contemptuously as any human being can reject, such puerile ideas as the natural sovereignty of the people. In his eyes the divine right of democracies is as silly a superstition as the divine right of kings. Divine, or natural right, has nothing to do with the matter. The claims of democracy are simply based on experience—experience of what in the long-run produces the best results. But what are the best results? That is the first thing to be settled. Mr. Morley states this plainly enough in the following passage, which, were he to write a treatise on the art of government, would logically stand as his opening proposition. 'All institutions ought to have for their aim the physical, intellectual, and moral amelioration of the poorest and most numerous class,—that is the People.'* Mr. Morley is aware that many men, not Radicals, are willing to assent to this. Though they would have nothing done by the People, they would have everything done for the People. But Radicalism maintains that the People should not only have good done for

* 'Rousseau,' vol. ii. p. 191, 193.

them,

them, but that, so far as is possible, they should themselves be instrumental in doing it. The essence of Radicalism is the importance it gives this doctrine.

Now on what, according to Mr. Morley, is this doctrine based? It is based, he tells us, on several facts verified by long experience, the principal of which we gather from him are as follows. In the first place, despotisms and aristocracies always postpone, in the long-run, 'the larger interests, to the narrow interests of their own order,'* and thus 'the best guarantee for justice in public dealings is the participation in their own government of the people most likely to suffer from injustice':† to which must be added the further fact, that 'when the laws are made by the great body of persons affected by them,' there is not only a greater likelihood of their being good laws, but a 'greater likelihood of their being obeyed.'‡ The more we study the character of the People as a whole, the more fully, Mr. Morley thinks, we shall recognize these truths. We shall see that 'great bodies of men in ages of trouble and confusion have an instinctive feeling for the fragment of truth which they happen to need for the hour;'§ we shall agree with Carlyle that 'the instincts of simple guileless persons, likely to be counted stupid by the unwary, are sometimes of prophetic nature, and spring from the deep places of the universe;' and we shall recognize that in these truths we have 'the fundamental principles of democracy.'‖

The People, however, Mr. Morley fully recognizes, are not always a unanimous body. One part is as apt to disagree with another part, as both may be to disagree with an aristocracy. It is therefore necessary that the majority should carry the day. Mr. Morley by no means contends that this is a perfect arrangement, but that it is the best practicable. 'Experience,' he says, 'has taught the citizens in a popular government, that in the long-run it is most expedient for the majority of votes to decide the law. In other words, the minority submit to obey laws which were made against their will, because they cannot avoid the necessity of undergoing worse inconveniences than are involved in this submission.'¶ Government thus conducted may not literally represent the will of the entire People, but it represents it more completely than it could be possibly represented otherwise. It is the nearest approach we can make to the ideal we ought to aim at.

These views, as the views of an extreme Radical, are

* 'Miscellanies,' vol. ii. p. 45.
† 'Compromise,' p. 126.
‡ 'Rousseau,' vol. ii. p. 145.
§ 'Miscellanies,' vol. iii. p. 273.
‖ Ibid. vol. i. p. 193.
¶ 'Rousseau,' vol. ii. p. 185.

strik ing

striking for their sobriety and moderation: but we now come to others which are far more unexpected. The People ought to be supreme, and through majorities they approximately are supreme:—that is what we have arrived at thus far. But how are these majorities to arrive at the opinions which give them their cohesion? How are they to choose their ideals and their principles, and form their practical judgments on the complicated questions of the day? Mr. Morley's answer, as coming from him, is startling. They are to do all this, not, as one would gather from the oratory of the Radical platform, by some mysterious process of mental fermentation amongst themselves, but under the instructions and guidance of a superior minority. Governments, says Mr. Morley, are not things that 'grow,' any more than they are things which are 'made' arbitrarily.* They are not made arbitrarily, because they are made in accordance with historical needs, and the facts of human character; but they cannot be said to grow, because they are the result of 'deliberate effort' on the part of individuals, who have been capable of guiding their fellows. And the same thing applies not only to the formation of governments, but to the conduct of Government. Thus with regard to foreign policy, 'how,' Mr. Morley asks, 'are we to expect workmen to make their way through . . . the entanglements of intricate diplomacy abroad?'† It is quite true that in exceptional times, in times of 'trouble and confusion,' such as produced the French Revolution, Mr. Morley believes that the impulse for reform does come from the masses, that they know too in a general way what reforms are needed, and that the individuals who carry these reforms into effect, instead of leading the multitude, are impelled by it. But even in times like these, this minority of able men is requisite to give shape and body to ideas and schemes, which in the popular mind are only conceived of vaguely; and thus without this minority not even the most popular revolution could have any constructive results, or be more than a sanguinary riot. But in ordinary times, in times of more peaceable progress, the part played by the minority is represented by Mr. Morley as being far more important. The minority, of resolute, convinced, earnest, far-seeing men, have not only to carry out the wishes of the people, but to lead and to form those wishes. Their power is derived from the fact, that the mass of the People appreciates them; but they have to create the taste by which they are appreciated. 'What is important,' says Mr. Morley, 'is the mind and attitude not of the ordinary man,

* Rousseau, vol. ii. p. 184. † 'Miscellanies,' vol. iii. p. 7

but

but of those who should be extraordinary. The decisive sign of the elevation of a nation's life, is to be sought amongst those who lead or ought to lead.'* In government, he tells us, more than in anything else, we must give the 'tools' to the rare man who can 'handle them,' because 'government does by no means go on by itself, but more than anything else in this world demands skill.'† 'The more scientific an eye' a man has, he says, the more clearly will he see the evils of 'mob-rule;'‡ the one thing 'which we can never repeat too often' is 'that the history of success is the history of minorities.'§

If we reduce this theory of Radicalism to some shorter formula, it will be found to amount to this:—that that best form of government, which is commonly called a democracy, is in reality neither more nor less than an oligarchy, or an aristocracy, deriving its power from and exercising its power through a majority, and differing from other oligarchies in two points only. The first point is, that it is based not on the hereditary qualifications, but on the personal qualities, of its members; the second is, that its power over the majority depends not on coercion, or traditions of command and obedience, but on the extent to which men with exceptional wills and capacities succeed, by playing on minds of an inferior order, in making the multitude surrender its will to theirs.

Such then, according to Mr. Morley, is modern political Radicalism, as seriously believed in by instructed and rational men; and excepting in one particular it is, whether true or not, a perfectly tenable and consistent theory of government. It is inconsistent with itself only in the name which it arrogates. It is not a democracy. The name which could really describe it is one which, to our knowledge, has never as yet been made use of; it is a constitutional oligarchy. It is true that against oligarchies Mr. Morley is always inveighing. In one place he represents them as, of all forms of government, the one most proof against the teachings of 'reason' or 'experience';‖ and in another he flatly states, that the great social movement, which governments exist to direct, 'cannot be even guided by select political oligarchies, *on whatever basis any such oligarchy may rest.*'¶ But it is evident that the government which, when off the platform, he himself advocates, is a 'select political oligarchy' resting on a basis which has been stated—that it is this, and that it is nothing else but this.

* 'Compromise,' p. 9.
† 'Miscellanies,' vol. i. p. 187.
‡ 'Compromise,' p. 279.
§ Ibid. p. 220.
‖ 'Burke,' p. 83.
¶ 'Miscellanies,' vol. iii. p. 253.

We

We can well imagine our readers, who know Mr. Morley only through his speeches, being surprised at this revelation. But if they doubt its truth, we can cite further passages to convince them. They shall hear how Mr. Morley speaks in his writings of the principal engine possessed by real democratic opinion, and also the value which in ordinary times ought to be attached to that opinion itself. The engine we allude to is the Press. Of the Press Mr. Morley says that 'it is a huge engine for keeping discussion on a low level'; * and that 'the mind of the average journalist' is 'usually a degree or two lower' than that of the 'ordinary' English reader.† Whilst as for the democracy, as thinking out its opinions for itself, without the help or interference of any guides from above, he makes the following extremely unflattering observation. 'With most men and women,' he says, 'the master element in their opinion is obviously neither their own reason nor their own imagination independently exercised, but only mere use and wont, tempered by fortuitous sensation.'‡ This is plain speaking enough; but Mr. Morley can be yet more emphatic. Having told us that 'the wise statesman in normal times'§ is guided by his knowledge of 'science,' he tells us that in 'matters of science' to 'appeal to the crowd, is as the sin against the Holy Ghost.'‖

Well may the reader, who knows Mr. Morley as a politician, be astonished at seeing what are his political convictions as a thinker. If he respects Mr. Morley's intellect as sincerely as we do, he will not be astonished at these convictions in themselves; but if they are really the convictions of intellectual Radicalism, what will astonish him is the extraordinary difference between the theories which intellectual Radicals hold, and the theories which they put forward when they are making 'their appeals to the crowd.'

We are not, however, left by Mr. Morley to study this singular phenomenon, so far as he is concerned, in the region of politics only, or only in the inconsistency between his politics in the study and his politics at the public meeting. The same inconsistency is to be traced in his books themselves, running through them like a flaw in a block of marble, or in a bell, and making every part of his system, from politics to religion, ring cracked and false. This is the point to which we are specially anxious to direct our readers' attention; and therefore we are specially anxious to make our precise meaning clear. Mr. Morley's general philosophy of life is nowhere set forth formally and consecutively in his works, but it is plainly

* 'Compromise,' p. 32. † 'Miscellanies,' vol. i. p. 141. ‡ Ibid. pp. 143, 144.
§ 'Rousseau,' vol. ii. p. 137. ‖ 'Diderot,' vol. i. p. 231.

to be gathered from a great variety of passages. It is not original, though it is often stated with originality. Its outlines are perfectly familiar, and we at once recognize it as a definite system which the author has consciously adopted, and to which he has given his faith. But side by side with the passages in which this system is stated, is another series of passages, dealing with various subjects, and incidentally expressing judgments formed by the author's intellect in moments when his consciousness of the system has been in abeyance, and he has ceased to be shackled by it. These judgments form the most curious features in Mr. Morley's writings; for they show him, when not consciously on duty as the defender or exponent of Radicalism, as the most trenchant though unconscious critic it would be possible to imagine, of every main proposition on which his formulated Radicalism depends. In the sphere of religion, in the sphere of psychology, in the sphere of morals, this is the case to the same degree as it is in the sphere of politics. Whilst with one hand he is laboriously rearing his theoretical structure, with the other he is steadily unscrewing the fastenings that held this structure together. He is unintentionally playing the part of Balaam inverted; and when he would fain lift his voice to bless his principles, his natural common sense, like an ironical destiny, constrains the unhappy prophet to curse them altogether.

Let us begin with his treatment of that religion of progress which he supposes is to supplant Christianity. The very basis of this religion consists of an exalted view of the dignity of human nature, as contrasted with the depravity which Christianity imputes to it, of a reverence for this present life as contrasted with the Christian contempt for it, and of a belief that the welfare of our fellows is naturally so dear to us, that our sense of union with them is so close, and that the future of humanity is so sublime, that we shall presently come to feel for our forefathers and for our descendants an emotion as overpowering, as exalting, and as inspiring, as the Christian love for God.* These are Mr. Morley's views when he is speaking of the matter officially; but when he forgets the exigencies of his official theory, and trusts to his own observations and knowledge of life, there is not one of them which he does not contradict with a sombre and savage bitterness. Man, whom, as we have seen, he describes officially as an 'excellent and helpful being,' with 'infinite capacities' for all the fine things imaginable, he elsewhere declares to be tainted in his very natu-

* 'Rousseau,' vol. ii. pp. 278, 279. 'Compromise,' p. 167.

nature with 'rapacity, lust, and bloody violence.'* Officially he declares that the 'brotherhood' of excellent and helpful beings will supply, by their praise and blame, both the motives and the sanction of morality. Unofficially, he breaks out into the following significant exclamation: 'How pitiful a thing seems the approval or disapproval of these creatures of the conventions of an hour, as one figures the merciless vastness of the universe of matter, sweeping along through viewless space!'† And those destinies of mortals which officially he calls sublime, unofficially he compares to the most unreal and unsubstantial of things—to the shadows of trees in water.‡ Priests, who abandoned their profession at the French Revolution, declared that they had hardly been able to say mass, owing to the difficulty they felt in suppressing their laughter. Mr. Morley seems hardly able to recite the creed of Humanity without sighing at every article, as if pierced by the thought that, not it is true, but its contrary. What his theory requires him to say, he says, often with unction, always with emphasis: but the emphasis is bitter, as though he winced at forcing himself to apply it. What completely annihilates his theory, seems wrung from the very depth of his intellect and his experience.

This is not true only of his general estimate of humanity; it is true of every detail of that estimate—of the individual lot, as well as of the collective. Officially he speaks of 'the full and the ever-festal life,'§ open to those who know how to seek it; any disbelief in the dignity of man's life he pushes aside as 'mischievous.'‖ Unofficially he points to the impressiveness of Burke's exclamation—'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!'¶ He declares that 'misery stalks after us all, and a man's life is left to the sting and smart of irrecoverable things;'** whilst as an odd comment on the consolation which the religion of Humanity is to give us, 'the black and horrible grave,' he says, 'is indeed the end of our communion.'††

A comment still odder on that same religion is this. One of its principal doctrines is the doctrine of progress. It is only by this doctrine that we can 'justify in the sight of humanity our provisional acquiescence in the present lot of millions;'‡‡ and it is from 'devout contemplation' of this progress, that our spiritual vitality in our struggles against selfishness and despondency is to be nourished.§§ But when

* 'Diderot,' vol. ii. p. 223.
† 'Compromise,' p. 198.
‡ 'Rousseau,' vol. ii. p. 328.
§ Ibid. vol. i. p. 153.
‖ 'Miscellanies,' vol. ii. p. 277.
¶ 'Burke,' p. 188.
** 'Rousseau,' vol. i. p. 91.
†† Ibid. p. 220.
‡‡ Ibid. pp. 179, 180.
§§ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 278.

we

we come to examine Mr. Morley's view of progress more closely, we find him declaring that it is an affair of such incalculable slowness that the widest imaginations can hardly carry us to the times when it shall reach its consummation. 'Myriads of lives,' he says, must intervene, 'and immeasurable geologic periods of time.' * 'The smallest step is tardy and difficult,' † 'a few steps only have yet been traversed.' ‡ More disheartening still, this progress is not only slow, but it is 'an exception,' some races being 'fundamentally' deficient in 'civilizable quality:' § whilst, to crown all, Mr. Morley in more than one place admits that history, observation, and personal experience, in many ways and often suggest to us, that progress is altogether an illusion.‖

But the most crushing exposure of the futility of the doctrine, as a means of exciting in the individual a controlling spiritual devotion, is to be found in Mr. Morley's treatment of what seems quite an alien subject. We refer to the way in which he argues the point, that in human conduct there are certain kinds of actions which are to be classed as self-regarding, and therefore to be left free; and that the very possibility of progress depends on our recognition of this. He is arguing against those who maintain that no actions are self-regarding, but that all have some ulterior social consequence; and his contention is, not that his opponents are wrong in point of theory, but that their theory ignores a distinction which is drawn by common experience. All actions very possibly have some ulterior consequence; but the consequences of some are direct and near, others are 'indirect and at a distance.' Thus, he points out, there may be many acts 'by engaging in which at any given moment the doer is neglecting other acts,' which might be socially beneficial. 'But as a matter of observation,' he says, 'and for purposes of practical morality, there are kinds of action whose consequences do not go beyond the doer of them. . . . The connection between the act and its influence on others is so minute, . . . though quite certain, distinct and traceable.' ¶ What an admission is this! Here we have a class of acts, whose influence is distinct and traceable in the very age in which the doer lives, probably on the very individuals whom he knows; but because the influence is remote, it is supposed not to concern him: and yet the whole meaning of his life, the source of his highest endeavours, his restraint in temptation, and his comfort in death, is supposed

* 'Rousseau,' vol. i. p. 180, and 'Compromise,' p. 235.
† 'Voltaire,' p. 247. ‡ 'Compromise,' p. 70. § 'Rousseau,' vol. i. p. 177.
‖ See 'Diderot,' vol. i. pp. 191, 348. ¶ 'Compromise,' pp. 276, 277.

to rest on his vivid and vital recognition, that his acts have an influence infinitely more remote—an influence, which even if certain, is neither distinct nor traceable—an influence, not on people he knows, not on an age he knows, but on 'myriads of lives' whose character he cannot even conjecture, and on vague 'consummations' which will be accomplished only after 'immeasurable geologic periods of time.' Thus the whole possibility of Radical progress depends on our recognizing a distinction, while Radical religion, the supposed soul of that progress, depends on our enthusiastically denying it.

Let us turn to Mr. Morley's psychology and his moral philosophy; and we find him confusing himself, and confusing his own arguments, in the same disastrous manner. He formally commits himself to the great and important doctrine, that the will is not free, and maintains that we must, having discovered this, reconstruct our ideas of ethical praise and blame, and, if we use the old terms, use them in changed senses. It would be impossible, however, to find any writer who bandies about terms of ethical admiration and opprobrium, in a mood more exactly resembling that of a dissenting Christian. His ostensible belief, is the belief of Holbach, that a man is no more to blame for throwing himself out of a window, than he is for being thrown out.* He praises Helvetius for his wisdom in recognizing 'that men are what they must be, that all hatred against them is unjust; that a fool produces follies just as a wild shrub produces sour berries, and that to insult him is to reproach the oak for bearing acorns instead of olives.'† And yet epithets such as 'degraded,' 'filthy,' 'unclean,' and 'frivolous,' he applies right and left of him, like a lash. A class of men who do nothing but act on his permission, and exercise their discretion in self-regarding actions, he denounces for 'disloyalty' not to their fellows, but 'to their own intellect.' If he does not insult them, he is careful to tell us that it is only because they are beneath 'declamatory indignation,' that 'they have a hell of their own,' and that they realize 'the abomination of desolation of the human spirit.‡' If we enquire how Mr. Morley justifies this language, we can find in his books an explicit statement to enlighten us; but if the one is surprising, the other is more surprising still. 'It is better,' says Mr. Morley, 'to awaken in an individual a sense of responsibility for his own character, than to do anything . . . to dispose him to lay the blame on Society; Society is after all only a name for other people.'§

* 'Diderot,' vol. ii. p. 179.
† Ibid. p. 153.
‡ 'Compromise,' pp. 90-93.
§ 'Diderot,' vol. ii. p. 12.

So

So speaks the follower of Holbach and of Helvetius, as if the doctrine, of which he is the professed exponent, were not precisely the doctrine that he here denies, as if the one point in which he differs, as to the subject in question, from his opponents, were not the belief on his part that the responsibility for a man's character, does lie with other people, and not at all with himself—that his very will is the creature of circumstances which others have created for him.

Strangely enough, however, Mr. Morley does not see this. One would have thought that, in reviewing his works, prior to their republication, this extraordinary discrepancy in reasoning would have been noticed by him, and been removed; but instead of having removed it, he repeats it in a subsequent volume; and he repeats it this time not in a passing sentence, but with a solemn elaboration, and a philosophical flourish of trumpets. He deliberately endeavours in his volume on 'Compromise,' to establish, in spite of his rejection of free-will, that the philosopher is justified in judging what has been, by what might have been. Sir James Stephen, he tells us, has joined issue with him on this point, declaring '"that might have been" lies beyond the limits of sane speculation;' and Mr. Morley undertakes to prove that Sir James Stephen is wrong. A more astounding piece of intellectual blundering and floundering it would be hard to find in the writings of any educated man. Mr. Morley's views shall be given in his own words.

'It is surely,' he says, speaking of Sir James Stephen's statement, 'extending optimism too far to insist on carrying this back right through the ages. To me, the history of mankind is a huge [illegible]. . . . Society has a certain order of progress . . . but within the only possible order there is always room for all kinds and degrees of invention, improvement, and happy and unhappy accident. . . . Our certain steps are possible at a time; but it is not inevitable that these potential advances shall all be realized. Does any one suppose that Turgot, for example, was the only man that ever lived who might have done more for society than he was allowed to do? . . . History assuredly has not moved without relation of cause and effect, it is a record of social growth and its conditions; but it is a record also of interruption, and misadventure, and perturbation. . . . We accept the past for the same reason that we accept the laws of the Solar System, though as Comte says, we can easily conceive them improved in certain respects; but it is surely mere midsummer madness to think that we have come by the easiest of all imaginable routes to our present point in the march.' 'Compromise,' pp. 80–82.

Had Mr. Morley not himself suggested a word, we should ourselves have been completely at a loss to find one which could fitly characterize this farrago of confusion and nonsense. As

As it is, we may borrow from his own vocabulary, and call it 'mere midsummer madness.' The fundamental confusion, which underlies the whole of it, comes to the surface in three significant words—the words 'potential,' 'conceivable,' and 'imaginable,' all of which are used by Mr. Morley as if they were synonymous with 'possible.' Mr. Morley says that he accepts the facts of the human past, as he is good enough to accept the laws of the solar system; but all the same, in certain respects, he can easily conceive them improved. But what does this mean? It means, and it can mean only, that he can conjure up some sort of picture of a universe which in certain respects might have been better for man. No doubt Mr. Morley can; but surely he speaks too modestly. Not only he, but we ourselves, or anybody, could conceive of a universe improved not only in certain respects, but in countless respects. Our improvements would include amongst other things such changes in the laws of matter, as would make us all immortal, all young, all beautiful, and all rich—as would, in short, make all of us endlessly and supremely happy. But when we say we can conceive of such changes, we mean only that we can conceive them in the form of some airy image, behind which there is nothing. The least change really made in the solar system, would imply some change in every part of it, and not in it only, but in the entire material universe; and the least of these changes, the most minute, the most infinitesimal, would be as absolutely essential to the result, as the greatest and the most overwhelming. Does Mr. Morley mean that he can conceive the whole of these changes? Evidently he does not. Then what does he mean? He means merely that, having the ordinary gift of imagination, he is able to employ it in a childish form of castle-building. He is able to amuse himself as, if we recollect right, Lazy Harry and Fat Kate amused themselves in the nursery story, when, being absolutely penniless both of them, they began to settle what they would do, if Harry found one dollar and Kate gave him another. But what has a man's capacity for fancies of this kind to do with the possibilities of the solar system? Can its laws be altered now? Plainly they cannot. Was there ever a time when they could have been altered? If so, when? And how did the constitution of matter differ then from its constitution now? When, let us ask Mr. Morley, did the solar system resemble Mr. Gladstone in having three courses open to it, or even two? Whatever course it took, that course must have been determined by some cause pre-existing. To question this for an instant, is to upset the very bases of his philosophy: and when Mr. Morley says that

that the laws of matter might have been improved, he would be speaking every whit as rationally, every whit as much to the purpose, if he said that an acorn might bring forth a canary-bird.

And now let us turn to man and to human history. Mr. Morley admits, we should rather say, he proclaims, that they stand on the same footing as the laws of the solar system, and that the fiction of free-will, which alone made them seem to differ, has been hounded for ever out of the company of sane beliefs. What can he mean then by saying that 'within the only possible order there is always room for all kinds and degrees of improvement'? Let us ask him the following question: How does he suppose that at any given period, improvement of any kind or degree is to be made? By men and by the men then existing—for example, by a man like Turgot, who Mr. Morley cites as an excellent case in point, of a man who *might have done more than he was allowed to do.* By this Mr. Morley means, that there were certain forces in Turgot, which had to act amongst many antagonistic circumstances, and that, had the circumstances been different, the effect of the forces would have been different. But Mr. Morley forgets the most important fact in the situation, that, if Turgot, his genius, and his acts, were, as Mr. Morley asserts, the necessary results of all that had gone before, the circumstances surrounding Turgot were equally necessary also. The events, which by inexorable sequences culminated in Turgot's wisdom, were inexorably linked with other events, which culminated in the ignorance of those others by whom Turgot's wisdom was thwarted: and if the denier of free-will believes that amongst an infinity of remote causes, and of circumstances collaterally connected, there lurks that possibility of a break in the chain of necessity, which in nearer events he denies with such passionate emphasis, we can only say that this belief is the phantom of a brain grown giddy with the contemplation of a problem it was too feeble to grasp. What might have been may be discussed with meaning by the believer in free-will; but for the denier of it nothing might have been but what has been. The actual has been the only possible; and it may be said with equal truth that this is the best of all possible worlds, and the worst also.

> 'With earth's first clay they did the last man knead,
> And there of the last harvest sowed the seed,
> And the first morning of creation wrote
> What the last dawn of reckoning shall read.'

For the thinker who denies free-will, this is the inevitable conclusion.

conclusion. Let him paint his thoughts an inch thick, to this favour they must come. We need not, however, pursue the subject further. We are not writing to convince our readers of a stupendous truth, but to exhibit the absurdity of Mr. Morley's struggles against it. The history of mankind, he says, is to him "a huge *pis-aller*." He might as well say that the climate of the Pole was a huge *pis-aller*, because he can fancy camellia trees growing on an iceberg, and potatoes and truffles maturing themseves in the ice.

Let us pass on to certain further examples of the same confusion. Like all philosophers of his school, who conceive of our duty to society as the sole standard of Ethics, he is constantly introducing another of a wholly different kind, and that is Abstract Truth. His pages bristle with solemn allusions to this—to 'Truth, alone of all words essentially divine and sacro-sanct.'* We need not multiply references. It is enough to say, that a large portion of his volume on 'Compromise' is devoted to maintaining that error can never be useful, and that, the more fully we look Truth in the face, the better it must necessarily be for us; or that, as he puts it elsewhere, 'the possession of ever more and more truth makes life ever better worth having, and worth preserving."† And yet the moment he comes to apply this maxim to life, we actually find him deliberately and solemnly repudiating it. He admits that Carlyle is stating a profound truth in saying 'That the world is after all a show, a phenomenon or appearance, no real thing.' 'Yes,' replies Truth's apostle, 'but deep souls dealing with the practical questions of society, do well to push the vision as far from them as they can, and to suppose that the world is no show.'‡

Still more remarkable is his way of applying his principles with regard not to Truth itself, but to the best means of arriving at it. The best means, as he says over and over again, is entire toleration, entire freedom of thought, entire liberty of teaching, entire renunciation of persecution. On no point is Mr. Morley more loud than this. On no crime does he pour forth such anger as on restraint of teaching and opinion. And yet when he comes to apply his principles to practice, we find him declaring with all the emphasis possible, that the attempt to teach a child the Catholic religion in its entirety, should be treated as one would treat an attempt at 'physical mutilation.'§

But space warns us that we must be bringing our observations to a close. In analyzing Mr. Morley's inconsistency, we

* 'Miscellanies,' vol. i. 227.
† 'Voltaire,' pp. 14
‡ 'Miscellanies,' vol. i. p. 187.
§ 'Compromise,' p. 187.

began with his politics; we have now traced the same inconsistency through the entire framework of his thoughts: we have seen him as a worshipper of humanity industriously blaspheming his Deity; as prophet of the value of life, declaring life valueless; as the denier of free-will, shuffling out of the doctrine of necessity; as the advocate of Truth, telling us to forget one-half of it; and as the advocate of freedom of opinion, demanding with bitter gravity the suppression of opinions held by the majority of the Christian world. And now it remains to ask for the explanation of this. This brings us back again to his politics, for it is in his character as a politician that the explanation we require is to be found.

At what period in his life Mr. Morley first recognized himself as a Radical party man we do not know, and we are not concerned to enquire. But we do know—for his writings clearly show it to us—that he must have connected himself to Radicalism, heart and soul and intellect, long before he gave to the world the earliest of his republished writings. Without trespassing on any of those domains the privacy of which we should be the last persons to violate, his books supply us with a certain political biography of their author, which we are quite within our rights in treating as public property; and in this biography is to be found the explanation we are in search of. Mr. Morley's political creed, for whatever reasons he first embraced it, seems to owe all its details, all its proofs, and the assurance with which he holds it, to observation at second hand. He has not derived them from an understanding of his own country, or of his own age; but from literary study of another country, and of another age, from a study of France before and during the Revolution. So far as we can judge, he must have started on these studies with Radical sympathies already strongly developed; but be that as it may, sympathies of this kind are the only sympathies which have accompanied him through the course of his work, and he has seen events solely through their partial light. One result of this has been that, having been able to see only the evil in the old *régime* in France, he has become incapable of seeing, or at least of heartily appreciating, the elements of incalculable value in the established order elsewhere. Those who are familiar with the language and views of continental Socialists in London, tell us that numbers of them imagine that in this country every institution prevails which strikes them as most oppressive on the Continent; and that they perplex their English auditors by asking them, in terrible tones, how long they will submit to such an atrocity as the conscription. In the same way Mr. Morley, from his literary studies

studies of France, has carried away with him the curious bugbear of *Privilege*. What in this country he means by privilege we might well be at a loss to say. The constitutional power of the House of Lords forms, we presume, some part of his ideas; but it plainly can form a very small part only; for he tells us that the destruction of privilege 'more than anything else' sums up the meaning of Radical progress in the world;* and it is surely giving progress a very limited scope, to make the abolition of the House of Lords anything else but one of its minor objects. Nor again can he be thinking of any privileges which the Lords enjoy, outside those which come to them as constitutional legislators; for we have it on the high authority of Professor Thorold Rogers, that the only privilege of this kind which the Lords still retain is that of going into dinner in a certain order of precedence. We can quite fancy, that to Professor Thorold Rogers the destruction of this privilege may seem a sufficient justification of Radicalism; for in a moment of happy candour he instanced, as a typical triumph to be looked forward to by the faithful in the Radical millennium, the fact that Lord Salisbury would be reduced to 'plain Mr. Cecil.' But we can hardly imagine that this would content Mr. Morley. What then are the privileges which Radicalism exists to combat? Are they the privileges given by wealth, in the way of education, of travelling, and of leisure? They cannot be that, for Mr. Morley is no communist. What then are they? It would appear that they consist in this, and in nothing besides this—in the natural, and unwritten prestige, which the old landed families of the peers and country gentlemen have possessed and still possess, not as related to the Legislature, but as forming an integral and leading part in the social life of the country. The privilege which excites Mr Morley's antipathy is thus a thing, which though difficult to describe, is yet familiar to us all. It is the complex product of centuries of national life; a thousand traditions, habits of thought, and customs endeared by use, have gone to the making of it.

We know what it is quite well; but what we want to know is the reason of Mr. Morley's antipathy to it. And this question is one that is of more than personal interest; for, if Mr. Morley is representative in any of the points we have alluded to, he is representative in being possessed by this odd antipathy also. We can readily imagine any one, who had not watched English Radicalism carefully, being utterly unable to credit

* 'Compromise,' pp. 125, 126.

the

the fact, that the entire temper and cohesion of a great political party should depend on a common hostility to a 'privilege' of so harmless a kind as this—a privilege wholly dependent on the character of those who enjoy it, and the suffrages of those who naturally and willingly accord it. It may well be powerful for good. It cannot be powerful for evil. It may oil the wheels of progress; it cannot stop their revolution. Are we not then, let us ask, amusing or abusing ourselves with a fancy, when we reduce Radicalism to this childish and irrational prejudice, equally unworthy of men of thought, and of honest men of the world? To answer this question we need go no further than one of Mr. Morley's latest and most important utterances.

We refer to a speech delivered by him last month, at Clerkenwell, in which, as is said by a leading Radical paper, he deliberately set himself to 'formulate a programme,' which should 'rally the disaffected masses of London to the Liberal banner.' In one way this speech, as we willingly bear witness, does him great honour. Though its arguments as a whole were miserable, its tone was admirable. Views, suggestions, and proposals, as hollow as those of the most bitter and ignorant agitator, were urged with a noble self-restraint worthy of the most enlightened philanthropist; and we can only regret that we must make the ungracious criticism, that the temper in which they are urged, by a really pathetic contrast, does but serve to make their substance the more pitiable.

For what does the reader suppose that Mr. Morley's programme consists of? He shall have it first summed up in Mr. Morley's own concluding words; and then we will see briefly what are its points in detail. 'Attack we must,' he says, 'and attack we will. Privilege, caste ascendency, selfish interests—we must smite them hip and thigh.' It is true he told his audience that Radicalism did not mean only fighting; but in so far as it did mean fighting, these things were the things against which its fight was directed. And now, working back through Mr. Morley's speech, let us see the particular evils described under the general terms. As for 'selfish interests,' we may take the mention of them as a mere rhetorical flourish. Mr. Morley could not mean seriously that we could 'smite them hip and thigh;' for only a few minutes before he had been warning his hearers not to expect a millennium, because we could not change human nature. But for his mention of 'privilege and caste ascendency' we can bring him to book more definitely. 'Reduced to tabular statement,' says the Radical Paper, 'Mr. Morley's programme is as follows:—

(1) Free

(1) Free education. (2) Appropriate the endowments of the City Companies. (3) Tax the ground rents of the living; (4) and the real estate of the dead. (5) Municipal control of the police. (6) Abolish the leasehold system.' Here then are Mr. Morley's proposed reforms. Which of them are the reforms that are to further the vital work of Radicalism, and smite privilege and caste ascendency hip and thigh? Free education is certainly not one of them; nor the municipal control of the police, for the grounds on which Mr. Morley demanded this were merely grounds of economy; nor, we gather, except in a very limited way, is the appropriation of the endowments of the City Companies. All these reforms may be excellent in their degree; but the main work of Radicalism, the abolition of privilege, is evidently comprised in the three others, taxation of the ground rents of the living, and the real estate of the dead, and the abolition of the leasehold system. These reforms, for Londoners at any rate, mean the destruction of those accursed things, privilege and caste ascendency; a destruction which, as Mr. Morley has deliberately told us in his works, sums up the meaning of Radical progress, '*more than anything else.*'

And now let us ask how, in what conceivable way, have Privilege and Caste Ascendency anything to do with these reforms whatever? How are they involved in, or assailed by, them? To this seemingly unanswerable question, Mr. Morley in one short and truly singular passage, gives us what, to his mind, is the answer. 'If you and I,' he said to his hearers, 'save a little money, and we leave it either on deposit or in shares and stocks and so forth, we pay one rate upon it; if we are great landlords, we pay another and a very much lower rate. That is a shameful thing.' The whole meaning of this statement, from the Radical point of view, is comprised in one single word—the word 'great,' as applied to landlords. It is solely the application of this word that enabled Mr. Morley, either to his own mind, or to the minds of his hearers, to represent the landlord's position as a position of caste or privilege, or to draw that contrast so essential to Radicalism as analyzed by himself, between the treatment met with by the duke with his millions on the one side, and the common citizen with his little hoard of savings on the other.

Now, has Mr. Morley any justification for this use of the word 'great'? And is there any reality in the contrast which it enables him to draw? We do not ask if there is much reality, but if there is the slightest reality; not, if Mr. Morley has much justification, but if he has the slightest justification.

Merely

Merely to ask the question is to answer it, and to answer it with a negative. And we have no hesitation in saying that, if Mr. Morley had honestly put it to himself, the same answer would have instantly been forced upon him, and checked his eloquence with the force of a physical blow. For the passage we have quoted can contain any truth whatever only on one or other of the two following suppositions: either that all owners of ground-rents or of ground are great owners, or else the great owners are treated by the law differently from small owners. Are either of these suppositions true? As for the first, an hour's study of authorities, easily accessible, would have shown Mr. Morley that it was false, even supposing him ignorant enough to have ever thought it true. As we have before now pointed out in this 'Review,' the rental of the British landlords who own under four acres is considerably greater than the rental of those who own more than a thousand acres. Plainly, therefore, the land question, as a whole, is in no sense specially a great landlord's question. Does Mr. Morley then mean that great landlords, in the eye of the law, stand on a footing different from that occupied by small landlords? Does he mean that if, out of a hundred acres of land, two men were to buy, one of them two acres, and the other ninety-eight; and if, in the course of years, this land was to centuple in value, the two buyers would pay an unequal percentage of taxes? Does he mean that if he, Mr. Morley, had, as he puts it, 'saved a little money,' and instead of 'leaving it either on deposit, or in shares and stocks, and so forth,' had bought the fifteenth of an acre in the City of London—does he mean that he would in that case be taxed on one principle, and the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Westminster on another?* If he does not mean to say that, what he says must mean nothing. If he does mean to say that, he is saying what every one, outside the Radical party, knows not to be true; and he is saying what, in the mouth of any one but a Radical, would, to quote his own words, be 'a shameful thing.'

In the Radicals, however, there is, we think, a moral, if not an intellectual, excuse. Though the possession of land in large quantities, and for a long number of years, gives to the possessor no legal privilege, it does give its possessors, in this country, what is a very different thing, and this is a certain kind of moral privilege. But this is the expression, not of a judicial inequality, but of that larger life of the nation which is outside the laws; and it represents, so far as it still exists, the fact, not

* If Mr. Morley is right in taking dukes as representatives of all landlords, he ought to take the Rothschilds as representatives of all shareholders or depositors—that

that our legislators have neglected their duty, but that the privileged class has, as a whole, done its duty. Now, Mr. Morley and his brother Radicals, like every one else, see this class; they have it before their eyes; but, though they see it, they do not understand it. They see it from without, not from within. Mr. Morley, to return to particulars, sees it not as an Englishman, but as a wanderer from some political Laputa. He has determined to have something to say to the political life of this country; but he has never been able to make himself a part of that life. And in this point he is the very type of our intellectual Radicalism as a whole. Our intellectual Radicals are Englishmen who have been imperfectly naturalized. They are in the country, but they are not of the country; and the passions that animate them are the passions of men who are trying to break through walls, not who are trying to defend them. In a word they are Radicals, not because they understand their country's needs better than any one else, but because they understand their country's life less than any one else.

And with regard to religion, to philosophy, and to morals, the same thing holds good. Adopting as they do a system fundamentally false, a system of false prejudices, false hopes, false beliefs, and false negations, the more clear and coherent they succeed in making their creed, the more sharp is the collision which at all points their principles come into with reason, and their profession with their practice. And of this fact Mr. Morley is the most signal illustration with which this country has supplied us. It would be interesting to pursue the argument farther by farther reference to his speeches; but space forbids us to enter on so wide and so luxuriant a field. Two flowers we may, however, pick from its border. They occur in two others of his most recent speeches. We have seen how, in his books, he declared deliberately that nations 'vary fundamentally in civilizable qualities,' and last November he warned a meeting at Birmingham, that to apply this idea—this idea of his own, to the Irish—that to hint that in any way they thus differed from the English, was not only an error, but a 'wickedness.'* The day following, addressing a similar audience, he declared that what he cared for in politics more than anything, was 'mutual toleration,' and a moment or two afterwards, he described the Unionist Party as 'an image with a front of brass, and with feet of clay.' Truly if this is Radical toleration, we need cease to wonder that they find intolerance a superfluity.

* 'Times,' Nov. 7th, 1888. 'The bad, the wicked, the old notion.'

We

We are loth, however, to leave Mr. Morley with a sneer. Indeed to do so would probably leave in the readers' mind a completely false idea of the whole tenor of our criticism. We regard Mr. Morley's works and conduct as a condemnation and exposure of Radicalism, not because we think ill of Mr. Morley, but because we think well of him. If he were not naturally fair and candid, there would be nothing remarkable in his unfairness. If he were not a person of high intellectual powers, there would be nothing remarkable in his pitiable confusion and contradictions. Our design has been to exhibit not his faults, but the faults of the wretched cause to which he has immolated his faculties; and which in his case, as we have said before, has mangled on the wheel a good man, and not a criminal.

Well might Mr. Morley, could he but realize his condition, exclaim with one of his revolutionary heroes, 'Better to be a poor fisher, than to meddle with the governing of men.' Better for him, at least, to have cultivated letters, which he might have so well adorned, and which might have yielded him a spotless fame, than to illustrate in his own person one of his own most melancholy sayings, that when men diverge into new walks in life, and when thus 'the habit of their lives has been sundered, the most immaculate are capable of antics beyond prevision.'*

* 'Miscellanies,' vol. i. p. 11.

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Speeches and Addresses of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 1863–1888.* Edited by James Macaulay, A.M., M.D. With a Portrait. London, 1889.

THIS volume furnishes a record which is absolutely unique in the annals of any Royal House. It is the lot of the heirs to most of the thrones in Europe to have their energies directed chiefly towards the formation of vast armaments, and the study of the art of war. The more fortunate circumstances of our own country have left its future monarchs free to pursue a different career. Opportunities of great social usefulness are within their grasp, although in former days it can scarcely be said that they were invariably turned to the best account. It was not usual to consider that the heir to the Crown had important and onerous duties to discharge for the benefit of the people, or that his time belonged to others rather than to himself. To be required to take an active interest in every charitable work; to travel two or three hundred miles for the purpose of laying a foundation stone or opening a new building; to attend innumerable public dinners with the view of enticing money from the purses of others, while not forgetting to make a substantial contribution oneself; to be expected to assist every conceivable object, from an orphan asylum to a life-boat institution, from an international exhibition to a cab-drivers' benevolent society—all this was not at one time supposed to form any part of the private or public duty of the Princes of Wales. If history does not belie those personages, the idea of owing any kind of serious obligation to the public did not occupy an inconveniently prominent place in their thoughts. The times in which they lived, the general tone of opinion, the adulatory voices which filled their ears, all helped to strengthen the pleasing if they were born to a great position, it was might extract as much enjoyment as po

present Prince of Wales has given the death-blow to these traditions. He has marked out, inch by inch, a hard and laborious road, over which his successors will be expected to tread. In departing from all former precedents, he has established one which can never be set aside for the sake of returning to the practices of days, which some who are still among us can remember, but which seem separated from us by an indefinite period of time.

That the Prince himself had an inestimable example before him, in the self-denying life of his gifted father, is not likely to be forgotten, now that the leading incidents in the too brief career of the Prince Consort have been made known to the world. One thing which the reader of the speeches before us will not fail to observe is, the gratitude and deep affection with which the Prince of Wales has invariably referred to his father. Lord Stanhope remarks that it has been a peculiarity of the House of Hanover that 'the heirs apparent have always been on ill terms with the Sovereign,' and he quotes Lord Carteret's saying to a similar effect: 'That family always has quarrelled, and always will quarrel from generation to generation.'* This is another of the traditions which the Prince of Wales of our own day has nobly and happily broken down. Among his many claims to the respect of his countrymen, must be included the reverence and devotion he has invariably displayed for the memory of his father, and the high sense of duty he has always manifested towards his mother. In one of the earliest of his speeches in England, delivered in 1863, His Royal Highness made use of these words:—'I cannot on this occasion divest my mind of the associations connected with my beloved and lamented father. His bright example cannot fail to stimulate my efforts to tread in his footsteps; and, whatever my shortcomings may be, I may at least presume to participate in the interest which he took in every institution which tended to encourage art and science in this country.' He spoke, we are told, 'under deep emotion;' and that what he then said came from his heart, and has helped materially to shape his life, is proved by his subsequent public acts down to this hour. The special works in which the Prince Consort took a deep interest have always received the hearty encouragement of the Prince of Wales. But he has not contented himself with that. His amazing industry and activity, his capacity for undergoing the ordeal of long journeys, and the still more trying ordeal of protracted ceremonies, without showing signs of weariness, are

* 'History of England,' Popular Edition, vol. i. p. 211.

not

not less remarkable than the vast number and variety of public institutions which he has personally visited, or in which he has displayed the keenest interest. No appeal for his help on behalf of a really deserving and necessitous charity is addressed to unsympathizing ears. That is one of the facts of his life which is thought unworthy of consideration by the spurious Democrats who set forth calculations, in their 'Almanacs' and other garbled publications, of the total income of the Prince of Wales, and who take particular pains never to mention that the claims upon him are almost endless, and that he never fails to meet them in a kindly and generous spirit. The list of charities, which might be compiled from this volume alone, would serve to indicate that the income, which a few heedless writers parade with so much craft and unfairness, is subject to very severe reductions. We strongly believe, that the truth on this subject is not even suspected by the general body of the public.

A very slight examination of this book will also suggest to the reader, that the Prince of Wales must be one of the busiest men in the country; and such is notoriously the fact. He cannot go everywhere, or be in two places at once, but there are not many days in the year when he has not some public duty to fulfil. It may not always be a public meeting or an imposing ceremonial, but it is a duty which cannot be neglected, and which cannot be satisfactorily discharged without a great sacrifice of time. There are Committees to attend, hospitals, schools, or other institutions to inspect, reports to be examined, applications of all kinds to be considered—perhaps, also, misunderstandings and jealousies to be allayed. The conscientious and painstaking manner, in which His Royal Highness acquits himself of these endless responsibilities, is now well known to the people. Never, we believe, has he failed to keep an engagement, although there must have been many occasions when fatigue of body or mind rendered a little brief repose far more tempting than the prospect of setting out on a long journey, it may be in the depth of winter. His punctilious adherence to all his engagements is still spoken of in Canada as one of the memorable features of a memorable tour. Once, while His Royal Highness was in Quebec, arrangements were made for a visit to some rather celebrated falls. Probably it was felt that it would be discourteous to refuse the hospitable efforts of the good people of Quebec to provide amusement for their honoured guest; but the weather was horrible beyond all description, and to reach the water-fall on the appointed day, it was necessary to pass through something like a water-
The decorations of the houses were washed away, the

the city were turned into swamps, wild storms of wind and rain swept over the whole country. But multitudes of persons had come from a distance to see the Prince of Wales, and, although his entertainers tried to prevail upon him to stay in-doors, he insisted on adhering to the programme. Consequently, the party plodded on through mists and rain which threw the little Falls of Chaudière completely into the shade. The Prince seems at an early period to have adopted an inflexible rule on all such matters as these. When once an engagement is entered into, nothing is allowed to interfere with it. This responsibility wears a more serious aspect when it is borne in mind, that engagements are generally made by or for the Prince a full twelvemonth beforehand. Moreover, his work is not done in a perfunctory manner, or as if it were an intolerable infliction: but thoroughly, cheerfully, and with a grace which it is given to few to exhibit. He acts upon the maxim, that what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. He remembers everything and everybody. Every one who has made, or is making, a name in art, literature, or science, is sure to be known to him, personally or by repute. No Prince of Wales was ever before acquainted with so many of his future subjects. The intellectual, social, and political life of England is familiar to him in all its phases. No word has ever fallen from his lips which could give the slightest indication of the tone of his political convictions. Yet there is no doubt that he watches the course of events with singularly close attention. One day he has a conversation with Lord Salisbury, and the next he calls upon Mr. Gladstone. His relations with the veteran Liberal leader have, indeed, always been of a friendly kind. No greater mistake could be committed by any Prince of Wales in these days than to identify himself, even indirectly, with either political party. The present heir to the Crown has never once given cause for the smallest jealousy or ill-feeling in this respect, and considering the questions which have been uppermost the last few years, this fact in itself speaks volumes for his sagacity and discretion. It is largely by these qualities that the Prince has acquired so much popularity among working men, who have seen him on some errand of kindness in nearly all the great towns of England; and that he has won the admiration even of the very small number of dreamers and theorists who like to play in their minds with the idea of a Republic. How long they would be satisfied with it if they could get it, is a question which might be partly answered by some analogies elsewhere in Europe.

When we consider the limitations which surround a Prince of

of Wales who has to make a speech, the wonder is that he should ever get through the ordeal with any degree of credit. An ordinary man who has to address an audience has the universe all before him; he can wander where he may choose. Here and there, on every side of him, he may pick up something. He can easily fall back upon some topic of the hour. But the heir to the Crown has no such privilege. Three-fourths at least of this same universe are closed to him. There are high walls built up in all directions. If he touched upon politics, the solid ground would shake beneath his feet. If the skirts of his coat brushed the forbidden territory marked "religion," the whole country would be in an uproar. It would not be safe to speak with praise of men who are in prominent positions in public life, because that would offend their rivals. It would be still more indiscreet to say a word in depreciation of them, because that would turn a possible friend into a certain enemy. Probably it would not be quite judicious for a Prince of Wales to be too witty, or too learned, or too serious, or not serious enough. Thus fettered and hampered, to require him to make a speech, is to set him to make bricks with the worst kind of straw, and a short supply even of that. Yet no one can read the numerous addresses brought together in this volume without being struck by their perfect fitness for the occasions on which they were delivered, and by the unerring tact and good judgment which characterize them. They have the first great merit of never being too long—a feature which we do not find so often as could be desired in more ambitious digits of oratory. The speaker who is pleading for a charity after dinner should above all things sit down before he has wearied out his audience, for otherwise he will only have succeeded in turning their benevolent instincts into gall and bitterness. Many a Chairman has injured the cause he desired to serve by being too enamoured of the sound of his own voice. At first a man says to himself, I will give five guineas; as the Chairman goes on, he cuts the five down to one. As regards brevity, directness, and an effective presentation of all the important facts connected with the topic of the moment, these speeches of the Prince of Wales might safely be taken as models. He goes to the point with singular force and precision. There is no florid ornament, but nothing is omitted which can further the immediate purpose to be accomplished. In asking for help in behalf of distressed cab-drivers, His Royal Highness put forward every consideration which would be likely to move an audience in their favour—their hard lives, their scanty remuneration, their industry, and, as a class, their remarkable honesty.

honesty. He related an instance which had come to his own knowledge of a driver who found in his cab a case containing 2300*l.* worth of jewels. The man took it to Scotland Yard, and it does not appear that he received any reward. The Prince, however, seemed to be of opinion that there is one article which a cabman can hardly be expected to return, and that is an umbrella. The weather-beaten 'hansom' or 'growler' looks upon this article as his natural enemy, to be confiscated without remorse, when it thrusts itself too closely under his notice. 'A gentleman,' said the Prince, 'having an umbrella, may not want a cab, but without an umbrella he will be compelled to take a cab if the rain comes on.' In recommending objects of benevolence such as these, the Prince always displays great tenderness of feeling, as well as shrewd business instincts. The strongest recommendations of a charity are never allowed to slip out of sight. Other speakers are too apt to be thinking of their own good points, forgetting the great object which has brought the meeting together. The work to be done, however, is not always of this graceful and easy description. During the last visit of the Prince to Ireland, in 1885, a great variety of ingenious traps were set for him in the addresses to which he had to reply. He managed to step over or round them all. There was so much disposition in some quarters to find a stumbling-block of offence, that if a comma in one of his speeches had been put in the wrong place, the whole of Ireland would have rung with it. An allusion was made in one of the Addresses to the desirability of a permanent Royal residence being established in Ireland—a matter, obviously, not within the power of the Prince of Wales to decide one way or the other. He contented himself with making a reply which, unless the Irish sense of humour be not dead—as sometimes one is almost tempted to think it is—must have well pleased his audience. 'Most certainly do I hope,' he said, 'that this may not be the last visit which we shall pay to a country where we have always been welcomed by kindness, and where the hospitality which we have invariably received on all former occasions has left so many pleasant recollections impressed on our minds.' Even the present Lord Mayor of Dublin would have been secretly delighted with this way of turning aside the shaft.

The Prince of Wales has very wisely done all that is within his power to avoid the Irish question, but sometimes it has been forced upon him in various shapes. It was so, and in a very unpleasant manner, during his visit to Canada, when he was only nineteen years of age. The Orangemen were then the main

main cause of all the trouble, for in the eternal Irish difficulty, if one side does not begin to stir up strife, the other side is sure to do it. Sometimes, as regards this tendency to create mischief, there is not a straw to choose between the two parties in Ireland, and an impartial observer, who desires only to see peace, is tempted to exclaim with Mercutio, 'a plague o' both your houses.' In Canada, the Orangemen were determined that the Prince should be identified with them exclusively, and that their emblems and battle-cries should follow him wherever he went. His Royal Highness was equally determined that he would not be annexed by either party, and the result was that it was found impossible for him to land at Kingston. Orange arches had been fitted up, the 'ark of the covenant,' which is, no doubt, of immense significance, was everywhere displayed, scrolls labelled 'No Surrender' were in all the prominent places, and bands marched about playing 'Croppy lie down,' and other tunes calculated to promote peace and good will. While all this was going on, the Prince was kept outside in the harbour. Finally, seeing that the Orangemen were resolved to triumph over their young guest at all costs, the Duke of Newcastle sent off a letter to the Mayor, informing him that the Prince would pursue his journey without visiting Kingston. 'What,' wrote the Duke, 'is the sacrifice I asked the Orangemen to make? Merely to abstain from displaying in the presence of a young Prince of nineteen years of age, the heir to a sceptre which rules over millions of every form of Christianity, symbols of religious and political organization which are notoriously offensive to the members of another creed, and which in one portion of the empire have repeatedly produced, not only discord and heartburning, but riot and bloodshed.' All was unavailing. The Orangemen stuck to their No Surrender and to the Ark of the Covenant, and followed the party to other towns, endeavouring to set the populace by the ears. In one case they snatched a victory over which they exulted for many a long day afterwards. They managed to erect an Orange arch across a line of railway by which the Prince and his retinue were compelled to travel. The arch was not seen by the party until the train was close to it, and then, of course, it was too late to avoid it. So the Prince was obliged to pass under the Orange arch, though what good that did to anybody was never clearly explained.

His Royal Highness, as we have said, has kept aloof from the deep and dark abysses of the Irish problem, but he has occasionally let fall some wise words on the subject which might guide the long controversy to a satisfactory issue, if the spirit which

which animates them happily became general. In presiding at the dinner of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, in 1868, he expressed his strong conviction, that 'the people of Ireland generally are thoroughly true and loyal,' and that the disaffection which exists 'has not been engrafted on the minds of any portion of the Irish people by the Irish people themselves.' No one who has traced the history of the present Irish agitation from the first can doubt the truth and justice of this view of it. On a later visit, in 1871, His Royal Highness made a cautious, but distinct, allusion to another great source of bitterness, especially in the past. 'I am assured,' he said, 'that if the many gentlemen and landlords who very often find some difficulty in leaving England, but who have large interests and large estates in this country, could contrive to come over here more frequently, it would do more good than anything else I could imagine.' Perhaps if a Prince of Wales had talked in this strain long ago, we might not now have an Irish Question on our hands; or at least we may fairly say that it would not have reached its present acute stage. On still another point the Prince has more than once thrown out emphatic hints, in referring to the imperative necessity of providing decent homes for the people. Something, he admitted during his last visit to Ireland, had been done, but much remains to be done. 'Everything depends,' he reminded his hearers, 'upon the well-being of the people, and if they are properly lodged it tends to cleanliness, and very possibly to moral advantage.' It is well known that in this respect the Prince has carried into effect his own precepts. The cottages upon his Norfolk estates were in a dismal condition when he took the property, and now they are among the most comfortable in the kingdom. It is scarcely necessary to say, that this transformation has not been wrought without a considerable outlay—another phase of the 'Royal Income' question which the Financial Reform Association might find worthy of passing notice.

The housing of the poor has always been a subject in which the Prince has taken a deep interest. Long before it had received any general attention, or had given occasion for fashionable visits to the 'East End,' His Royal Highness had frequently shown how deeply impressed he was with the fact that the homes of the poor ought to be, and must be, improved if very great dangers to the nation are to be warded off. He perceived that the population was increasing much more rapidly than the means of providing suitable accommodation for it. In large cities, the poorer neighbourhoods were being swallowed up by the encroachments of commerce, or of dwellings intended for

for the well-to-do classes. Persons of humble means were driven forth to find homes where they could. Squalid purlieus and filthy rookeries were broken up, but nothing better was provided for their miserable inhabitants. The rent exacted for dismal holes in narrow courts and alleys was comparatively high, and it had to be paid on the day it was due, or the tenant was turned out into the streets. 'Evictions' were, and are, far commoner in London, in Birmingham, or in Manchester, than ever they have been in Ireland. But there was no one to sympathize with the evicted. If they could not pay their rent they had to go, and whatever goods they owned, were seized and sold. They had no secret hoards of money, no comfortable balance in the bank. Even at the best, the houses accessible to the poor were badly drained, badly supplied with water, seldom or never repaired, possessing no sanitary appliances, and left to fall into a state of inconceivable neglect or dirt. All this was personally known to the Prince years before the general public had been made aware of what was going on around them. It was not in his power to do more than set a good example to other landlords on his own estates. But when Lord Salisbury took public action on the question in 1884, by moving for a Royal Commission to enquire into the housing of the working classes, the Prince of Wales, departing from his usual custom, went to the House of Lords and spoke in the debate. A recognition of the anxiety he had already displayed to lessen a great evil was afforded in the general cheers with which he was received. It was by his own desire that he was appointed one of the members of the Commission. He told the House that a few days previously, he had visited two of the poorest courts in the district of St. Pancras and Holborn, and 'I can assure you, my Lords,' he said, 'that the condition of the people, or rather of their dwellings, was perfectly disgraceful. This in itself proves to me how important it is that there should be a thoroughly searching inquiry.' Nor did he stop there. He expressed an earnest hope, that 'the result of this Royal Commission will be a recommendation to Parliament of measures of a thorough and drastic kind, which may be the means of not only improving the dwellings of the poor, but of ameliorating their condition generally.' Not much, we are sorry to say, has yet been done towards the fulfilment of these desires, although the report of the Royal Commission has long since been issued. The attention of the Legislature has been drawn into other fields—no doubt unavoidably—and a very pressing question has so far been 'shelved.' But there are signs that the present Session will not be allowed to pass over without

without a determined attempt being made to procure a full discussion, at least, of the great problem, and if this is done, it will be easier for the Government afterwards to take up the question in a practical spirit. That it cannot rest much longer where it is must be obvious to any one who has given it even the most superficial consideration.

The knowledge of the Prince of Wales on this subject has been largely acquired by his own observation and experience. Wherever it was practicable, he has been in the habit of visiting personally the poorest quarters of any town in which he has found himself. Accompanied, probably, by only one of his suite, he has explored the localities where the most indigent classes are compelled to herd together, and seen with his own eyes the actual conditions under which they carry on a forlorn and precarious existence. He did so even in Dublin, in 1885, at a time when a certain faction was doing everything that lay in its power to excite the population against him. It could scarcely have been for his own pleasure that he sought to visit, and did visit, the Dublin 'slums' at such a moment. The efforts of agitators fortunately had little influence upon the people. They received him everywhere with enthusiasm. He went into some of the meanest and most crowded parts of the city, in so private a manner that it was some time before any one found out who he was. 'He had come among them, records a reporter, 'with his eldest son, unattended by any guard, and the event showed that his confidence was not misplaced. Cheers and welcomes, and every outward demonstration of good feeling, attended him along his whole course.' The Prince goes about in this way more frequently than is commonly supposed. He is by no means dependent for his information on the statements of others. It is tolerably certain that he is far better acquainted with the actual condition of the poor, in most of our large cities, than some who dilate with great energy upon it at public meetings. For that very reason, he has expressed with so much emphasis his opinion in favour of measures 'of a thorough and drastic kind.' It will be remembered that a great statesman, now no more among us, was similarly impressed with the magnitude and danger of this evil. The late Lord Beaconsfield lost no opportunity of impressing upon his party the duty of dealing with it in the spirit which led them to pass the Factory Acts, the Friendly Societies Acts, and many other measures designed for the express benefit of the working classes. Something definite was done to meet the exigency by the Conservative party, when they passed Lord Cross's Act, but it is now known that it is possible to

to evade that measure to an extent which materially limits its usefulness. We cannot but hope also that the buildings erected by the generosity of Mr. Peabody have been of considerable service to the poor of London. The trustees have spent over a million and a quarter, and provided accommodation for 20,413 persons. The last annual report shows that the average rent of each dwelling is 4*s.* 9½*d.* per week, and of each room 2*s.* 2*d.* But we shall require to go a great deal further than this. It is absolutely necessary to bring into operation stringent sanitary regulations for the class of dwellings which are let by rapacious landlords to the most poverty-stricken and helpless section of the community, at rents which are simply monstrous, considering the vile nature of the shelter afforded. In rainy or stormy weather, it can scarcely be described as shelter at all. The roof is half off, the floors are rotten, the windows are, as a rule, filled with anything but glass. There is no outer door, and the wretched waifs and strays of the streets huddle together on the staircases to sleep. Compulsory inspection, and the strict observance of the laws of health and decency, will have to be insisted upon in these localities. Long ago, the Prince of Wales tried to turn public attention to the subject, and at last there are many signs of approaching success. We do not desire to introduce party considerations into the question, any more than the Prince of Wales has done, but we are bound to say that the party, which has already accomplished so much for the labouring classes, and which during this very Parliament has carried a Small Allotments Act for the benefit of the rural population, will do well, now that it has the opportunity, to look after the housing of the poor. In England, at least, there is no social question at all comparable in importance with this, and it is much to be hoped that it will not be left to become the stock in trade of street orators and demagogues.

In a very similar direction were the labours of the Prince in connection with the People's Palace for East London. This, also, is a district with which the Prince has long been familiar, though it is quite probable that many of his explorations in it have escaped the notice of the most vigilant newspaper reporter. In the year 1880, however, he went publicly to Whitechapel, accompanied by the Princess of Wales -whose gracious and kindly presence always renders her husband's visits doubly acceptable to the people—and by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George. A small recreation ground had been formed out of a disused burial place, which had belonged to the Society of Friends, and it was thought by two well-known clergymen of the parishes of Whitechapel and Bethnal Green—the Rev. S. A. Barnett

Barnett and the Rev. J. F. Kitto, whose names will long be held in honour by their poor parishioners—that if the Prince could be induced to open this ground, it would cause that part of London to become better known to many who knew rather less of it than they did of Central Africa. His Royal Highness required very little persuasion to induce him to perform this duty. Six years afterwards, he was requested to lay the foundation stone of a much more important undertaking, which was designed for the purpose of providing a place of amusement and instruction for a long-neglected portion of the community. This undertaking was most generously assisted by the Drapers' Company and by the Beaumont Trustees, and the People's Palace was rapidly proceeded with. In 1887 it was opened by the Queen; the route along which Her Majesty drove being lined with an astonishing concourse of persons from all the surrounding neighbourhoods. It was not in their power to do very much in the way of decorating their streets; but strips of coloured paper, where nothing else was procurable, served to give the dingy houses an unwonted look of gaiety. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present, and to the Prince fell the duty of declaring the building open. Not until our own day had Royalty ever visited, on a mission of this kind, the far regions of the Mile End Road. The great change that has taken place in this respect is one among many signs of the lessening of the chasm which once divided different classes in this country.

To diminish that chasm still further, if it be not possible to close it altogether, has been the constant endeavour of the Prince of Wales. The poor we shall have always with us; but they need not be left to bear their burdens without the sympathy of others, or be deprived of that practical assistance which can so materially mitigate many of their hardships. This volume will show that the Prince of Wales has always exerted himself strenuously to improve the condition of the poor; but it will also show that his generous instincts have not been reserved for any one class. He has been ready to stretch out a helping hand to all who were in necessity, or who were deserving of help. Soldiers and sailors, or their orphans, have found in him a devoted friend. Their schools and asylums have continually received the benefit of his active support. Most of the hospitals have been more or less indebted to him for the same encouragement. Artists, actors, musicians, literary men, have also been assisted through the institutions which exist for their benefit. Among the first public dinners ever presided over by the Prince was that of the excellent society known as the 'Royal Literary Fund,' which has done more to relieve genuine distress, and done

done it in a more unostentatious manner, than any similar Association ever projected. The advantage of the Prince's advocacy, in the year 1864, was exhibited in the highly-satisfactory form of subscriptions to the amount of over 2328*l.* being announced at the dinner. The Prince justly pointed out in his speech that the relief given by the Fund was awarded with absolute secrecy, 'a secrecy so sacredly observed, that in the whole number of cases, there is not a single case of any indiscretion having been committed.' The Prince Consort had kindly consented to act as the President of this Fund, and the Queen has generously given a hundred guineas a year to it ever since her accession to the Throne. Another charitable association which the Prince of Wales has always been foremost in assisting is the Theatrical Fund. In many ways, indeed, he has been a good friend to actors, and not a few of them are proud to possess personal memorials of his appreciation of their art, or of their successful efforts in some particular play. In presiding at a dinner of the Theatrical Fund in 1870, he expressed his satisfaction at the fact, 'that ever since his childhood he had had opportunities of going to the theatre, and witnessing some of the most excellent plays, and appreciating the performances of some of the best actors, of the present day.' Mr. Buckstone was present on that occasion, and with a great deal more discrimination and discernment than other persons have always shown, he reminded his brother actors that it was not an easy matter for the Prince of Wales to respond to all the appeals which were made to him. 'What with conversaziones, laying foundation stones, opening schools, and other calls upon his little leisure, I think,' said Mr. Buckstone, 'he may be looked upon as one of the hardest working men in Her Majesty's dominions.' If those words were justified then, they are ten times more to the purpose now; for the demands upon the Prince's time have necessarily increased, while the day is not any longer than it used to be.

It is doubtless owing in some degree to the fact, that the Prince had the opportunity of visiting our North American Colonies and our Indian Empire, that he has been so ardently in favour of strengthening the ties between the mother country and her distant possessions. It is sometimes said that no man ought to be deemed eligible to fill a great position in an English Ministry until he has seen for himself some of the outlying portions of the Empire; and if that be regarded as pushi
a sound principle too far, it must at least be ad
personal observation of the Colonies ought to be
a thorough training for public life. Between
up at second hand, and knowledge acquired

and experience, there is all the difference in the world. A man may learn more about any country by a few weeks' residence in it than he could find out by a study of all the books ever published. The Prince of Wales, by the wise foresight of his father, was sent early out into the world, and his visit to Canada made a lasting impression upon his mind. In 1881, at a Colonial banquet at the Mansion House, he declared that the remembrance of that journey was as fresh in his memory as it had ever been. Over and over again, he has expressed the strongest desire to visit the Australian Colonies and the Cape. He was the means of founding the Imperial Institute, in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, his desire being, as he explained at the preliminary meeting, that it should present an 'emblem of the unity of the Empire, and that it should illustrate the resources and capabilities of every section of Her Majesty's dominions.' He wished that the Institute 'should be regarded as a centre for extending knowledge in relation to the industrial resources and commerce of the Queen's dominions.' These ideas will no doubt be carried out in due time, and the results cannot fail to be extremely advantageous to the working classes, not only, as the Prince said, 'by forming a practical means of communication between our Colonial settlers and those persons at home who may benefit by emigration'; but also by improving the facilities for carrying on the competition in commerce and manufactures, now growing more and more keen year after year. In a speech delivered since this volume was published, at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute,* the Prince took the opportunity of emphatically repeating his views in connection with the Colonies. He referred again to his visit to North America, and to the regret which he still feels that he has never been enabled to see Australia. He then expressed the opinion to which we have just referred. 'It is the duty,' he said, 'if it be possible, of all Englishmen, and above all, of all statesmen, to visit those great Colonies, which will prove to them how proud we may be of being Englishmen, and of what the indomitable energy of Englishmen can do.' His Royal Highness alluded to the 'teaching of a certain section of politicians in this country,' to the effect, that our Colonies are a source of weakness, not of strength, and he rejoiced over the fact, that this school is almost entirely extinct. Certainly, it has considerably diminished in numbers, and makes itself heard only at long intervals. The Prince, on this occasion, also gave utterance to a sentiment, which we are

* March 6th, 1889.

confident

confident is in the mind and heart of the vast majority of Englishmen, wherever they may be found, and it is with no slight satisfaction that we quote it here:—'We regard the Colonies as integral parts of the Empire, and our warmest sympathies are with our brethren beyond the seas, who are no less dear to us than if they dwelt in Surrey or Kent. Mutual interests, as well as ties of affection, unite us as one people, and so long as we hold together we are unassailable from without.' That is really the Colonial question in a nutshell, and it is curious to reflect what might have been the consequences if George III. had been influenced by even a faint trace of this line of thought. Great Britain had few colonies then; but it was not necessary to lose any of the few which she had. It would not, however, be reasonable to complain of George III. because he had not the same breadth of view on Colonial or Imperial questions as the Prince of Wales. The essential thing is to know that our future kings are likely to have travelled more in their dominions than nine private persons out of ten, and that their sympathies will be quite as much with their Colonial subjects as with the home population. This, in itself, indicates a memorable change in the relations of the Colonies towards the mother country.

We have shown that the Prince of Wales has identified himself, at one time or another, with every great charitable object known to our time, and he has also been associated with all the most important public works of the age. He drove the last rivet into Stephenson's bridge over the St. Lawrence; he opened the Thames Embankment; docks, harbours, bridges, exhibitions innumerable, have been 'inaugurated' by him; he founded the Royal College of Music; and he originated the Fisheries and Colonial Exhibitions which were so popular, and did so much to bring the resources of our Colonies under the very eyes of the home population. In every duty that he has undertaken, he has always acquitted himself well. Without the most wonderful powers of endurance, he never could have gone through the wear and tear of his endless engagements. An ordinary day in his life would tire most men out. In this respect, he has always been the same. When he was in Canada, he went about to all sorts of places the livelong day, attended a state dinner in the evening, and finished with a ball where he almost invariably danced from ten o'clock till four the next morning. His suite were sometimes worn out long
His Royal Highness showed the slightest sign
ten entire days in Ireland during one of his
had an hour to himself, except during t

snatched for sleep. As was recorded at the time, 'there were presentations and receptions, receiving and answering addresses, processions, walking, riding, and driving, in morning, evening, military, academic, and medieval attire.' He had to hold his own with 'Cardinals, Chancellors, Rectors, Commanding officers, Presidents, Chairmen, local deputations.' Without a very considerable knowledge, not only of the ordinary questions of the day, but also of art, science, and literature, and a still greater knowledge of human nature, it would be impossible for any man to pass successfully through such ordeals as these. We should infer that for a Prince of Wales to become popular in these days, and to remain so, it is necessary that he should have a fair knowledge of everything: that he should be familiarly acquainted with the chief European languages and literature, have great discernment and penetration, be a good judge of music and painting, have a thorough sympathy with the sporting instincts of Englishmen, show an interest in agricultural pursuits, have at least a superficial knowledge of the principal manufactures of the country, watch attentively the course of politics without talking about them, be on good terms with the leaders of parties, without falling under their influence, be gifted with great shrewdness in judging of character, possess all the accomplishments of ordinary men, with a good many added, show amiability to all, and in all circumstances, and be absolutely iron-clad against fatigue. The position is clearly not in the nature of those sinecures of which we hear so much in the present day. We believe we only express the general sense of the country when we affirm, that the present Prince of Wales has filled this position in a manner which has won for him universal respect, and even a much warmer personal feeling, as was made manifest in the deep anxiety of the nation during his almost fatal illness in 1871. Without entering into invidious comparisons, it may be confidently asserted, that no heir to the British Crown ever before took such pains to prepare himself for the high duties which in course of time await him. He has submitted himself to a hard and stern apprenticeship. He is known to have devoted the greatest care to the education of his children, and to have stimulated in them that desire for travel which, in his own experience, he has found to bring so great a reward. Living in the full glare of publicity; the man above all others in the nation around whom personal gossip will continually revolve; exposed at all times to misrepresentation, or the shafts of malice; in spite of all this, the Prince has never rendered himself fairly vulnerable to the least of the attacks which were habitually levelled at some of his predecessors.

predecessors. The late Emperor of Germany and our own Prince of Wales stand out among most Royal personages of the present generation for their anxiety to deserve well of their countrymen, and for their earnest efforts to fulfil every requirement incidental to their stations. The path of duty was very different in both cases, but in both it was conscientiously followed out. It would be almost miraculous if any one occupying a foremost position in any country entirely escaped the voice of detraction; but, in justice to the good sense and good feeling of the English people, it must be acknowledged that this unwelcome voice is almost wholly silent where the Prince of Wales is concerned. Few, indeed, are they who will not cordially and frankly acknowledge that his personal qualities, and his lofty sense of duty, well entitle him to share with his illustrious mother, the Sovereign, the loyalty and affection of the British people all over the world.

ART. II. — 1. *The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., formerly United States Minister in England; Author of 'Rise of the Dutch Republic,' 'History of the United Netherlands,' &c.* Edited by George William Curtis. 2 vols. London, 1889.

2. *John Lothrop Motley, a Memoir.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. London, 1878.

AMONG the many Americans and foreigners who, in recent years, have undertaken to describe England, her customs, and her inhabitants, there are but few who have enjoyed such opportunities as did Mr. Motley of mixing with and studying the inner life of our best society; and never perhaps have such opportunities been combined with that genius of observation and faculty for description, which were possessed by the historian of the Dutch Republic. They are but sketches that he gives us, but sketches which comprise most of the leading characters of the time, dashed off from day to day in all the ease and unrestraint of his familiar correspondence, and instinct with the natural humour and genial, if somewhat cynical, wit of the man.

We have mentioned at the outset these outline sketches of London society, not because they form the largest or most important portion of the Correspondence, but because it is to them that many of our readers will turn with the greatest eagerness. There is scarcely a capital in Europe with which Mr. Motley was not familiar: his diplomatic duties or his literary

researches had, at one time or another, entailed residence at St. Petersburg and Vienna, at the Hague, Brussels, Berlin, and Rome. To the accounts of these are added descriptions of the best circles in Boston and Washington, both from his own pen and those of such correspondents as Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell; each interesting in no ordinary degree, but especially interesting to the insular mind of the Englishman as the background, and, if we may be allowed the expression, the foil to that more extended picture of London society of which he wrote:—

'I cannot help forming a favourable idea of English civilisation when I see the position accorded in this country to those who cultivate art, science, and literature, as if those things were worth something, and were entitled to some consideration, as well as high birth, official rank, and wealth, which on the Continent are the only passports.'

Partly, perhaps, owing to a want of sympathy with the French and their existing form of Government, partly to an intense dislike and distrust of her ruler, of whom he never speaks save in terms of reprobation, Mr. Motley did not share that love of Paris which is a proverbial attribute of his countrymen.

'Upon leaving Switzerland,' he writes to his mother in 1855, 'we passed a month in Paris. I don't like to say much about that episode in our history, because the immense fatigue and expense of passing four weeks in that place so entirely counter-balances all satisfaction which can be derived from it, that I cannot speak upon the subject without injustice and exaggeration.' And three years later: 'The influences of Paris are very depressing to me. I dislike the place more and more every time I come to it.'

Scarce twelve years have passed since he was moving about in London society, and yet in turning over the leaves of these volumes it is sad to reflect, how few of his intimate personal associates are still remaining among us. Those who had the privilege of his acquaintance will not readily forget the aristocratic air, the singularly handsome features, the cultured, if somewhat sarcastic wit, for which he was remarkable: those who knew him more intimately could not fail to be impressed with his deep sincerity and sympathy, but to the world at large he is now little more than a name. 'An author may interest his public by his work, or by his personality, or by both,' writes the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table: Motley, the historian, is known, and will be known, wherever the English language is spoken or read; of Motley, the man, but a vague and indefinite impression exists.

It

It is true that a memoir of him has been written by his friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, but it is not so widely known in this country as it deserves to be, nor is it such a work as would, apart from any previous interest in its subject, appeal to the general reader: it is addressed rather to Motley's friends and enemies—for he had enemies—than to the world at large. Moreover, the work is in the main an *apologia pro vitâ ejus:* his resignation of his post at Vienna in 1867; his recal from London in 1870; the attack on his religious opinions, his 'unitarianism' and 'rationalism,' by Mr. Groen van Prinsterer, are all dealt with at considerable length, and give the book, intentionally perhaps, a polemical character.

The two volumes before us contain merely a selection from his correspondence chiefly with the members of his own family and his intimate friends: the editorial notes are few and far between, and where gaps in the series, extending at times over two or three years, render a connecting link necessary, it is confined to the briefest possible narration of facts.

In short, Mr. Motley's life can best be read and studied between the lines of his own correspondence, and we are confident that it is a study which will repay him who undertakes it. His career was passed among some of the most stirring events and most prominent characters of the present century, but was of itself devoid of any striking external incidents: it was, moreover, full of contrarieties, and it is in a great measure to them that we owe these charming volumes. Deeply attached to the members of his own family, he was, by the exigencies of his profession, separated, sometimes for long periods, from them: American to the backbone, and a thoroughgoing hater of monarchy, he was compelled to pass the best years of his life at European courts, and amidst European aristocracies: passionately attached to the cause of the North, he resided in England at a time when English sympathies were strongly drawn towards the Confederate cause: a devoted adherent of the Republican party, he was by two successive Republican presidents treated in a manner which wounded his sensitive nature to the quick, and contributed not a little to his early death.

Amid such conflicting circumstances his natural genius was sharpened, and, to his credit be it said, the chastening which he underwent seems in the end to have strengthened the nobler qualities of his nature, and to have softened the rigid character of his political creed.

John Lothrop Motley was born at Dorchester, now a suburb of Boston, on April 15, 1814. His father, Thomas Motley, a man of no little ability, was the author of some of the once

celebrated 'Major Downing's Letters,' and his mother, Anna Lothrop, was a descendant of the Checkley or Chichele family, so famous in the annals of Oxford University. When the author of the 'Rise of the Dutch Republic' went to Oxford in 1860 to receive his D.C.L. degree, he wrote to his mother:—

'I was sorry that on the Commemoration Day we lunched in University Hall rather than in All Souls', where we were also expected, because All Souls' was founded by Archbishop Chicheley, in the reign of Henry VI., of a Northampton family, of which your grandfather Checkley was no doubt descended. Until very recently, any one proving kindred with the old archbishop might claim free instruction at his college, so that I might have been educated at All Souls' at small expense, but the privilege is now done away with.'

Mr. and Mrs. Motley had the reputation of being the handsomest couple in Boston; and his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, and to whom a large part of the best letters in this collection is addressed, is described by Mr. Holmes as

'a woman who could not be looked upon without admiration. I well remember the sweet dignity of her aspect, her "regal beauty," as Mr. Phillips truly styles it, and the charm of her serene and noble presence, which made her the type of a perfect motherhood. Her character corresponded to the promise of her gracious aspect. She was one of the fondest of mothers, but not thoughtlessly indulgent to the boy from whom she hoped and expected more than she thought it wise to let him know.'

At the age of ten years he was sent to a school at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, kept by a Mr. C. W. Greene, but within a year he was transferred to the Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass., an establishment which at that time had attained success and popularity under the management of Mr. Joseph S. Cogswell and Mr. George Bancroft, the future historian of the United States. We are told that Motley went thither with a considerable reputation, especially as a declaimer, and Shakespeare, Scott, and Cooper would appear to have been among his favourite authors.

'I did wonder,' said Mr. Wendell Phillips, 'at the diligence and painstaking, the drudgery shown in his historical works. In early life he had no industry, not needing it. All he cared for in a book he caught quickly—the spirit of it—and all his mind needed or would use. This quickness of apprehension was marvellous.'

His great aptitude for learning languages had also exhibited itself at an early age. His want of industry led to his temporary rustication while at Harvard, but on his return thither

thither he appears to have amended his ways, and to have ended his university career creditably, if not with the highest honours.

Having graduated at Harvard at the early age of eighteen, young Motley proceeded in 1831 to complete his education in Germany, and at this point commences that series of descriptive letters to his parents which continues to his mother's death in 1865, and forms, so to speak, the backbone of the series. Arrived at Gottingen, he was forthwith enrolled on the books of the University, and set himself in earnest to study the German language, in which he attained such proficiency that in after years he was asked by the Emperor of Austria whether he were not a German.

In his letters home he describes in all their eccentricities the manners and customs of the German students; mentions the names of his English and American companions and friends; describes his holiday rambles and his legal studies; but we look in vain for any allusion to the origin and growth of an acquaintance with a fellow student, formed during those years, which was already ripening into a lifelong friendship with one of Germany's greatest men.

'I never pass by old Logier's House, in the Friedrichstrasse,' wrote Bismarck in 1863, 'without looking up at the windows that used to be ornamented by a pair of red slippers sustained on the wall by the feet of a gentleman sitting in the Yankee way, his head below and out of sight. I then gratify my memory with remembrance of "good old colony times when we were roguish chaps."'*

It is difficult to realize that the following epistle was addressed by the Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Minister of the United States at the Court of Vienna:—

'Berlin, *May 23rd*, 1861.

'JACK MY DEAR,—Where the devil are you, and what do you do that you never write a line to me? I am working from morn to night like a nigger, and you have nothing to do at all—you might as well tip me a line as well as looking on your feet tilted against the wall of God knows what a dreary colour. I cannot entertain a regular correspondence; it happens to me that during five days I do not find a quarter of an hour for a walk; but you, lazy old chap, what keeps you from thinking of your old friends? When just going to bed in this moment my eye met with yours on your portrait, and I curtailed the sweet restorer, sleep, in order to remind you of Auld Lang Syne. Why do you never come to Berlin? It is not a

* In 1888, Prince Bismarck, in his great speech to the German Reichsrath, quoted this song, and sang at the same time that he had learnt it from his 'dear learned friend, John Motley.'

quarter

quarter of an American's holiday journey from Vienna, and my wife and me should be so happy to see you once more in this sullen life. When can you come, and when will you? I swear that I will make out the time to look with you on old Logier's quarters, and drink a bottle with you at Gerolt's, where they once would not allow you to put your slender legs upon a chair. Let politics be hanged and come to see me. I promise that the Union Jack shall wave over our house, and conversation and the best old hock shall pour damnation upon the rebels. Do not forget old friends, neither their wives, as mine wishes nearly as ardently as myself to see you, or at least to see us quickly as possible a word of your handwriting.

'Sei gut und komm oder schreibe.

'Dein, V. Bismarck.

'Haunted by the old song, "In good old Colony Times."'

Though Motley's letters, however, are silent on this point, the want is in great measure supplied by Prince Bismarck himself, for in 1878, in answer to an appeal from Dr. Holmes, he wrote:—

'I met Motley at Gottingen in 1832, I am not sure if at the beginning of the Easter term or Michaelmas term. He kept company with German students, though more addicted to study than we members of the fighting clubs. Although not having mastered yet the German language he exercised a marked attraction by a conversation sparkling with wit, humour, and originality. In autumn of 1833, having both of us emigrated from Gottingen to Berlin for the prosecution of our studies, we became fellow lodgers in the house No. 161, Friedrich Strasse. There we lived in the closest intimacy, sharing meals and outdoor exercise. Motley by that time had arrived at talking German fluently: he occupied himself not only in translating Goethe's poem, "Faust," but tried his hand even in composing German verses. Enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, Byron, Goethe, he used to spice his conversation abundantly with quotations from these his favourite authors. A pertinacious arguer, so much so that sometimes he watched my awakening in order to continue a discussion on some topic of science, poetry, or practical life cut short by the chime of the small hours, he never lost his mild and amiable temper. . . . The most striking feature of his handsome and delicate appearance was uncommonly large and beautiful eyes. He never entered a drawing-room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies.'

Having completed his studies at Gottingen and Berlin, which included a course of lectures on law from Savigny, Motley, then in his twenty-first year, set off on a twelvemonth's journey in Europe, principally in Austria, Italy, and Sicily: that the past two years of work had not been in vain is proved by his letters, which

which begin to show increasing signs of that picturesque vigour which is so marked a feature in his more mature writings. The comments of a youth of twenty-one on his first journey along the beaten track of European travel are not wont to bear the light of publication half a century later; but whether he is describing his ascent of Etna,* or calling up the ghosts of old scenes and characters among the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, or pondering over the Apollo Belvedere and the Aurora in Rome, his reflections display an originality and a sympathetic insight uncommon in so young a man.

In the summer of 1835 Motley returned to Boston, with the intention of practising as a lawyer, and here occurs the first hiatus in the correspondence, for in the next letter we find him, in 1841, leaving his wife and family to take up his duties as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, but Dr. Holmes enables us to supply the deficiency. In 1837 he was married to Mary Benjamin, of whom

'those who remember her find it hard to speak in the common terms of praise which they award to the good and lovely. She was not only handsome, amiable, and agreeable, but there was a cordial frankness, an open-hearted sincerity about her which made her seem like a sister to those who could help becoming her lovers.'

How happy a marriage this proved to be is testified on almost every page of the subsequent correspondence; how terrible a blow to Motley was her death is shown by his touching letter to Dr. Holmes, written a few months after that event.

The other leading episode in these years was the publication of Motley's first novel, 'Morton's Hope.' The book was a failure, and is now only interesting from the fact, that—like many another book written at a time when the influence of Byron, reflected by Benjamin Disraeli, was strongly at work—it contains much that is of an autobiographical character. That it was a failure is admitted by the author, who in 1861 wrote:—

'Then I knew how hard it was to write a novel. *Haud inexpertus loquor.* Did I not have two novels killed under me (as Balzac phrases it) before I found that my place was among the sappers and miners and not the lancers?'

* The effect produced on his mind by the famous shadow of the mountain is shown by a passage in the 'Dutch Republic,' Part I. ch. iii.:—'As across the broad plains of Sicily when the sun is rising, the vast pyramidal shadow of Mount Etna is distinctly and vividly projected, the phantom of that ever-present enemy which holds fire and devastation in its bosom—so in the morning twilight of Dutch history the shadow of the Inquisition was cast from afar across the warm and smiling provinces, a spectre menacing fiercer flames and wider destruction than those which mere physical agencies could ever compass.'

To

To return to the correspondence, we find Motley in the autumn of 1841 on his way to take up his appointment at the Court of the Czar: he arrived at his post in the early part of November, but it is evident from the first that his position was uncongenial to him; his office he describes as a sinecure; he was out of sympathy with Russian society, 'which,' he writes, 'is very showy and gay, but entirely hollow, and anything but intellectual.' 'You have no idea,' he adds later on, 'of the absolute and dreary solitude in which I live,' and before three months had elapsed he had thrown up his appointment, and quitted for ever a country of which he wrote:—

'Peter the Great alone raised Russia out of the quagmire of barbarism, just as he raised St. Petersburg out of the morass, but it seems to me that just as this city may at any moment, by six hours too long continuance of a south-west wind, be inundated and swamped for ever, so may Russia at any moment, through a succession of half-a-dozen bad Czars, be submerged in its original barbarism.'

In the brief period of his residence at St. Petersburg, Motley found occasion to send home to his family some graphic accounts of the Russian Court and society:—

'The Czar is deserving of all the praise I have heard of him. He is one of the handsomest men I ever saw, six feet three inches at least in height, and "every inch a king." His figure is robust, erect and stately, and his features are of great symmetry, and his forehead and eye are singularly fine.

'"The front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars to threaten and command."

In short he is a regular-built Jupiter.'

In describing a ball in the 'Salle Blanche' of the Imperial palace, he dwells upon the sumptuous magnificence of the scene.

'The floor of the hall was thronged with dignitaries glittering like goldfinches and chattering like magpies. The most picturesque figures were the officers from the various Asiatic provinces of Russia and from the regions of "frosty Caucasus." The Circassians with their keen eyes, black beards and white caftans, showed their purer descent from the original stock of the European race, and were well contrasted with the Cossack officers, some of whom looked as if they might have served in Attila's army.'

Motley did not immediately return to America, but spent some months travelling about on the Continent, visiting Mme. de Goethe at Weimar, and finally passing a few weeks in Paris, where he attended a meeting of the Chamber of Deputies.

Of

f the speakers he there heard he formed but a low opinion, l. Thiers alone deserving the name of an orator, although his elivery would be more correctly described as squeaking than peaking—

nd yet in spite of his funny voice, every word that he said was tinctly audible, and his style was so fluent, so limpid, and so gical, his manners so assured and self-possessed, that, in spite of s disadvantages of his voice, his figure, and his great round pectacles, which give him the appearance of a small screech owl, I ought him one of the most agreeable speakers I had ever heard. he Chamber is evidently afraid of him without respecting him, and s consummate brass, added to his ready wit, makes every one of his peeches gall and wormwood to his enemies.'

From the summer of 1842, when Motley returned home, here occurs another gap in the correspondence down to 1851, a the interval he took some part in politics. Already those rces which ten years later were to burst forth in one of the reatest social conflagrations the world has ever seen, were eginning to make themselves felt, and Motley actively sup- orted the candidature of Clay for the Presidency: Polk's uccess was a bitter disappointment to him, and though seven ears later he served for a time in the Massachusetts House of epresentatives, he does not appear to have had any serious esire to take an active part in American political life.

These years were in fact the most important in his life, for ey formed the turning-point of his career. Home politics re, as we have seen, not to his taste; the legal profession, which he had been trained, never appears to have engaged s serious attention; his first efforts in diplomacy had ended isappointment; his attempts at fiction had been a failure, his second novel, 'Merry Mount,' though not published till ', was probably written some years previously; but another of literature was beginning to absorb his mind.

e character and career of the 'sagacious despot,' the dinavian wizard' who, though 'addicted to drinking, ering his son, beating his Prime Minister, and a few other s, was still a wonderful man,' seems to have been the one which aroused the interest of the young diplomatist g his residence in St. Petersburg; and in October, 1845, appeared in the 'North American Review' an historical n Peter the Great, 'a narrative rather than a criticism, a continuous, brilliant, almost dramatic narrative,' which the world a foretaste of the remarkable power of vivid ure which was subsequently to render the name of famous.

In

In 1847 Mr. Prescott's fame was at its zenith: his two great histories of 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' and of the 'Conquest of Mexico,' had in that year been succeeded by his history of the 'Conquest of Peru.' It was a bold step for a young and almost unknown writer to enter the field occupied by one whose reputation was so firmly and widely established, but this Motley dared to do. Captivated apparently by the analogy which he saw between William of Orange and George Washington, he dared to take up the threads of Spanish history where his master had for the time left them, and to transfer the scene from the little known new world to the familiar ground of the old.

Even before the appearance of the 'Conquest of Peru,' Motley had made some general studies in reference to the subject, without being aware that Prescott had the intention of continuing his work. On receiving intimation of that fact,

'My first thought was, inevitably as it were, only of myself. It seemed to me that I had nothing to do but to abandon at once a cherished dream, and probably to renounce authorship. For I had not first made up my mind to write a history and then cast about to take up a subject. My subject had taken me up, drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself. It was necessary for me, it seemed, to write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other. When I had made up my mind accordingly, it then occurred to me that Prescott might not be pleased that I should come forward upon his ground. It is true that no announcement of his intentions had been made, and that he had not, I believe, even commenced his preliminary studies for Philip. At the same time I thought it would be disloyal on my part not to go to him at once, confer with him on the subject, and if I should find a shadow of dissatisfaction on his mind at my proposition, to abandon my plan altogether.

'I had only the slightest acquaintance with him at that time. I was comparatively a young man, and certainly not entitled on my ground to more than the common courtesy which Prescott never could refuse to anyone. But he received me with such a frank and ready and liberal sympathy, and such an open-hearted, guileless expansiveness, that I felt a personal affection for him from that hour. I remember the interview as if it had taken place yesterday. It was in his father's house, in his own library, looking on the garden-house and garden—honoured father and illustrious son—alas! all numbered with the things that were.

'He assured me that he had not the slightest objection whatever to my plan, that he wished me every success, and that if there were any books in his library bearing on my subject that I liked to use they were entirely at my service.

'Had

'Had the result of that [interview been different—had he distinctly stated, or even vaguely hinted, that it would be as well if I should select some other topic, or had he only sprinkled me with the cold water of conventional and commonplace encouragement, I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and no doubt have laid down the pen at once; for as I have already said, it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write *one particular history*.'

Fortified by this encouragement, Motley set himself to write his history, but after some two or three years of work in America, he discovered that it was hopeless to attempt the task apart from the original authorities. There was no help for it, the inevitable impulse was upon him, and he boldly determined to abandon what he had done, to transplant his home to Europe, and to seek materials for his great work at the fountain-head.

In the summer of 1851 we once more take up the correspondence to find Motley and his family arriving in Europe, and seeking a residence convenient for the prosecution of his labours.

It is interesting to note his first impressions of that country to which he was destined to render such signal service.

'Holland,' he writes to his mother, 'is a stranger and more wonderful country than I had imagined. I did not think that you would so plainly observe how it has been scooped out of the bottom of the sea. But when travelling there you see how the never-ending, still-beginning duel, which this people has so long been waging with the ocean, remains still their natural condition, and the only means by which their physical existence as a nation can be protracted a year. They are always below high-water mark, and the ocean is only kept out by the most prodigious system of dykes and pumps which the heart of man ever conceived. It is like a leaking ship at sea after a tempest, the people are pumping night and day for their lives.'

The winter was spent in Dresden; Motley, working ten hours a day, likens his toil to that of a miner, smashing quartz with a sledge hammer, and digging raw material from the subterranean depths of black-letter folios in half-a-dozen different languages, ignorant the while whether his spoil, on being sifted, would yield pure ore, or only dross.

'But I confess that I have not been working under ground for so long without hoping that I may make some few people in the world wiser and better by my labour. This must be the case whenever a man honestly "seeks the truths in ages past" to furnish light for the present and future track. And if you only get enough oil to feed

feed a very small lamp it is better than nothing. A little lantern may help you to find an honest man or so in the dark corridor of history; but not if you look for them in the spirit of Diogenes. It is always much harder to find commendable than accusable characters in the world, partly, perhaps, because the world likes better to censure than to commend. I flatter myself that I have found one great, virtuous and heroic character, William the First of Orange, founder of the Dutch Republic. This man, who did the work of a thousand men every year of his life, who was never inspired by any personal ambition, but who performed good and lofty actions because he was born to do them, just as other men have been born to do nasty ones, deserves to be better understood than I believe him to have been by the world at large. He is one of the very few men who have a right to be mentioned in the same page with Washington.'

The following winter found him still hard at work, oscillating between the Hague 'that mild, stagnant, elegant, drowsy, tranquil, clean, umbrageous little capital, smothered in foliage, buried in an ancient forest with the downs thrown up by the North Sea surging all round it, and the ocean rolling beyond,' —and Brussels especially endeared to him as the theatre of so many deep tragedies, so many stately dramas, even so many farces, with which he was familiar. Of this city he draws a memorable and vivid picture, too long for insertion here, in which he dwells on the contrast between the upper quarter—with its brocaded Hôtel de Ville, and spire embroidered with the delicacy of needlework, sugar-work, spider-work, or what you will—and the squalor of the lower town. 'Thus you see,' he adds, 'that our Cybele sits with her head crowned with very stately towers, and her feet in a tub of very dirty water.'

At length, in May, 1854, Motley betook himself to London, the precious MS.—that is to say, the portion of it which stops at the year 1584, with the death of the Prince of Orange—in his hand, and in search of a publisher. In this he was destined, like many a distinguished predecessor, to undergo some disappointment, but in the end the book was issued in the spring of 1856, and met with such immediate success that 17,000 copies were sold in England during the first year of publication. While the sheets were passing through the press, Motley paid a visit to his old college companion, Otto von Bismarck, who was then chief of the Prussian Legation at Frankfort, and whom he had not met since their college days.

'When I called, Bismarck was at dinner, so I left my card, and said I would come back in half an hour. As soon as my card had been carried to him (as I learned afterwards) he sent a servant after me

me to the hotel, but I had gone another way. When I came back I was received with open arms. I can't express to you how cordially he received me. If I had been his brother, instead of an old friend, he could not have shown more warmth and affectionate delight in seeing me. I find I like him even better than I thought I did, and you know how high an opinion I always expressed of his talents and disposition. He is a man of very noble character, and of very great powers of mind. The prominent place which he now occupies as a statesman sought *him*. He did not seek it, or any other office. The stand which he took in the Assembly from conviction, on the occasion of the outbreak of 1848, marked him at once to all parties as one of the leading characters of Prussia. Of course I don't now go into the rights and wrongs of the matter, but I listened with great interest, as you may suppose, to his detailed history of the revolutionary events of that year, and his share in them, which he narrated to me in a long conversation which we had last night.

'In the summer of 1851, he told me that the Minister, Mantouffel, asked him one day abruptly, if he would accept the post of Ambassador at Frankfort, to which (although the proposition was as unexpected a one to him as if I should hear by the next mail that I had been chosen Governor of Massachusetts) he answered, after a moment's deliberation, yes, without another word. The King, the same day, sent for him, and asked him if he would accept the place, to which he made the same brief answer, "Ja." His Majesty expressed a little surprise that he made no inquiries or conditions, when Bismarck replied that anything which the King felt strong enough to propose to him, he felt strong enough to accept. I only write these details that you may have an idea of the man. Strict integrity and courage of character, a high sense of honour, a firm religious belief, united with remarkable talents, make up necessarily a combination which cannot be found any day in any Court; and I have no doubt that he is destined to be Prime Minister, unless his obstinate truthfulness, which is apt to be a stumbling-block for politicians, stands in his way. . . .

'Well, he accepted the post and wrote to his wife next day, who was preparing for a summer's residence in a small house they had taken on the sea coast, that he could not come because he was already established in Frankfort as Minister. The result, he said, was three days of tears on her part. He had previously been leading the life of a plain country squire with a moderate income, had never held any position in the Government or in diplomacy, and had hardly ever been to Court. He went into the office with a holy horror of the mysterious nothings of diplomacy, but soon found how little there was in the whole "galimatias." Of course my politics are very different from his, although not so antipodal as you might suppose, but I can talk with him as frankly as I could with you, and I am glad of an opportunity of hearing the other side put by a man whose talents and character I esteem, and who knows so well *le dessous des cartes*.'

It

It would be out of place on the present occasion to enter into any discussion of the 'History;' it has already been reviewed in these pages, and its niche in the Temple of Fame is too well known to require any further indication. Suffice it to say, that Motley did not long remain idle; after a few months spent in a journey to Italy, and a short visit to Boston, he returned to his labours among the archives in London and in Holland. 'I am almost distraught,' he wrote to O. W. Holmes, 'at the circumlocution and circumvolutions of London. Sisyphus with his rock was an idle, loafing individual, compared to the martyr who is doomed to work up the precipice of English routine.' In truth, the work on which he was engaged was a task of no ordinary magnitude; after the death of William the Silent, the history of Holland merges itself in the history of Europe, and of that mighty war of religion which convulsed the civilized world, and did not terminate till the peace of Westphalia. This was the goal which Motley had in view, but which he was destined never to reach, and it must ever be a source of regret that we have not his portraits of Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein to place beside those of William of Orange, of John of Barneveld, and of Maurice of Nassau.

The 'History of the United Netherlands' was now taxing all his energies.

'I have much to do in the subterranean way in Brussels, the Hague, London, and Paris. I do not write at all as yet, but I am diving deep and staying under very long, but hoping not to come up too dry. My task is a very large and hard one. My canvas is very broad, and the massing and the composition of the picture will give me more trouble than the more compact one which I have already painted. Then I have not got a grand central heroic figure, like William the Silent, to give unity and flesh and blood interest to the scene. The history will, I fear, be duller and less dramatic than the other. Nevertheless, there are many grand events and striking characters, if I can do justice to them. If I could write half a dozen volumes, with a cheerful confidence that people would read them as easily as I write them, my task would be a comparatively easy one. But I do not know where all the books are to go that are written nowadays. And then my publishers have failed, and Heaven knows what may be the condition of the market when I take my next pigs there. In short, I cannot write at all, except by entirely forgetting for the time that there is such a thing as printing and publishing.'

In the early summer of 1858, Motley, leaving his wife and daughters at Nice, came to London, no longer an obscure toiler among archives, dependent on his letters of introduction for acquaintances, but an author of the first rank, and as such to find

d flung open to him all doors of that society in which
ery illustration from the world of science, art, letters,
itics and finance mingle in full proportions with the patri-
ns, and on equal terms.' His natural diffidence and the sense
loneliness which all men feel on entering a new society soon
e off, and in the course of a few weeks he had become
ched to many of the leaders of the London world by ties
friendship and intimacy which lasted to the end of his life.
He was at this time forty-three years of age, of singularly
stocratic appearance. Lady Byron, who is frequently men-
ed in these pages, detected in him a strong likeness to
husband. Though by nature an impulsive man, he was
erved in manner, but in congenial society he was a brilliant
versationalist; in politics he was an extreme Liberal, such
in England would be termed a Radical, and he associated
self chiefly with members of the Liberal party, but he
arded a Radical in the literal sense of the name, as a man
ose trade is dangerous to society.' He was a keen
tizan, but his partizanship arose rather from an intense
ief in principles than from any narrow-minded adherence to
itical parties or petty details.
During the war, this quality of his mind was exaggerated
ost to a bitter intolerance of anything which was associated,
any one who sympathized with, the cause of the South. In
great constitutional convulsion, he could discern nothing
the deadly struggle between the advocates and the oppo-
s of slavery; all the minor issues, which at the time blurred
sion even of his own countrymen, were to him as nothing
ew of 'the great national disgrace of slavery.' It will be
later on, that the divergence of opinion between himself
is own father, on this point, was so great as to form a
r in their familiar intercourse. But no point in his
ter is more evident, in every page of his correspondence,
s strong affection and power of sympathy. 'Though so
sed by a constitutional melancholy, which grows upon
rapidly, as to be almost incapacitated from making
agreeable,' we find even at times when his inmost
were stirred, and in the letters where he gives most
xpression to those feelings, some touch of playful
or some grotesque allusion, which shows how near the
as his kindlier and gentler disposition.
tters to his wife during the months of May, June, and
, are a sparkling comment on London society; to
them would be impossible, we can but give a few
ken almost at random from this brilliant panorama.

Before

Before he had made Thackeray's acquaintance his heart had warmed to him in consequence of some words of his, overheard at a dinner party, in high commendation of the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.' Appreciation of his friend's work was a sure passport to Motley's regard:—

'I believe you have never seen Thackeray. He has the appearance of a colossal infant, smooth, white, shiny, ringlety hair, flaxen, alas, with advancing years, a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles, a sweet but rather piping voice, with something of the childish treble about it, and a very tall, slightly stooping figure—such are the characteristics of the great "snob" of England. His manner is like that of everybody else in England—nothing original, all planed down into perfect uniformity with that of his fellow-creatures. There was not much more distinction in his talk than in his white choker or black coat and waistcoat. As you like detail, however, I shall endeavour to Boswellize him a little, but it is very hard work. Something was said of Carlyle the author. Thackeray said, "Carlyle hates everybody that has arrived—if they are on the road, he may perhaps treat them civilly." Mackintosh praised the description in the "French Revolution" of the flight of the King and Queen (which is certainly one of the most living pictures ever painted with ink), and Thackeray agreed with him, and spoke of the passages very heartily. Of the Cosmopolitan Club, Thackeray said, "Everybody is or is supposed to be a celebrity; nobody ever says anything worth hearing, and every one goes there with his white choker at midnight, to appear as if he had just been dining with the aristocracy. I have no doubt," he added, "that half of us put on the white cravat after a solitary dinner at home or at our club, and so go down 'among the Cosmopolitans.'"

A few days later he 'called at the Russells',' an event worthy of notice simply from the fact, that he then first made the acquaintance of a lady renowned and beloved in English and foreign societies, who was soon to become one of his best friends and most constant correspondents, Lady William Russell.

In 1856, Macaulay had been compelled by failing health to abandon his seat for Edinburgh, and in the following year he had been raised to the peerage 'with,' as he himself has told us, 'I think as general approbation as I remember in the case of any man that in my time has been made a peer.' In the following account we can trace the inroads which his bodily ailments were making on his health and spirits in 1858.

'His general appearance is singularly commonplace. I cannot describe him better than by saying he has exactly that kind of face and figure which by no possibility would be selected, out of

of even a very small number of persons, as those of a remarkable personage. He is of the middle height, neither above nor below it. The outline of his face in profile is rather good. The nose, very slightly aquiline, is well cut, and the expression of the mouth and chin agreeable. His hair is thin and silvery, and he looks a good deal older than many men of his years—for, if I am not mistaken, he is just as old as his century, like Cromwell, Balzac, Charles V., and other notorious individuals. Now those two impostors, so far as appearances go, Prescott and Mignet, who are sixty two, look young enough, in comparison, to be Macaulay's sons. The face, to resume my description, seen in front, is blank, and as it were badly lighted. There is nothing luminous in the eye, nothing impressive in the brow. The forehead is spacious, but it is scooped entirely away in the region where benevolence ought to be, while beyond rise reverence, firmness and self-esteem, like Alps on Alps. The under eyelids are so swollen as almost to close the eyes, and it would be quite impossible to tell the colour of those orbs, and equally so, from the neutral tint of his hair and face, to say of what complexion he had originally been. His voice is agreeable, and its intonations delightful, although that is so common a gift with Englishmen as to be almost a national characteristic.

'As usual, he took up the ribands of the conversation, and kept them in his own hand, driving wherever it suited him. I believe he is thought by many people a bore, and you remember that Sydney Smith spoke of him as "our Tom, the greatest engine of social oppression in England." I should think he might be to those who wanted to talk also. I can imagine no better fun than to have Carlyle and himself meet accidentally at the same dinner-table with a small company. It would be like two locomotives, each with a long train, coming against each other at express speed. Both, I have no doubt, could be smashed into silence at the first collision. Macaulay, however, is not so dogmatic, or so outrageously absurd as Carlyle often is, neither is he half so grotesque or amusing. His whole manner has the smoothness and polished surface of the man of the world, the politician, and the new peer, spread over the man of letters within. I do not know that I can repeat any of his conversation, for there was nothing to excite very particular attention in its even flow. There was not a touch of Holmes's ever bubbling wit, imagination, enthusiasm, and arabesqueness. It is the perfection of the commonplace, without sparkle or flash, but at the same time always interesting and agreeable. I could listen to him with pleasure for an hour or two every day, and I have no doubt I should thrice grow wiser every day, for his brain is full, as hardly any man's ever was, and his way of delivering himself is easy and fluent.'

At Lady Stanley's Motley heard Thackeray deliver his lecture on George III., and was 'much impressed with the quiet graceful ease with which he read—just a few notes above the conversational

tional level—but never rising to the declamatory. This light-in-hand manner suits well the delicate, hovering, rather than superficial style of the composition.' The lecture over:—

'Lady Airlie said to me, "Mrs. Norton wishes to make your acquaintance." I turned and bowed, and there she was, looking to-day almost as handsome as she has always been described as being. I know that you will like a sketch. She is rather above middle height. In her shawl and crinoline, of course I could not pronounce upon her figure. Her face is certainly extremely beautiful. The hair is raven black—violet black—without a thread of silver. The eyes very large, with dark lashes, and black as death, the nose straight; the mouth flexible and changing; with teeth which in themselves would make the fortune of an ordinary face—such is her physiognomy; and when you add to this extraordinary poetic genius, descent from that famous Sheridan who has made talent hereditary in his family, a low, sweet voice and a flattering manner, you can understand how she twisted men's heads off and hearts out, we will not be particular how many years ago.

'She said to me, as I made my bow on introduction, "Your name is upon every lip." I blushed and looked as much like a donkey as usual when such things are said. Then she added, "It is agreeable is it not?" I then had grace enough to reply, "You ought to know if any one;" and then we talked of other things.'

There are frequent allusions to the youthful appearance of English matrons. 'England is the paradise of grandmothers.'

'There is no doubt that the English aristocracy has much beauty. When I say how handsome the women are, the reply is invariably—that is a great compliment from an American, for everybody knows that the American women are the handsomest in the world. On the whole I think that the grandmothers of England are the most miraculous race. There are the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Dufferin and Mrs. Norton, then Lady Stanley, of whom I have spoken several times, the Marchioness of Londonderry, and various others, all exceedingly handsome women still. I can hardly remember the names of the many persons I was presented to. I remember one, a lively agreeable person, whose name was Lady Edward Thynne, daughter of Mrs. Gore the novelist. She was apparently a young woman, and I daresay she is capable of having at this moment ten grandchildren for aught I know on the contrary.'

On the occasion of one of Mr. Motley's frequent visits to Cambridge House he describes Lord Palmerston, who

'talked with me a long time about English politics and American matters, saying nothing worth repeating, but conversing always with an easy, winning, quiet manner, which accounts for his great popularity among his friends. At the same time it seemed difficult to realise that he was the man who made almost every night, and a very late

late hour in the night, those rattling, vigorous, juvenile, slashing speeches which ring through the civilised world as soon as uttered. I told him that it seemed to me very difficult to comprehend how any man could make those ready impromptu harangues in answer always to things said in the course of the debate, taking up all the adversary's points in his target, and dealing blows in return, without hesitation or embarrassment. He said very quietly that it was all a matter of habit; and I suppose that he really does it with as much ease as he eats his breakfast.'

One of Motley's earliest friends was Lord Lyndhurst, whose own American origin led to many bonds of union with the Boston society, and when on his way to St. Petersburg in 1851, Motley passed through London, he brought with him a letter of introduction to the ex-Lord Chancellor. Dining at Lady Stanley's of Alderley one evening, he had the good fortune to meet the two great rivals, Lyndhurst and Brougham, together.

'Brougham is exactly like the pictures in "Punch," only "Punch" flatters him. The common pictures of Palmerston and Lord John are not like at all to my mind, but Brougham is always hit exactly. His face, like his tongue and his mind, is shrewd, sharp, humorous. There certainly never was a great statesman and author who so irresistibly suggested the man who does the comic business at a small theatre. You are compelled to laugh when you see him as much as at Keeley or Warren. Yet there is absolutely nothing comic in his mind. But there is no resisting his nose. It is not merely the configuration of that wonderful feature which surprises you, but its mobility. It has the litheness and almost the length of the elephant's proboscis, and I have no doubt he can pick up pins or scratch his back with it as easily as he could take a pinch of snuff. He is always twisting it about in quite a fabulous manner.

'His hair is thick and snow-white and shiny; his head is large and knobby and bumpy, with all kinds of phrenological developments, which I did not have a chance fairly to study. The rugged outlines of headlands of his face are wild and bleak, but not forbidding. Deep furrows of age and thought and toil, perhaps of sorrow, run all over it, while his vast mouth, with a ripple of humour ever playing around it, expands like a placid bay under the huge promontory of his fantastic and incredible nose. His eye is dim and could never have been brilliant, but his voice is rather shrill with an unmistakeable northern intonation; his manner of speech is fluent, not garrulous, but obviously touched by time; his figure is tall, slender, stumbling, awkward, but of course perfectly self-possessed. Such is what remains at eighty of the famous Henry Brougham.

'The company was too large for general conversation, but every now and then we at our end paused to listen to Brougham and Lyndhurst chatting each other across the table. Lyndhurst said,

"Brougham, you disgraced the woolsack by appearing there with those plaid trousers, and with your peer's robe on one occasion put on over your chancellor's gown." "The devil," said Brougham, "you know that to be a calumny; I never wore the plaid trousers." "Well," said Lyndhurst, "he confesses the two gowns. Now the present Lord Chancellor never appears except in small clothes and silk stockings." Upon which Lady Stanley observed that the ladies in the gallery all admired Lord Chelmsford for his handsome leg. "A virtue that was never seen in you, Brougham," said Lyndhurst, and so on. I do not repeat these things because they are worth recording, but because I always try to Boswellize a little for your entertainment.'

Space forbids us to continue these extracts. Our readers will find, on turning to the volumes themselves, that the passages we have quoted constitute but a very small portion of the vivid panorama of London society which is here presented to them. We would fain add to our selection the humorous description of the monotonous formality of London dinner parties, the portraits of Lord John Russell, 'the plain, quiet, smallish individual in green cutaway coat, large yellow waistcoat and plaid trousers'; of Hallam, who, crippled as he was, retained his intellectual powers unimpaired, 'a wreck, but he has not sunk head downwards as you sometimes see, which is the most melancholy termination of a voyage'; of the famous Lady Dufferin, looking as though she might be the sister of her own son; of that 'hearty, jolly companion' Monckton Milnes, 'the bird of Paradox,' 'who invited himself to meet me at Stirling's, eating up conscientiously nearly the whole of our breakfast, talking all the time'; of Danby Seymour, who in his eagerness to say a pleasant thing to the author of the 'History of the Dutch Republic,' assured him in 1858, that he had read that work eight years before; of Samuel Wilberforce, 'altogether too strenuous, too good and too bad for the feeble rôle of an Anglican Bishop: as a Cardinal in the days when Rome had power or as a prize-fighter in the great political ring he would have had scope for his energies'; of Mrs. Grote, 'despising crinoline and flounces, and attiring herself when going out for a walk in a shawl thrown over her shoulders and tied round her waist, with a poplin gown reaching to the tops of her boots, a tall, brown, man's hat with a feather in it, and a stout walking stick'; of Dean Milman and Sir Roderick Murchison; of Hayward and Disraeli; of the late Duke of Wellington, Professor Owen, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; but for all these and a host of others we can only refer our readers to the letters.

The London season over, Mr. Motley, before rejoining his family,

family, returned to Holland to resume his labours among the archives, and his visits to the scenes made memorable by the events he was recording, but the impossibility of soaring up another ghost like William the Silent in the second portion of his work sorely oppressed him; he was despondent about the result, and found that the strain on his mind, his time, and his resources was greater than he had anticipated. During his month's residence at the Hague, in August, he made the acquaintance of the King and Queen of Holland, who not only showed their cordial appreciation of the services he had rendered to their country, but paid him marked attention both on this and on many subsequent occasions.

The winter of 1858 and the following spring were passed in Rome, but the intention of proceeding to Venice, for the collection of much important material for the history, was frustrated by the outbreak of the war of Italian Independence.

Motley was thus by stress of circumstances, rather than by choice, driven to a second residence in England, which we have the less cause to regret, in that it has yielded us a series of pictures of English and Scottish country life corresponding to those of London society which we have already noticed.

At the close of 1860, the first two volumes of the 'History of the United Netherlands' were published, but the future progress of the work was about to be interrupted by events, which, although not unforeseen, were destined to assume such magnitude as the wisest had not anticipated, and which were to constitute a crisis not only in Motley's life but in the world's history.

The most ardent of Republicans, Motley had for months past been looking forward with the deepest anxiety to the result of the Presidential Election. 'With regard to my views and aspirations,' he wrote in March, 1860, 'I can only say that if Seward is not elected (provided he be the candidate) this autumn, good-night, my native land!' Seward, as is well known, was after a close contest beaten for the Republican Nomination, and when the news of Abraham Lincoln's election reached Motley in London, he wrote to his mother:—

'Although I have felt little doubt as to the result for months past, yet as I was so intensely anxious for the success of the Republican cause, I was on tenterhooks till I actually knew the result. I rejoice at the triumph at last of freedom over slavery more than I can express. Thank God, it can no longer be said, after the great verdict just pronounced, that the common law of my country is slavery, and that the American flag carries slavery with it wherever it goes!' . . .

At

At this moment war was discussed only as a possible contingency, but before the new President could actually enter upon his office those four fatal months must elapse, in which the weakness and vacillation of Buchanan and the corruption of his cabinet were to accelerate so much the march of events; even in Lincoln's inaugural address war was not regarded as inevitable, but before he had been a month at the White House the first shot at Fort Sumter had ushered in that struggle which is only now beginning to assume its true historical perspective.

To enter into any discussion of the American Civil War, [illegible] in so far as may be necessary in dealing with the subsequent years of Mr. Motley's life, would be out of place on the present occasion. For the time all else is banished from his mind; when eight years previously 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was moving the heart of Europe against slavery, Motley had written, 'The only way the curse is ever to be taken from the nation is by creating such an atmosphere, all round the Slave States, that a slaveholder may not be able to thrust his nose outside his own door without scenting that the rankness of his offence is tainting every wind of heaven.'

'But here in Europe nobody knows anything about the matter, saving only that slavery exists. They have no idea that America is a confederation of States, each of which States is competent to establish and abolish slavery at its pleasure, and that the general government has no power to do one or the other. I believe everybody in Europe thinks, so far as he thinks at all, most of them contenting themselves with bragging, that the President of the United States could abolish slavery to-morrow by an edict, just as the Emperor of the French abolished the Republic by half a dozen lines of proclamation.'

The President, in his inaugural address, said, 'I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it now exists; I believe that I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.'

In Motley's mind the matter is perfectly simple, and he can brook no wavering or weighing of arguments in others: no matter that the main question was confused by a score of side issues; that, even in the Northern States, there were men who took a different view; that, by his own admission, great ignorance prevailed in Europe concerning American politics and institutions.* He had no patience with any one who disagreed

* In a recently published American work we read, 'Miss Martineau, who had been received with open arms in Boston, was [illegible] as soon as she was known to be in [illegible] sympathy with the slavery party'—'Men and Manners of half a Century.' By Hugh McCulloch.

with

with him; he cannot bear to think that the South should have any well-wishers in England; for him, throughout the war there seems scarce any pity for Southerners even in their sorest straits; for him Lee and Davis, the general and the statesman, seem entirely lost in Lee and Davis the rebels.

The Liberal Government in England had recognized the South as a belligerent power; this step was taken in no spirit of hostility to the North, but it raised a storm of resentment among the Federals as being a form of moral support, which, apart from any material aid, might suffice to turn the scale. Motley was torn asunder, by his growing affection for England and the English on one hand, and his passionate devotion to his native land and her cause on the other. Among leading English statesmen there were many who shared his views, but the popular voice, and there was reason to believe even the Government, inclined to the other side.

His first act was, by means of two very able letters to the 'Times,' to endeavour to guide popular opinion in England; his next to proceed to America, where on his arrival, he

'told Lord Lyons in Washington that I had appointed myself a peace commissioner between the two countries, and meant to discharge my duties to the fullest extent, and in that vein I had spoken to the President, to Seward, Chase, Blair, and Bates, and to every other personage, private or public, with whom I came in contact. Of course I only said this in jest—for I have no idea of exaggerating my humble individuality—but he was kind enough to say that he thought I might do much good.'

We catch in the letters which Motley wrote to his wife in England, during this short visit to America, echoes of the intensity of feeling which prevailed in Boston, and of the enthusiasm which was rapidly welding the North into a 'unit' in opposition to 'an outrageous and unprovoked insurrection against a constituted Government.' 'The most warm-hearted England-loving men in this England-loving part of the country are full of sorrow at the attitude taken up by England.'

Regiments were being formed and hurried to the front, and there was scarce a family of his acquaintance but had sent at least one member to do battle for the Union.

From Washington, whither Motley went in the prosecution of his task as mediator between England and America, he sent accounts of Scott and McDowell, McClellan and Butler, Chase and Seward, Sumner and Blair, and of Lincoln—'a man who looks younger than his pictures, and on the whole, except for his height, which is two or three inches above six feet, one who would not be remarked in any way as well, or ill-looking.'

Whatever

Whatever the success which attended or might have attended Motley's efforts, they were not destined to be prolonged; he was at this juncture called upon to serve his country in a different capacity and a distant land, and we must pass from the turmoil and enthusiasm, the hopes and fears, the forecasts of events, and the estimates of characters attendant upon the commencement of hostilities, to follow him in his new capacity of United States Minister at the Court of Austria. How many of those forecasts and estimates were to be falsified and disappointed, readers of history must judge.

How great was the change to a man of Motley's impulsive nature may easily be imagined. A few weeks before his appointment he had written, 'as to going abroad and immersing myself again in the sixteenth century, it is simply an impossibility. I can think of nothing but American affairs, and should be ashamed if it were otherwise.' but duty compelled him to go, and he did not return to his native land until the war in which his whole soul was absorbed was ended. This enforced absence, however, did not diminish his zeal for the great cause in which he was enlisted, and we see how eagerly he was carrying on his advocacy of that cause in spite of what he calls his exile.

Describing his first experiences at Vienna to Dr. O. W Holmes, he writes:—

'What can I say to you of Cis-Atlantic things? I am almost ashamed to be away from home. You know that I decided to remain, and had sent for my family to come to America, when my present appointment altered my plans. I do what good I can. I think I made some impression on Lord John Russell, with whom I spent two days soon after my arrival in England; and I talked very frankly and as strongly as I could, to Lord Palmerston; and I had long conversations and correspondences with other leading men in England. I also had an hour's talk with Thouvenel in Paris, and hammered the Northern view into him as soundly as I could. For this year there will be no foreign interference with us, and I do not anticipate it at any time, unless we bring it on ourselves by bad management, which I do not expect. Our fate is in our own hands and Europe is looking on to see which side is the strongest. When it has made the discovery, it will back it as also the best and the most moral. Yesterday I had my audience with the Emperor. He received me with much cordiality, and seemed interested in a long account which I gave him of our affairs. You may suppose I inculcated the Northern views. We spoke in his vernacular, and he asked me afterwards if I was a German. I mention this not from vanity, but because he asked it with earnestness and as if it had a political significance. Of course, I undeceived him. His appearance interested me and his manner is very pleasing.'

Through

Through all this time of storm and stress, it is gratifying to find how unwavering was his affection for England: when the Trent affair had strained the relations between the two countries almost to breaking-point, he writes to his mother, 'I do not enter into the law or the history, I simply feel that if a war is to take place *now* between England and America, I shall be in danger of losing my reason:' to Lady William Russell he writes, 'Alas! for perfidious Albion. Felix Austria makes me no amends for her loss: I might live here for the rest of the century and never take root, while I am still bleeding from my eternal extirpation from your hostile but congenial soil.' He is never tired of comparing English society where all that is distinguished in art, literature, and science meets on equal terms with the highest ranks of the aristocracy, and that of Vienna, where 'you must be intimate with the Pharaohs or stay at home,' and 'if an Austrian should be Shakespeare, Galileo, Nelson, and Raphael, all in one, he could not be admitted into good society unless he had the sixteen quarterings of nobility which birth alone could give him.' By a curious regulation he was, in virtue of his official position, forbidden access to the Vienna archives, and thus cut off even from his friends of the sixteenth century.

This very dearth of intellectual companionship, combined with his craving for personal sympathy and fresh news, drove Motley back on his correspondents, and enhances the interest of the letters at this period.

He discusses every turn of events and principle of politics, not only with his friends O. W. Holmes and J. R. Lowell, but with such Englishmen as John Bright and John Stuart Mill, whose mature views on the question are very instructive, though it is not a little strange, considering the circumstances in which he wrote, to find Mr. Bright using such a two-edged argument against his own country and on behalf of America as that

> 'the rich, made rich by commerce, are generally very corrupt the fluctuations of politics suddenly influence their fortunes, and they are more likely to take the wrong side than the right one. Thus, in London, Liverpool, and Manchester, on the Stock Exchange and the commercial exchanges, are found many friends of the South, from the stupid idea that, if the North would not resist, peace would of necessity be restored.'

And so, down to the eventful month of April, 1865, which brought to the North the climax of 'National joy and national bereavement,' Motley continued to watch intensely for every fragment of personal as well as public news from across the Atlantic;

Atlantic; for every symptom of increasing sympathy among his personal friends in England, or in the nation at large: the keenness of his partizanship seemed even to increase, for he finds fault with his friend O. W. Holmes for being 'far too complimentary to the slaveholders,' and is enthusiastic in his admiration of Lowell's 'Yankee Idyll.' 'Was there ever anything more stinging, more concentrated, more vigorous, more just?' The Comte de Paris, whose acquaintance he makes, wins his affection and admiration at once by his espousal of the Federal cause. He extols 'the extraordinary genius of Grant,' whom he considers '*at least* equal to any general now living in any part of the world;' and, when the news of his father's death reached him in 1864, amid his deep regrets that he should have been deprived of the privilege of being with him at the last, he expresses the 'sincere pain, at times almost distress, that I could find no sympathy with him in my political sentiments,' a pain so great that for some time he had been compelled to carry on his home correspondence with his mother alone.

It must not, however, be supposed that the correspondence of this period is confined to American topics; they form, it is true, the undercurrent of all his thoughts, but Vienna and its customs, its salons and celebrities, are fully described, as well as summer tours in Austria and Italy, and many other diverse matters.

During the negociations about the partition of Schleswig-Holstein, Bismarck visited Vienna, and dined on more than one occasion with his old college friend, to whom he had written a few months previously.

'You have given me a great pleasure with your letter of the 9th, and I shall be very grateful to you if you keep your promise to write oftener and longer. I hate politics, but, as you say truly, like the grocer hating figs, I am none the less obliged to keep my thoughts increasingly occupied with those figs. Even at this moment while I am writing to you my ears are full of it. I am obliged to listen to particularly tasteless speeches out of the mouths of uncommonly childish and excited politicians, and I have therefore a moment of unwilling leisure which I cannot use better than in giving you news of my welfare. I never thought that in my riper years I should be obliged to carry on such an unworthy trade as that of a parliamentary Minister. As Envoy, although an official I still had the feeling of being a gentleman; as parliamentary Minister one is a helot. I have come down in the world, and hardly know how.

'*April 18th.*—I wrote as far as this yesterday, then the sitting came to an end; five hours' Chamber until three o'clock; one hour report to His Majesty, three hours at an incredibly dull dinner, of important Whigs, then two hours' work, finally, a supper with colleague

colleague, who would have been hurt if I had slighted his fish. This morning, I had hardly breakfasted, before Karolyi was sitting opposite to me; he was followed without interruption by Denmark, England, Portugal, Russia, France, whose Ambassador I was obliged to remind at one o'clock that it was time for me to go to the House of phrases. I am sitting again in the latter. Dear people talk nonsense, and end my letter. All these people have agreed to approve our treaties with Belgium, in spite of which twenty speakers scold each other with the greatest vehemence, as if each wished to make an end of the other; they are not agreed about the motives which make them unanimous, hence, alas! a regular German squabble about the Emperor's beard; *querelle d'Allemand*. You Anglo-Saxon Yankees have something of the same kind also. Do you all know exactly why you are waging such furious war with each other? All certainly do not know, but they kill each other *con amore*, that's the way the business comes to them. Your battles are bloody; ours wordy; these chatterers really cannot govern Prussia. I must bring some opposition to bear against them; they have too little wit and too much self-complacency stupid and audacious. Stupid, in all its meanings, is not the right word; considered individually, these people are sometimes very clever, generally educated—the regulation German University culture; but of politics, beyond the interests of their own church tower, they know as little as we know as students, and even less; as far as external politics go, they are also, taken separately, like children. In all other questions they become childish as soon as they stand together *in corpore*. In the mass stupid, individually intelligent. . . .

'Now, an affectionate farewell. I can't go on writing such an unorthographic language as English so late at night, but please try it yourself soon again. Your handwriting is like crow's feet, but is very legible. Is mine the same?

'Your faithful old friend, V. BISMARCK.'

In 1864 occurred the most important diplomatic negociation which Motley was officially called upon to conduct. At the instigation of Louis Napoleon—'the Prince of Darkness, who, for the time being, has thought proper to assume the appearance of a Sovereign of France, and to inhabit the Tuileries'—the Archduke Maximilian had been elected Emperor of Mexico: Maximilian applied to his brother, the Emperor of Austria, for help, and a body of volunteers was on the point of sailing from Trieste, when the threat of the immediate recal of the United States Minister led to the abandonment of the enterprise.

Meanwhile the 'atmosphere of *Schleswig-Holsteinismus*, which is as good as a London fog, pervaded Europe': 'the old Bund was moribund'; Prussia and Austria, having combined to crush Denmark, were quarrelling over the spoils, and events were drawing onward apace to the crisis which ended in the 'most lightning-like

lightning-like campaign in all military history.' These events Motley could regard as a dispassionate spectator, while his historical training and his official position combine to give his narratives and summaries of what was passing around him a peculiar value and interest.

But his career at Vienna was drawing to a close: the events which led to his resignation are fully narrated in Dr. Holmes's Memoir, and for our present purpose it is only necessary to give a brief summary of them, for they are not dealt with in the Correspondence.

It appears then that in 1866 a letter was addressed to Mr. Seward, Secretary of State under President Johnson, signed George W. McCracken or McCrackin—and containing sweeping and abusive accusations against several United States Ministers abroad, amongst them of Mr. Motley, as being 'a thorough flunky,' 'an un-American official,' and so forth. Whether such an individual as George W. McCracken ever existed is doubtful, at any rate he was unknown either to Motley or Seward. It might be supposed that such a communication would have been consigned to the waste-paper basket without further ado, but Mr. Seward saw fit to send to the accused a formal statement of the charge, and a request for an explanation. We who have experienced the extreme punctiliousness of the United States Government in matters connected with the functions of an Ambassador may be led to draw a comparison between the occurrences of 1867 and 1888. To Motley's high-bred sensitive nature this communication was a cruel blow, and he instantly sent in his resignation. That it was accepted was due, not to Mr. Seward, but to the President.

In March, 1867, Motley writes to O. W. Holmes:—

'It is a fall from a steep precipice after speaking of your romance to allude to a late correspondence in the newspapers. But as you say so many kind things in your last letter, and as so many friends and so many strangers have said so much that is gratifying to me in public and private on this very painful subject, it would be like affectation in writing to so old a friend as you not to touch upon it. I shall confine myself, however, to one fact, which, so far as I know, may be new to you. George W. McCracken is a man and a name utterly unknown to me. With the necessary qualification which every man who values truth must make when asserting such a negative, viz., to the very best of my memory and belief, I never set eyes on him nor heard of him until now, in the whole course of my life. Not a member of my family or of the legation has the faintest recollection of any such person. I am quite convinced that he never saw me nor heard the sound of my voice. That his letter was fiss-

tissue of vile calumnies, shameless fabrications, and unblushing and contemptible falsehoods, by whomsoever uttered, I have stated in a reply to what ought never to have been an official letter. No man can regret more than I do that such a correspondence is enrolled in the Capitol among American State Papers. I shall not trust myself to speak of the matter. It has been a sufficiently public scandal. My letter published by the Senate has not yet been answered by the Secretary of State. At least I have not yet received any reply.'

Meanwhile the two concluding volumes of the 'United Netherlands' were ready for the printer, and Motley returned to England to see them through the press, during which time he gives us a fresh series of sketches of English life and society, but we cannot pause to give any further extracts.

In 1868, he proceeded to America and supported General Grant's candidature for the Presidency; in 1869, he was appointed, by the President and Mr. Sumner, United States Minister to England, on the recal of Mr. Reverdy Johnson. The selection appeared to be a singularly good one, though Motley accepted the post with diffidence and misgivings.

'I feel anything but exaltation at present, rather the opposite sensation. I feel that I am placed higher than I deserve, and at the same time that I am taking greater responsibilities than ever were assumed by me before. You will be indulgent for my mistakes and shortcomings, but who can expect to avoid them? But the world will be cruel and the times are threatening. I shall do my best, but the best may be poor enough, and keep a "heart for any fate" Pardon my brevity, but I have no time to do half what I have to do.'

His reception in England was most cordial and gratifying, but his tenure of the office was destined to be all too brief; once more a frivolous—to apply no more sinister epithet—pretext was seized upon by his own countrymen to oust him from it; to Englishmen it must always be a cause of congratulation that a name so honoured among all classes, so beloved among those who knew him, should be enrolled in that distinguished body of envoys who have done so much to render America and her sons popular in England.

The burning question which had led to Mr. R. Johnson's recal was the Alabama claims. Immediately on his arrival Motley had an interview with Lord Clarendon, to whom he submitted the draft of his report thereon before sending it to Washington. Some words supposed to have been used in the conversation, and the submission of the draft, seem to have called forth some slight criticism, but the matter appeared to be of no serious import and to have been closed amicably until July, 1870, when Motley having been summarily called upon

to

to resign on the ground of this incident, and having declined to do so, was dismissed.

The cause assigned by Dr. Holmes for this strange decision is that, in the interval, a personal quarrel had occurred between Grant and Sumner over the San Domingo Treaty, and that Grant was aiming a blow at his adversary in the recal of one who was known to be that adversary's personal friend; and to this supposition Motley alludes in his defence. Meanwhile Sumner had been succeeded by Mr. Hamilton Fish, and the reply to Motley's defence 'was so objectionable in its tone and expressions,' writes Dr. Holmes, 'that it has been generally doubted whether the paper could claim anything more of the secretary's hand than his signature.'

'I truly believe,' writes Motley, 'that I found myself exactly at the moment when I was expelled from my post in a position in which I could do much good. I thought myself entirely in the confidence and the friendship of the leading personages in England. And I know that I could have done as well as any man to avert war or even animosity between two great nations, and at the same time guard the honour and interests of our nation. Farewell, write to me soon if you are to send an occasional message to one who now plunges into obscurity for ever and without personal regret.'

Thus for a second time, and finally, was an abrupt termination put to Motley's official life. The few years of health and strength which remained to him were to be devoted to the prosecution of his historical labours, and, with the exception of a few months, were to be passed in England, 'the land which we love so much'; the man whose whole mind and body had for years been at the disposal of his country in the crisis of her fate, could now say, 'events at home fill me with disgust unfathomable.' The death of his beloved mother in 1865 had severed one of the closest ties which bound him to America, while the marriages of his daughters in England had been a further inducement to him to settle on this side of the Atlantic.

In 1871, he spent some months in study at the Hague, where he renewed his acquaintance with the Queen of the Netherlands—than whom 'I have rarely known a more intellectual and accomplished lady or a sincerer friend.' It was no small gratification to him to find how widely his history was appreciated in Holland.

'I like to tell so old and indulgent a friend as you,' he writes to Holmes, 'that my efforts to illustrate the very heroic history of this country have been appreciated here, and that the books in the translation have gone through many editions. They are used in the higher schools also. I should have been sorry not to be known in the

the country to whose past I have devoted so much of my life. But we have been most warmly welcomed from highest to lowest, and I feel very grateful. I will say no more, and I blush to have said so much.'

On quitting Holland he took a few weeks' tour in Germany to revisit old haunts, and 'to patch up my health, which is somewhat broken . . . after being bowled out in so brutal a manner from a place where I did my duty as faithfully as ever man did.'

But though the 'disgust of the inkstand,' as he calls it, was creeping over him, his interest in his work was revived by the discovery of a fresh hero.

'I live much among the dead men, and have been solacing myself for several months in reading a considerable correspondence of John van Oldenbarneveld, who had the ill luck to be decapitated, as you remember, two centuries and a half ago. If they had cut his head off on account of his abominable handwriting, no creature would have murmured at the decree who ever tried to read his infinite mass of manuscripts. I take some credit to myself for having, after much time and trouble, enabled myself to decipher the most of them. It is a system of hieroglyphics such as I have not before encountered, and I have had some experience in the cacography of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

'I am afraid that I write history now rather from the bad habit of years, and because one must have a file to gnaw at, than from any hope of doing much good. The desire to attempt the justification of the eminent and most fearfully injured Barneveld inspires me, but I cannot help thinking, so far as my own small personality is concerned, that the public has had enough of me, and will hardly absorb another book of mine. Moreover, I have at last the consciousness of being doubled up. I have suddenly fallen into old age as into a pit. And I hate it. I try to imagine that it has much to do with the climate and the marshy exhalations of a soil below the level of the sea, this sudden failing of intellectual and bodily vigour, languor, lassitude, moonlitch melancholy.'

In 1872, he paid a visit to Prince Bismarck, at Varzin, and his accounts of the daily life and domestic circle of the Great Chancellor make us long for fuller details of that unrestrained intercourse, which the two old friends held with each other.

'He told innumerable anecdotes about that great battle, and subsequently gave some most curious and interesting details about the negociations of Nikolsburg. I wish that you could have heard him. You know his way. He is the least of a *poseur* of any man I ever saw, little or big. Everything comes out so offhand and carelessly; but I wish there could be an invisible, self-registering Boswell always attached to his button-hole, so that his talk could be perpetuated. There

There were a good many things said by him about the Nikolsburg Conference confirming what I had always understood.

'The military opinion was bent on going to Vienna after Sadowa. Bismarck strongly opposed this idea. He said it was absolutely necessary not to humiliate Austria, to do nothing that would make friendly relations with her in the future impossible. He said many people refused to speak to him. The events have entirely justified Bismarck's course, as all now agree. It would have been easy enough to go to Vienna or to Hungary, but to return would have been full of danger. I asked him if he was good friends with the Emperor of Austria now. He said Yes, that the Emperor was exceedingly civil to him last year at Salzburg, and crossed the room to speak to him as soon as he appeared at the door. He said he used when younger to think himself a clever fellow enough, but now he was convinced that nobody had any control over events—that nobody was really powerful or great, and it made him laugh when he heard himself complimented as wise, foreseeing, and exercising great influence over the world. A man in the situation in which he had been placed was obliged, while outsiders for example were speculating whether to-morrow it would be rain or sunshine, to decide promptly, it will rain, or it will be fine, and to act accordingly with all the forces at his command. If he guessed right, all the world said, What sagacity—what prophetic power! if wrong, all the old women would have beaten me with broomsticks.

'If he had learned nothing else, he said he had learned modesty. Certainly a more unaffected mortal never breathed, nor a more genial one. He looks like a Colossus, but his health is somewhat shattered. He can never sleep until four or five in the morning. Of course work follows him here, but as far as I have yet seen it seems to trouble him but little. He looks like a country gentleman entirely at leisure.

'He talks away right and left about anything and everything—says among other things that nothing could be a greater *bêtise* than for Germany to attack any foreign country—that if Russia were to offer the Baltic provinces as a gift, he would not accept them. As to Holland, it would be mere insanity to pretend to occupy or invade its independence. It had never occurred to him or to anybody. As to Belgium, France would have made any terms at any time with Germany if allowed to take Belgium. I wish I could record the description he gave of his interviews with Jules Favre and afterwards with Thiers and Favre, when the peace was made.

'One trait I mustn't forget, however. Favre cried a little, or affected to cry, and was very pathetic and heroic. Bismarck said that he must not harangue him as if he were an assembly; they were two together on business purposes, and he was perfectly hardened against eloquence of any kind. Favre begged him not to mention that he had been so weak as to weep, and Bismarck was much diverted at finding in the printed account afterwards published by Favre that he made a great parade of the tears he had shed.'

At

At length, in 1874, was given to the world the last instalment of that great work which Motley had set himself, but which he never lived to complete, for the rude shocks which he had sustained in recent years had told severely on his health, and the end was rapidly drawing near. In the winter of 1873, he had been sent to Bournemouth, but without deriving much benefit from the change, though, on returning to London in June, he so far rallied as to be able to write, 'It is extraordinary how well I feel here,' but the improvement was but of short duration. In the spring he wrote to Dr. Holmes, 'I am physically a bankrupt, and, as months roll on, fear that this is my fate for what remains of life.' Moreover, Mrs. Motley's health had for some time past been a cause of grave anxiety, and on the last day of 1874, she who had been his stay and support in all his labours and troubles, was taken away from him.

There remains but little to tell. Tended by the loving care of his daughters and cheered by the companionship of his grandchildren, he was, in spite of failing health and strength, able to enjoy the society of his friends, and to pay a few visits, till on the 29th of May, 1877, he suddenly passed away at Kingston Russell, the seat of the Sheridans, to whom he was connected by the marriage of his daughter to the nephew of his old friend Mrs. Norton.

We have in the foregoing pages dwelt more than once on Motley's prejudices, and on the strength with which those prejudices were expressed; and this marked trait of his character brings out into all the stronger relief the gentleness, which in these latter years of his life is markedly apparent in all his letters. Within a few weeks of his death, he wrote to his eldest daughter:—

'I am a good deal puzzled by English party politics, and in my own ignorance now should be the more ready to forgive (if I had not long since done so) the gross ignorance and hatred manifested from 1861 to 1864 by many parliamentary chiefs in regard to America.'

In estimating a man's character there is nothing more misleading than his own selected and edited letters, though as throwing a light on independent materials, or as illustrating facts and transactions which are known from other sources, they are invaluable. Apart from any study of Motley's character, his letters are of exceptional interest for the brilliant comments they contain on subjects which appeal to every educated reader, nor, we believe, is it possible for any one to rise from the perusal of them without that feeling of personal intimacy with, and of personal affection for, the writer which constitutes

one of the greatest charms of good memoirs and biographies, but as a means of arriving at a just and true estimate of character the chief value of this collection lies, perhaps, in the letters addressed to Motley. When we consider the variety of his correspondents and their individual high positions and intellectual celebrity, as well as the tone of confidence and ease which pervades their communications, it is impossible to escape the conviction, that they could only have been addressed to a man of remarkable qualities both of heart and head.

That as a public man he was not popular among certain classes in his own country is admitted by his biographer. Democracies, as Sir Henry Maine, amongst others, has proved, are slow to discern individual worth, and Motley 'did *not* illustrate the type of popular politician. He was too high-minded, too scholarly, too generously industrious, too polished, too much at home in the highest European circles, too much courted for his personal fascinations, too remote from the trading world of caucus managers.'

The mere fact of his being a Massachusetts man had raised in some quarters, strong opposition to his appointment to Vienna; the same cause had exercised a bitter influence in the McCracken accusations. His position in European societies had caused the stigma of aristocracy to be attached to him, a stigma which extreme Republicans are slow to forgive.

It was a strange irony of fate that the man, in whom the love of democratic institutions amounted to a passion, the man in whose eyes a monarch was, if not necessarily a monster like Philip II., yet unworthy of confidence; who can scarce see anything to praise in the efforts of England under Elizabeth and James I. in that cause of European freedom, the credit of supporting which he would assign almost entirely to democratic Holland, that this man should have been assailed as an aristocrat; but so it was: the experience must have been a bitter one, but when the first pang of anger and mortification had passed away, it seems to have been succeeded by a feeling of manly humility and resignation.

'Do not believe me inclined to complain, or to pass what remains of life in feeble lamentations. When I think of all the blessings I have had, and of the measure of this world's goods infinitely beyond my deservings that have been heaped upon me, I should despise myself if I should not find strength enough to bear the sorrows which the Omnipotent has now chosen to send.'

Motley was, in short, one of those few beings, to whom we are tempted to apply that often misused phrase—a thorough gentleman.

We

We will close with some very striking words, written to Dean Stanley on the publication of the third volume of the 'History of the Jews': –

'If you had written the volumes expressly for my own behalf, it could not have been better adapted for the purpose. For it deals with subjects which exceedingly occupy my mind, and abounds with suggestions, explanations, and sympathetic aid towards the solution of problems and mysteries which press more and more upon the thoughts of those whose life's evening is closing in dark shadows and sorrows. You and I have both been struck almost simultaneously by that irremediable blow which drives the soul forth into the vast and unknown void, and causes it to rebel at times at the bars which must restrain it so long as those mortal conditions last. I have been reading the book very slowly, for my mind wanders after attempting for a time to grasp great subjects, and I am obliged to take rest. How glad I am that your mind and body are both so vigorous and fresh, notwithstanding the great calamity which God has sent to you, and that you are not only able to find some relief in work, but furnish relief to others. How acutely you must have felt, in the painful but sacred circumstances attending your work, that *laborare est orare*.

'The delicate and masterly manner in which you have traced out the connection between the ideas of the one invisible God revealing Himself at many intervals of space and time, and through differing races, to the highest of what we call *human* intellects; and the idea of a future life under unknown and unimaginable conditions, is to me most striking. Intense love seems to me to annihilate death, and love is the foundation of the Christian revelation.'

ART. III.—1. *Goethe's Letters to Zelter, with Extracts from those of Zelter to Goethe.* Selected, translated, and annotated by A. D. Coleridge, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London, 1887.

2. *Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret.* Translated from the German by John Oxenford. New Edition. London, 1874.

3. *Life of Goethe.* By Heinrich Duntzer. Translated by Thomas W. Lyster, Assistant Librarian, National Library of Ireland. 2 vols. London, 1883.

4. *Charlotte von Stein, Goethe's Freundin, &c.* Von Heinrich Duntzer. Stuttgart, 1874.

5. *Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe in den Jahren* 1794 *bis* 1805. 2 vols. Stuttgart, 1870.

THE times are changed since Carlyle and Lewes almost made us believe, that there never had been and never would be such a hero, poet, and philosopher as Goethe. Goethe societies have sprung up and flourished, it is true, since then: but Goethe-worship has been a little overdone, and the present age treats him somewhat coldly. We get our philosophy, as well as our religion and politics, from the four corners of the world, and do not take the trouble to be even eclectic. We dislike anything that savours of a system; and Goethe, who harmonized his life with Nature, and preached and practised a modern Stoicism, is thought pedantic and cold by a generation of impressionists and realists. But this generation may learn a lesson of patience, if nothing else, from Goethe; and we are glad to be recalled to the contemplation of serene old age as it is shown in the volume of correspondence with Zelter, which Mr. A. D. Coleridge has translated from the German.

The original work is in seven volumes, and contains more than an impatient age has time to read. In its leisurely attention to trifles, its luxurious independence of persons and things, its combination of poetry, theatre, literature, philosophy, science sound and unsound, music and court gossip, it presents us with an autobiography of Goethe in the last thirty years of his life, the unaffected picture of his closing days.

Zelter, to whom these letters are addressed, is better known to the musical than to the literary world, as the friend and teacher of Felix Mendelssohn. He was also a conspicuous figure among the musicians of his time: and his best claim to remembrance is that he was among the first who made the works of John Sebastian Bach the property of the world, instead of remaining, as they had been for a century, the hidden treasure of

of musicians. 'Beyond a question,' says Mr. Coleridge (Preface, ix.), 'we owe to Zelter and his pupil the slow but true appreciation of the work of that immortal master, who, if Mendelssohn is to be believed in, is in no one point inferior to any master, and in many points superior to all.'

Zelter's friendship with Goethe began about the close of the last century; and for thirty years a frequent correspondence was carried on. Music was the first point of contact, an art in which Zelter was a master, and Goethe hardly a scholar. But Zelter—a vigorous, warm-hearted, self-confident man, full of studies and projects—claimed Goethe's sympathy in all his interests; and relations which were at first mainly professional expanded into a warm and lasting friendship.

The book is interesting also as covering about the same ground as Eckermann's well-known 'Conversations.' The two volumes may well be compared together; and the fidelity of Eckermann's reporting, as well as the agreement between the speech and the letters of Goethe, is well shown by the close resemblance between them. The one portrait sets off the other, as a profile and a full face of the same subject.

Goethe's old age or rather senescence began early. The 'Third period,' as it is called in the jargon of Art, may come early or late in life: which it is to be, may depend partly on the work done in early life. Goethe's began early, and before middle age he had completed his conquest of the world of letters. His Italian journey and the end of his love for Charlotte von Stein marked the close of a period in his life. He was then, it is true, only forty years old: but he had lived forty years of *zweckmassige Thatigkeit*, 'energy working out an aim,' the Aristotelian definition which he had adopted as his motto; and for the rest of his life he had no discoveries to make. Indeed for men of genius, no less than for the common herd, a new vision is rarely revealed after the path of middle life is entered. To follow out the designs formed in youth is sufficient employment for the journey over the table-land and the downward slope of life. This was the aim of Goethe's later years, accepted by himself and steadily pursued. No faculty, either passive or active, was to be left unused, no province of thought was to be left unvisited; but his progresses are rather those of a sovereign visiting his provinces than of a general conquering new lands. The victorious excursions of his youth, the trophies of which are 'Götz' and 'Werther,' have come to an end. His battalions (to use Prof. Dowden's metaphor) now move more slowly and massively, supported but delayed by a vast train of experience. Much time is spent on studies in Science,

Science, much in considering the principles of Art and Literature. His aim is henceforward not so much to create as to interpret. The first part of 'Faust' is a question, the second an answer. Wilhelm Meister sets out to solve the riddle of life: in 'Wahrheit und Dichtung' a poet's life is portrayed in the guise of biography: stories and scenes such as 'Der Gott und die Bajadere,' ballads like 'Ritter von Toggenburg,' vivid action and passion as in 'Egmont' and 'Clavigo,' now please him less. Instead of this, he pours out thousands of distichs containing this experience as an observer of life; delights in 'situations' which bring out play of character; gives us 'Tasso,' the second part of 'Faust,' and the 'Wahlverwandtschaften.' It has been said that the best poetry is written before thirty: what is at any rate true is, that the brightest flashes of genius are those of early years; later works have more of wisdom and less of fire. Would Goethe at thirty have said, 'To feel a situation and express it is the poet'? (Eckermann, p. 130.) Would he not have preferred to this conscious wisdom the fine frenzy of youth? It is only the greatest of all who can strike into maturity the heat of youth. The passion of Antony and Cleopatra is as vivid as that of Romeo and Juliet.—Beethoven's 9th Symphony is as full of youth as his earliest works. There is a greenness of old age which may produce such works as 'Alexander's Feast,' the brightest and grandest passages in 'Paradise Lost,' and such lyrics as are to be found in the later plays of Euripides and the later volumes of the Laureate. But we need not condemn the 'Excursion' because it has not the lightness of 'Ruth,' or complain of Goethe as dull because he writes no more 'Werthers.'

It is possible, however, that Goethe's later works might have had more splendour if he had lived more in the stream of the world. The catalogue of events in the last thirty years of his life is scanty. His fine constitution was injured by a serious illness in the year 1800; and though his strength carried him on to the age of eighty-three, and he was at no time of his life an invalid or a valetudinarian, he never subjected his health to rude trials. He travelled little. Living for the most part at Weimar, his journeys extended no further than to Jena, Frankfurt, and various watering-places, which his doctors advised him to visit. The events of his life are the French invasion, his marriage to Christiane Vulpius, the deaths of his wife, his only son, his best friend Schiller, and of many others—for 'to live long is to outlive many;' the visits of admirers and friends, compliments and presents, transient love-affairs, conversation, correspondence, literary work great and small.

He

He was the acknowledged sovereign of Literature, '*the* greatest man of Germany—perhaps of Europe,' as Byron calls him.* But the isolation of Germany from the politics and literature of Europe is indicated by the local character of the details of the poet's life, and the absence of foreign visitors, who rarely appear at Weimar, although his works are translated into all languages and noticed in the literary publications of all countries. His life is spent, so far as it is not passed in his study, in a round of small duties and amusements hardly worthy of so great a fame. 'Come to Paris,' Napoleon said to him; 'there you will find a world.' But he preferred to leave the world to find himself: to the loss, as it seems to us, both of himself and the world. For Goethe was a man of the world; neither a bookworm nor a dreamer: self-sufficient, it is true, in a classic independence, and therefore all the more fitted to take part among his like rather than 'sit attentive to his own applause.'

Cosmopolitan friendships, however, are rare except in the days of the Roman Empire and the Roman Church. The mountain peaks stand apart: there is something stilted in the transmarine visits of men of letters; their claims to empire are more easily acknowledged by their inferiors than by their fellows. On the other hand, no man of genius except Scott was more truly human and undisturbed by egotism than Goethe. He found friends as well as admirers in Rome; and his later life would have been made richer by an English and a French journey. Scott would have welcomed him; an interview with Byron would have been an event in the lives of both men; Coleridge and Wordsworth both esteemed him highly; and the younger men, headed by Carlyle, would have thronged round him with unfeigned homage. He would have moved with ease in the salons of Mme. de Staël and Mme. Récamier, and have given and taken ideas in the company of the newly rising Romantic school which owed him so much. The wonder is that, in spite of the narrow circumstances in which he moved, the mean detail of grand ducal buildings and plantings, Weimar theatre-gossip, the 'cursed tea-table clatter' which sickened Heine, he never became provincial.

We must look in 'Wahrheit und Dichtung' and in the correspondence with Schiller for Goethe's portrait *en grande tenue*. Here we see him in his dressing-gown at Weimar; smiling, though never merry; genial, courteous, loving all mankind; but with no loves or friendships of an exacting nature.

* Letter to Mr. Murray, June 7th, 1820.

We

We are admitted to the domestic life of the Geheimrath, reflecting on his little town something of the importance which attaches to a cathedral or a battle-field. Pilgrims come to his shrine from all countries; a few are sent away empty, but most go home with note-books stored, and the honour of having seen Goethe. One of them, Felix Mendelssohn, has left us in his letters the most vivid of all the portraits of the poet; one of those descriptions which make the dead live again. Presents of all sorts arrive: books, antiques, casts, cameos, drawings by old masters, translations of his works, musical settings of his songs, gold snuff-boxes, ribands and grand crosses from great and little sovereigns, and humbler presents from their subjects. Homage of all sorts, and from all sorts of men, is laid at the feet of this sovereign of literature, and he accepts it with the lofty good nature of an epicurean deity, lying beside his nectar and smiling *purpureo ore*: a deity in dressing-gown, that is. The tone of the letters becomes more familiar and unrestrained as the elder man accepts the friendship of the younger; each subject, however trivial, having justice done it, like the breakfast and dinner of the day; all is natural and spontaneous; the incidents of the day are there, and have their due place in the day. The translator, in his selection of letters, has wisely given us just enough of daily incident to make the reader feel that his omissions have been well omitted, and to give the tone of familiar intercourse which runs through the letters, and makes them a better image of Goethe in the every-day world than other portraits afford.

We may compare with the letters to Zelter and the notices of Schiller in the 'Conversations' of Eckermann, the correspondence with Schiller (1794–1805), the latter part of which falls within this period. Goethe owed much to the influence of Schiller, the most refined spirit with which he came into contact. The friendship of the two poets is famous, and honourable to both. Men of letters are less disturbed by the demon of envy than artists: and though we read of plenty of antipathies and quarrels in the history of literature, there are also many instances of friendship. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, Scott and Byron, Byron and Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Lamb, are among many poets whose respect for each other excluded jealousy. No shade of jealousy ever interrupted the harmony in which Goethe and Schiller lived. There was, however, some constraint in their friendship. They agreed heartily, and wrote to each other candidly, on all matters connected with poetry and the drama. They criticized each other's works freely and without offence. But though there is no display, there is some effort.

effort. As in the correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle, there is a faint smell of the lamp; whereas Goethe and Zelter write of what is uppermost, whether it is the future of the drama, or supper in the garden-house and the flavour of Telltower turnips. Goethe is stately, and Schiller deferential. The formal 'Sie' never gives place to the familiar 'Du;' and it was probably not till Schiller's death removed the mind nearest to his own, that Goethe felt to the full his own affection for his lost friend.

But indeed Goethe was incapable of jealousy. He claimed the first place, and held it; but he never troubled himself about the popularity of other poets, old or young, or grudged praise to those who deserved it; and if his works were misunderstood, he did not grumble about the blindness of the rising generation, but calmly referred himself to the judgment of posterity. He speaks with kindness and appreciation not only of Schiller, whose genius and character he regarded almost with veneration, and Lessing, the only German who can dispute Goethe's supremacy, and whose character and intellect he justly estimated; but of Heine, Alexander von Humboldt, Herder, Wieland, Wolff. He was always ready to welcome rising genius. Victor Hugo, Béranger, Carlyle, Manzoni, all receive his warm approbation. The latter of these freely acknowledged his obligations to Goethe for his ready recognition. Of Villemain, Cousin, and Guizot he says,* 'All these are excellent, but Guizot is my favourite'; of Byron, idealized as Euphorion in the second part of 'Faust,' 'I could not make any man the representative of the modern poetical era, except him. He is undoubtedly to be regarded as the greatest genius of our century;' and he used similar language of Scott, to whom he gave credit for 'a wholly new art, with laws of its own.'

He reads the work of the inestimable Niebuhr as soon as it appears, and writes thus:

'This important book came to me just at the right moment, when I had given up all newspaper reading. So I was glad to transport myself into those ancient times, and read myself into the book uninterruptedly; an absolute necessity, if we would really steep ourselves in such an existence. . . . It was in reality Niebuhr, and not Roman history that engaged my attention. It is the profound intelligence and industry of such a man that really edify us. The Agrarian laws, one and all, do not interest me in the least; but the way in which he explains them, the way in which he makes those complicated relations clear to my mind, this it is that helps me on, this it is that makes me feel that my duty is to be equally conscientious with what I take in hand.'†

* Eckermann, p. 289. † Zelter, pp. 249, 430.

And

And -

'When a man versed in his subject treats any topic lovingly and thoroughly, he gives us a share in his interest, and forces us to enter into his topics.'

He reads with delight and appreciation Scott's 'Life of Napoleon,' that monument of conscientious labour and intelligence, discredited now because it does not fit in with the fashion of the day, but the best representation of the opinion of our English grandfathers, and a work in which Goethe recognized the hand of 'the best narrator of his time.' He acknowledges his debt to Sterne * and to Goldsmith:

'I lately chanced to fall in with "The Vicar of Wakefield," and felt compelled to read the little book over again, from beginning to end, being not a little affected by the vivid recollection of all that I have owed to the author for the last seventy years. The influence Goldsmith and Sterne exercised upon me, just at the chief point of my development, cannot be estimated. This high benevolent irony, this just and comprehensive way of viewing things, this gentleness to all opposition, this equanimity under every change, and whatever else all the kindred virtues may be termed—such things were a most admirable training for me; and, surely, these are sentiments which in the end lead us back from all the mistaken paths of life.'

He reads and enjoys Béranger, in whom he sees 'what can be achieved by talent, not to say genius, when it appears at a pregnant point of time and is perfectly reckless—why, we ourselves began in much the same way!' † The well-known tribute of respect 'from friends in England to the German Master' touches him deeply. He takes pleasure in seeing his own works in translation, as the following lines attest:

'I plucked some flowers, the meadow's bloom,
And full of thought I took them home;
There, by my warm hand circled round,
Their crowns were drooping to the ground.
I set them in a fresh cool glass;
And, lo, a wonder came to pass!
The little heads looked up so gay,
The leafy stems in green array;
And all as healthy, sweet and good,
As though on Mother Earth they stood.
So was it when I heard my song
And marvelled—in a foreign tongue.'

* Of Sterne he says (Zelter, p. 306; 5 Oct. 1830), 'Sterne's Tristram Shandy . . . made a great sensation in Germany, just at the time when I was a wretched little fellow at school. . . . Who in the year 1750, saw through Philistinism so well, or described it so cheerily?'

† *Zelter*, p. 281.

What

What Goethe admired in the works of other writers, and studied in his own, was 'objectivity;' in one syllable, truth. The poets whom he praises wrote from their knowledge of things. He praises Manzoni for his use of history, for his sentiment without sentimentality. He admired the masterly way in which Scott got up his case, so that all the ground over which he travelled was familiar to him. Of 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' he says: 'There is finish! there is a hand! What a clear plan for the whole, and in details not a touch which does not conduce to the catastrophe! . . . You find everywhere in Walter Scott a remarkable security and thoroughness in his delineations, which proceed from a comprehensive knowledge of the real world, obtained by lifelong studies and observations, and a daily acquaintance with the most important relations. . . . He runs at pleasure through the whole compass, equally at his ease with the highest and the lowest note.'* 'All my poems,' he said to Eckermann, 'are poems of occasion, having a firm foundation in real life, by which they are suggested. I attach no value to poems woven from the air;' and again, 'The tendencies of a declining epoch are subjective; the tendencies of a maturing epoch are objective.' But, on the other hand, he blames Byron for too much 'empeiria;' a word which we may perhaps translate 'realism.' Goethe would not have admired Wordsworth, Shelley, and Coleridge, as much as their less idealistic contemporaries. To win his praise, the foundation must be real. It is only by concrete truths that the absolute can be revealed: light is only made sensible by impinging upon matter. Goethe steered a middle course between idealists like Fouqué and the modern so-called 'realists,' who seem to think that the object of the poet (artist) is merely to describe, not to create or interpret. The objectivity of the French, the doctrine 'Art is representation,' has led them so far that the ideas of noble and ignoble, good and bad, have been banished from art; and the sole end of art is to convey an impression. This is to sink to the level of the silly story of Apelles and the horse; the next step is to introduce tramcars and hansom cabs on the stage: and so we come to 'ursum aut pugiles,' and the crudities which delighted Rome and may yet delight the modern Babylons. To combine objective truth with sentiment is the work of the greatest artists. Schiller and Goethe may be conceived as the two sides of the arch, agreeing in their aim, but approaching it from opposite sides.

This love of tangible things was what made him admire

* Eckermann, p. 247.

Napoleon

Napoleon and Wellington. It was not merely the incarnation of power which he admired: Napoleon in his eyes was no mere destroyer, no builder on nothing, like Milton's Satan. He saw in him a destroyer indeed, but one who destroyed only to build up. Napoleon 'looked, as he was, the compendium of the world'—a Cosmos, not a Chaos. Wellington, who lacked the 'daemonic' genius of Napoleon, was yet a man who worked in realities, and Goethe did not grudge him the title of 'hero.'

His interest in Natural Science is in agreement with this. He loved to be where every step is on firm ground. If he went astray in the Science of Colours, and failed from want of mathematical training, his studies were yet not unreal. His intention was to combine and verify observations by new experiments; and whatever may have become of his optical studies, the time spent by him on osteology and botany was not unfruitful.

In all men's lives there is a consistent thread. The thread of Goethe's life is the abiding desire to use experience. Himself, the human beings among whom he lived, and the world of nature, are the subjects of his experiments. His lightest poems are not only 'poems of occasion,' but of occasion used to a purpose. Every poem is a problem or a theorem. Few are merely descriptive or dramatic; fewer still merely the expression of a sentiment or a mood. He finds humanity reflected in Nature. He describes the wintry rustle of the wind over the naked stubble-field, but it reminds him of the corn housed in the garner, the fruitful labour of the husbandman. He paints the sunrise on the mountains, but it is to point the allegory, that the sun rises to show us the world in which we live. So the later poet, 'in looking on the happy autumn fields,' thinks of the 'days that are no more,' and the echoes of the mountains remind him of those which 'roll from soul to soul.' So it is memory which deepens 'our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass of to-day.' It is 'the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years which still live in us, and transform our perceptions into love.'* To Wordsworth the voices of the mountains are vast and abstract: Coleridge hears them shouting, 'God! God!' in the vale of Chamouny; but to Goethe all these voices speak to a human ear. The quiet of the forest at Ilmenau whispers, 'warte nur; balde ruhest du auch.' the well in 'Hermann and Dorothea' gives wholesome water for the house, and mirrors the faces of the lovers; the land is a

* G. Eliot, 'Mill on the Floss,' ch. v.

farm-land

farm-land and garden, for the service of man, the ζείδωρος ἄρουρα of Homer. Such a poem as Shelley's 'Skylark' or 'Cloud,' bred of pure fancy, 'woven out of the air,' is not in Goethe's manner. He admires Byron, not because of his Byronics, but because he knows the world and is a poet of experience. The longer he lived, the more his wisdom expresses itself in gnomic sayings; so much so, as to make the second 'Faust' 'rather a book of proverbs than a descriptive dramatic poem, holding the mirror up to Nature.

It was Goethe's pleasure to know everything. His plan of life included a survey of all subjects; mathematics and metaphysics he dismissed after he had learnt what he cared for of them, as he dealt with the Cabala and the secrets of alchemy. With plastic art he occupied himself during his whole life, though here too it may be doubted whether his genius moved in a congenial element. Indeed, the experience of his Italian journey convinced him that he had no practical talent for art. Science, as all the world knows, was his foible. Not that he was wrong in studying Nature. It was impossible for him not to study Nature; and while we condemn the one pedantry of which Goethe was guilty, we acknowledge the influence of this study on his character and intellect. Without it he would have been many-sided, but not universal. He learnt by study and experiment to know the value of verifying conclusions, to look at everything from many points of view, to be tolerant as well as critical. 'In ethical and æsthetic matters, the true and the false can never be driven into a corner in that way; in scientific matters, however, if I am honest with myself, I must be so with others, and so I do not grudge the incalculable amount of time I have devoted to this branch of study; for now that I have treated the subject, every day must see my cause furthered, every friend and every foe, whatever attitude he chooses to assume, must help it on.'

Part of Goethe's achievement, then, was to attain as a foundation for his work a complete survey of the intellectual world, ancient and modern, and the value of his work is intimately connected with this capacious view. Looking back on his life and the times of which he had been a part, he claimed achievement with that 'self-esteem founded on just and right,' of which Milton speaks.

The tone of these volumes (and, we repeat, their value lies mainly in that they contain the picture of the poet's old age) is 'Vixi.' Here is his 'de Senectute': not like that ancient essay, which 'only gives a list of the excellent people in history who have grown old, and describes how well old age agreed with them;'

them;' but rather the example of a noble repose 'after a career worthily fulfilled,' and a claim to the respect which is paid to such an old age. The energy directed to an aim of his earlier years has borne fruit. He has done what he set himself to do; and he calls to others also to have a plan of life and follow it.

It is easy to say how arrogant, how unchristian, how unworthy of a great man not to feel that his accomplishment was always short of his aim; how unlike Marcus Aurelius, Pascal, George Herbert, and the rest of the amiable people whom we quote, and whose humility we find perhaps easier of imitation than their virtues. What, after all, says the critic, was Goethe's achievement? He wrote some first-rate poetry, and at least one great drama. He did something to elevate the German drama, and to extend that moderate and somewhat barren education which prevails in Germany, and of which he himself speaks with no great enthusiasm. He studied Natural Science with ardour, but his 'Farbenlehre' was a chimera; and the result of his speculations in Natural History is small, no more than might fairly be expected from the concentration of a great intelligence on an uncongenial subject. He also did something to set up a false standard of morality. The moral of 'Faust' is, that experience leads to wisdom, wisdom to virtue, virtue to salvation; the moral of 'Werther' and the 'Elective Affinities' is that marriage is bondage; of the poems, that Nature should be our guide, and that the most natural thing in Nature is passion; and of all his works and his life, that the wise man uses the world to his own advantage. Goethe had no religion, or at least he disliked impartially all forms of religion; no patriotism, no belief in causes and movements: to him the people were *canaille*, and their opinions and desires irredeemably vulgar. His ideal—and he carried it out—was to live free from the claims of individuals, whilst guarding himself from coldness of heart, as uncomfortable a sensation as coldness of feet; to contemplate what was beautiful in life, while keeping aloof from the heat and fatigue of action; to be harmonious rather than helpful; to carry out in modern life the *ἀπάθεια* and *αὐτάρκεια* of the Stoics. When death and sickness and other rude forms of circumstance came near him, his philosophy, it is true, did not fail him: but the determination not to feel his son's death too deeply, but to substitute for natural tears 'the grand idea of duty' and 'the care of his physical equilibrium,' only shows what an empty thing is this talk about Stoicism. Of women's hearts and lives he took as little care as Byron: they were the grist of his mill and the models from which he drew. His own adventure in marriage was a confession, that his theory of marriage is false;

and

and his wife's death affected him much as Lesbia was affected by the death of her sparrow.

Such things as these may be said, and said plausibly: but they do not affect the truth, that Goethe was not only a great intellectual power, but a moral power. We cannot despise Goethe, we cannot estimate him easily, for our measuring tapes will not span the girth of the huge trunk; and one of the best lessons we can learn from Goethe is to contemplate rather than criticize.

Goethe's departure from the common rules of morality in his relations with women is a stumbling-block to his admirers. Did Goethe justify his frailties? Did he, like Byron, consider that all women from the time of Eve are tempters on occasion? Did he, like Shelley, when the storm of passion blew, bend to the wind, and forget all bygones and their claims? Did he, like Burns, use female beauty as fuel to poetic fire, and, when he 'wanted to be more than ordinary in song,' 'put himself in a regimen of admiring a fine woman'? Or had he, like the Greek and Roman poets, no sense of right and wrong in the matter, considering it merely one of the incidents of the cultus of beauty, as indifferent morally as eating and drinking? It is difficult to believe, that the poet who wrote so nobly about women in the second part of 'Faust,' who raised such far-reaching problems in 'Werther' and the 'Elective Affinities,' and drew such a tragic moral from the story of Gretchen, should have looked upon half the human race as the playground of experience for the other half. It is equally difficult to suppose that Goethe, whose prime doctrine was self-control, should have been weak here only. Such weakness would have shown itself in self-reproach, a thing unknown to Goethe. The question must remain a problem, how Goethe regarded his own life, and what his principles of morality were. It may be remarked, however, that the morality of the time was lax, and that of the Court of Weimar not above the average German standard of delicacy; and that Goethe was a follower of Rousseau; that is to say, he looked to Nature, not to religion, law, or convention, as the standard of morals.

The facts are patent: Goethe allowed himself as many loves as Horace, and was as indifferent as Horace whence the gales of Cupid blew. Besides the great passions connected with the names of Charlotte Kestner, Frederike Brion, Anna Schonemann (Lilly), and Charlotte von Stein, there is a crowd of lesser flames to which he surrendered himself whenever occasion served. His liaison with Christiane Vulpius had a like origin. His biographers talk nonsense about his spiritual marriage with her: but

but it was at first no more than one of the love-adventures which occur in every part of his life. Fresh from the unrestrained experiences of Rome, and ready to receive any impression of beauty, he fell in love with the pretty face of the not unwilling Christiane, and took her secretly into his house as his mistress.

The poem 'Morgenklagen' refers to Christiane, and it may well be compared with the 'Roman Elegies,' which contain the experiences of a modern Ovid or Tibullus, with an infusion of the commonplace of the nineteenth-century German. Ovid would never have written anything in so domestic-vulgar a strain as some of the 'Roman Elegies;' and the bitterness of Heine's love, which reminds us of Propertius and Catullus—keener spirits than Ovid and Tibullus—saves him from the good-natured sentimentalism which disfigures much of Goethe's erotics, and puts them in a different class from those of either Byron or Burns.

To Goethe, love was no absorbing passion. For passion such as lives in the pages of Shakespeare or Burns, Goethe had no capacity. He could never have been a Werther, though he could understand passion as completely as he could understand piety: he would not be brought under the power of either. 'Werther' may stand side by side with the 'Confessions of a Fair Saint.' Love was the necessary accompaniment of human life, the colour or the vesture of life, not its reality, inexplicable but inevitable, coming and going as mysteriously as the wind or the sparrow in the hall, best described by the representation of moments. Love for him never lays aside his wings and becomes domestic. The 'lived happily ever after' does not come into Goethe's vision. His poem 'Die glücklichen Gatten,' pretty though it is, has no great ring of sincerity. Even of 'Hermann and Dorothea' he speaks as if it were rather a concession to the domestic character of his countrymen than a work of high art.

There is much tenderness and (if the word may be used in such a connection) benevolence in Goethe's love-poetry: a strong sensuous vein, a sense of beauty, but little fervour. It is as if the beloved object were rather an incarnation of love than a living human being, one of a sex rather than a person. When Christiane became a happy Hausfrau, and was mixed up in all the details of the Weimar life, and when her children were growing up around him, the affectionate nature of her lover was drawn closely to her; and in making her his lawful wife, he did no more than justify the relation which she actually bore to him. Not that Goethe denied himself the gratification of

of platonic amours: to the last he remained inflammable; and after Christiane's death he lost his heart at the age of seventy-two to a girl of fifteen, Ulrike von Levezow, whom he met at Marienbad. This adventure, which his friends expected would lead to a second marriage, is glorified in one of the tenderest and most musical of his poems, the 'Trilogie der Leidenschaft';* a poem in which regret and desire are mingled in true pathos, and the incident, so unworthy of the poet's old age in all its circumstances, is idealized into a noble picture of love and renunciation. There is nothing to show, that Christiane had reason to complain of her husband's unfaithfulness, or that his love-passages went beyond the distractions, indecorous perhaps but not vicious, which were permitted by the lax morality of the society in which he lived. For all this, we would willingly have spared a dozen or two of lovely poems, if we could have had instead of them a nobler picture of the poet's domestic life. We do not observe, that Goethe considered these fleeting passions as at all detracting from his character. Byron despises the orgies in which he lived; Burns alternately laughs and cries at his frailties; but Goethe allows himself as many amours as Jupiter, and never doubts his own divinity.

The story of Goethe and Charlotte von Stein is one of those which the biographer would gladly forget. He went to Italy her favoured friend, her lover. He returned cold and indifferent. It was not that he or she had changed much. She was still seven years his senior; and she was no longer young. A two years' absence may have shown him this. He had spent the time in Italy, she in Weimar. She had no share either in the delight with which Italy had filled the poet, and the new experience of Art which he had gathered there, or in those wanderings in the footsteps of the 'Triumvirs of Love,'—Tibullus, Catullus, and Propertius, which had made Rome a pagan fairy-land to him. He found more enchantment in the 'Bacchus-beauty' of the flower-girl, Christiane, than in the graver intercourse with Charlotte, his friend of twenty years ago. In the days of their closest friendship she had allowed his adoration, but had never taken his ardent professions as seriously as he had meant them: and now he was tired of playing the lover. Charlotte had ceased to be necessary to him, and by degrees ceased to be interesting; and so he let her drop out of his view. In her eyes Goethe's relation to Christiane was a personal slight,

* Goethe's Works, vol. ii. p. 109.

as well as a scandal which lowered him in the eyes of all Weimar; and to anger succeeded pique and coolness.

She did not die of a broken heart, nor did she meekly submit to be forgotten; she was neither Dido nor Griselda—she took her disappointment like a woman; that is, she talked about it to her friends, and disturbed the tranquil course of Goethe's new passion. He and his 'Schatz' might enjoy their love, but unblessed by her, and not in the eye of the world. By behaving thus naturally, she raised a problem of incompatible claims and duties, which has been a sore trouble to the biographers. Mr Lewes wisely omitted some pages dealing with 'minor morals,' which disfigured his first editions, in that passage of Goethe's life with which the name of Frederike is connected. But both he and Prof. Düntzer carp at the warm-hearted woman who would not part from Goethe willingly, and who had sufficient dignity to resent being supplanted by a mistress. No one ventures to say that she was to blame in the first estrangement. But she has not received enough credit for the regard which outlived estrangement. It is to her honour that something like friendship took the place of love, and that to the last she was never indifferent to Goethe's pleasures and pains.

The doctrine of 'minor morals' lays down, that men of genius are not to be judged by common standards of right and wrong, but need experience of life, such as can only be got by sacrificing the lives of others. Faust may have held this doctrine, but there is nothing to show that Goethe did. To take the common instance of Frederike Brion. Goethe played with her affections, it may be said; that is, he engaged her heart more deeply than she could move his, and when he got tired of the relation he broke it off, and did not appear to suffer in doing so.

> 'Hearts are many, and poets are few;
> So his pardon is lightly spoken.'

He does not need pardon; he would not accept it. Goethe (it may be said) acted towards women as many smaller men have done, without forfeiting an honourable character. He would not be bound; and his affections were more quick than constant. If honour demands that a man who has won a woman's heart and pledged his own shall fulfil his pledge, prudence and experience often say No. It is a humiliating position to be unable to meet one's obligations, to become bankrupt in sentiment and honour, and to make a fresh start in life. But there are cases where it is better to have done with an unreal relation than to perpetuate it into the misery of ill-assorted marriage.

Goethe

Goethe in leaving Frederike did no more than is done every day by young men who make foolish engagements, and are dragged out of them by prudent parents. We pity the young people, we do not always blame the parents. All is not right; it may be that a heart is broken. The responsibility ought to rest somewhere: but the judgment of the world absolves the adviser because he acts for the good of his young friend, and the young friend because he yields to people wiser than himself. We treat the young man's fault as that of a child who breaks china—the effect is out of proportion to the intention, and, in short, it is a pity and cannot be helped. The world forgets the victims: likely enough Lydia, Delia, and Chloe found consolers. La Vallière became a saint; Montespan's and Dubarry's fall was but in proportion to their rise. Charlotte got on very well with Albert; Frederike—unfortunately Frederike's fate cannot be rounded off with a comfortable conclusion—the china was broken in that case.

But though such considerations as these may partly excuse Goethe at one-and-twenty, they do not excuse him at forty. Let us confess that Goethe's heart was cold. If he did not drink deep of the spring of love, it was because with him love, and art, and letters, and science, held a divided rule; or rather he commanded all at will, and love was but one province of his realm. The wisest judgment estimates a man by what he has, not by what he has not; but to make a subtraction sum, as if qualities were quantities, is a stupid method and leads to an absurd result. Goethe had in full measure the defects of his qualities; and we must not demand in him constancy or sacrifice in dealing with women, any more than piety in Byron, humour in Milton, sobriety in Burns, contentment in Carlyle, or passion in Wordsworth. Great men have great faults; among those of Goethe are to be reckoned a want of delicacy of feeling, a forgetfulness of the claims of past relations and absent persons, and a strong animal nature little controlled by conscience or reason.

As far as reason entered into the question, Goethe's view of love was, like other views of his, an echo of the antique. He was convinced, both by judgment and taste, that the Greek enjoyment of nature and the Roman endurance of evil were the highest ideals reached by humanity: he had no sympathy with a religion which is founded in pain: he did not pity the victims, the flotsam and jetsam of the sea of life: and the 'Roman Elegies' show how deeply imbued he was with the spirit which says, 'Live for the day'; which is enshrined in Greek gems and marbles, in the lighter odes of Horace, and

in the comedies of Terence. What did Horace care for old Lyce when she had lost the power to please? She had danced and drunk out her day, and must get through the evening as she best might. Goethe had no fears about the evening of his own day: every human being, he thought, must bear his own burdens, and complete his own success or failure: he would not acknowledge an obligation to strengthen the feeble knees, nor whimper like a Christian about sins and consequences—life must be lived to the full if at all, as the Greeks lived it. Death is no part of life, 'no sensible man would think of it:' to toil and fret about what is past and cannot be helped is to him to be 'ohne die Freude des Tages und mit der Sorge für Morgen.'

Goethe's view of life and love is not in agreement with his own expressed wish, that God would grant us to see the consequences of our actions: but from the point of view of enjoyment of the present, it is, though blameworthy and of bad example, perhaps not inconsistent. We do not wish to make excuses for Goethe, any more than for Ovid; and he has less excuse than the Roman poet. There is much in Goethe's life which is inexcusable. We have not a word to say in defence of his licentious practice or his infidelity to women with whose affections he had played. The purity of the Christian life might well have convinced him that Paganism had not perfected human nature, and that eighteen centuries of Christendom had justified St. Paul's condemnation of it. And to do him justice, Goethe did not preach sexual morality or immorality. His doctrine is that art is not moral and not religious, and he has many followers. But whatever his doctrine, his life was not edifying. His virtues must be sought outside the sphere of domestic and sentimental love. He is no guide to constancy and purity. It is because he was a genius and a poet, and because he wrote so well about love, that all the world has been interested in his personal life. We find it wanting, partly because with all his sensuous fervour his affections were neither deep nor constant: partly because he chose to accept the Pagan rather than the Christian rule of morals. But let us concede to him at least as much as is granted by De Quincey, who, after his savage attack on 'Mr. Goethe' in 1824, wrote after the poet's death as follows:

'His rank and value as a moral being are so plain as to be legible to him who runs. . . . He speaks of his own "virtue" sometimes, and we tax him with no vanity in doing so. . . . He preserves a tone of gravity, of sincerity, of respect for female dignity, which we never find associated with the levity and recklessness of vice. We feel throughout the presence of one who, in respecting others, respects himself.

himself; and the cheerfulness of the presiding tone persuades us at once that the narrator is in a healthy moral condition, fears no ill, and is conscious of having meditated none.'

At any rate, it is due to Goethe to judge him as far as possible by his own standard, if we wish to see him as he was, without favour and without prejudice.

What is the riddle of the second part of 'Faust'? To the ordinary English reader it is a phantasmagoria,—a quickly passing succession of scenes; and in this it is like a man's life. No one, not even Goethe, can settle the order of the events which are mirrored in his character; he cannot, without being a hermit, abstract himself from more than a few of the chances of life. The most that philosopher or Christian can do is to convert these chances to his own use; and so, though it may seem to want purpose, the story of 'Faust' is a record of success through failure. He learns as he goes from scene to scene, how the life of the world has been lived: he learns more and more to be content with what is brought to him, to give up the hope of creating circumstance, and to use instead what he finds ready to his hand, to apply the experience of the past to present needs. More and more he learns the true worship of Nature: to believe that past forms of thought are still instructive and fruitful, that the universals of Nature are always true. Euphorion is the harmonizing of ancient and modern thought, of which Byron is taken as the minister. The search after the absolute teaches him that to gaze at the sun of abstraction dazzles, and that the absolute sunlight is only visible as it shines back from human life: 'So bleibe mir die Sonne in dem Rucken,' he exclaims.

Motherhood and womanhood are the truest objects of worship. Helen, the supreme type of beauty, half revealed to the Greeks, is to be sought by their methods, but without pedantic exclusiveness; for the ages, which were ruled by the Germanic spirit, have also their scale of beauty unknown to the Greeks.

The wise man sits at the feet of Nature to learn what she teaches. He does not try 'to force her with screws and levers.' He does not apply petty theories to explain her riddles, for it is better to enjoy than to explain. He is comprehensive, not eclectic: he does not sit outside Nature contemplating, but he is a part of Nature, and may not select or reject, as if he were a little Creator, from what Nature presents to him. Every fact of natural history, and of human history great and small, contains a lesson to open eyes; there is in Nature neither shell nor kernel: and the one thing that may rightly be hated and despised is the formulating, sectarian, separatist habit of mind which twists everything into confirmation of theories.

Goethe

Goethe detests above all the spirit of negation. It is 'der Geist der stets verneint' which works in the children of disobedience, though he knows that in the end even that spirit 'stets das Gute schafft.' If Goethe had a superstition, it was that all things work towards good; if he had a weakness, it was that of shutting himself off from the ugliness which is inseparable from the pattern wrought in the warp and woof of life. He would not see or think of anything ugly: not from want of courage, but because it disturbed contemplation. In his very optimism lay a contradiction; and it is just where he refused to be mastered by circumstances, and to receive into his soul the bitterness of life, that we feel a false note struck.

Goethe is accused of an anti-Christian feeling, and there is enough in his letters, as well as in his other works, to give colour to the accusation: 'If people would only keep piety, which is so essential and loveable in life, distinct from Art, where, owing to its very simplicity and dignity, it checks their energy, allowing only the very highest mind freedom to unite with, if not actually to master it.' What offends him in the current Christianity is its sectarian aspect. His poems, he gives us to understand, show that, as a man and a poet, he venerates the Cross: but he thinks it unworthy of a philosopher to refer the whole scheme of heaven and earth to 'that contignation.' He honours the Christianity of primitive times, and the charity and piety which continues to-day; but he dislikes dogma and exclusiveness. Law and Gospel are to him symbols of necessity and freedom. 'This basis rests on the decided contrast between the Law and Gospel; and secondly, upon the accommodation of such extremes. And now if, in order to attain a higher standpoint, we substitute for those two words the expression Necessity and Freedom, with their synonyms, their remoteness and proximity, you see clearly that in this circle is contained everything that can interest mankind.' '*Nur das Gesetz kann uns die Freiheit geben.*'

But the law is at an end for Goethe as for St. Paul. True historic Christianity is as Luther (but not the Lutherans) conceived it: 'On the one hand, the law striving after love; and on the other, love striving back towards the law, and fulfilling it through faith.' Catholicism is in his view 'a kind of Gentile Judaism,' and he hates the wood of the Cross, 'that contignation.'* 'No rational man ought to trouble himself to unearth and set up the wretched carpentry of torture *Marterholz*, the most repulsive thing under the sun. That was work for the bigoted

* Zelter, p. 481.

bigoted Empress-Mother; we ought to be ashamed to bear her train.'* The character of Christ is a different revelation from what is called the religion of Christ. 'Each of Christ's appearances, every one of His utterances, tends to bring what is above us within the range of contemplation. He is always rising Himself, and raising others from what is low; and as this is most striking with sinners and transgressors, such instances occur very frequently.'† And he goes on to say, 'Schiller had this same Christ-like tendency innate in him: he touched nothing low without ennobling it.'‡

But from the doctrine of sin, repentance, and mortification, Goethe held aloof. Asceticism to him was blasphemy against nature: he believed with Montaigne, that the true end of life is 'jouyr loyalement de son estre,' and he recoiled with disgust from that morality which is founded in the consciousness of sin and results in the saying 'perinde ac cadaver.' Equally would he have disliked that morality which is founded on the consciousness of human misery, for his philosophy assumed that men are creatures of dignity and happiness. The doctrine of George Eliot would have been as repulsive to him as that of St. Paul. He did not feel in himself the need of a Mediator or of a Comforter. Nor would the doctrine of Georges Sand have satisfied him, that humanity is the sport of its passions, and that to feel truly is the only morality: for that doctrine is Christianity *minus* the historical discipline of Judaism; and to Goethe, sentiment without discipline, and discipline without sentiment, were equally immoral. Nor, again, would the most recent doctrines of the scientific school have suited him—to make use of organized experience, and to organize present experience; to put one's trust in the environment of circumstance and the potentiality of matter; to make all effort an *opus posterorum*, and be indifferent to the present: an intelligible creed to those who believe in a Redemption, a divine event which transcends this stage of circumstance, but a comfortless conclusion for those who must live in the present. But, above all, would he have turned away in weariness from the Elysium of Dr. Strauss, an Elysium of middle-class contentment, with a horizon as contracted as that of Weimar, and no heaven above it.

Goethe's philosophy or religion combined, it is true, all these elements, except the contemplation of sin and sorrow. The power of passion is depicted in 'Werther,' 'Faust,' and the 'Elective Affinities;' the equality of humanity and the beauty of goodness, in 'Hermann and Dorothea.' His whole life was occupied in

* Zelter. p. 448. † Ibid. p. 413. ‡ Ibid.

reconciling

reconciling life with science, and he believed greatly in the future opening to scientific inquiry, and would have readily accepted George Eliot's position, that tendencies of race, family, and individual character can be harmonized with outward events only by a scientific method. Here is the doctrine of Wilhelm Meister: as Daniel Deronda finds the answer to the riddle of his nature in his Jewish parentage; Fedalma, in her devotion to the cause of her gipsy kindred; Romola, in the resolute exclusion of uncongenial elements; Maggie Tulliver, in the acceptance of her own need of self-sacrifice, —so Felix, in spite of all education, becomes a rough-rider; Charlotte's domesticity outweighs her instincts of passion; Goethe himself rises, *canorus ales*, above the swamps of circumstance into the cloudland of poetry.

But can Goethe's philosophy or religion become the daily bread of common souls? Is it a gospel for the poor? It seems to us that it shares in the barrenness of ancient philosophy and fails, as all philosophy based on pride must fail.

'No man shall be saved by works.' Christian doctrine is based on humility, not on self-sufficiency. And though he save his own soul by his righteousness, the self-saved philosopher is not beloved by the world. If he is a poet, he may make music to be 'the gladness of the world': but most of us can play but a humble tune; and to return to Dr. Strauss, it seems to us that his bourgeois paradise is Goethe's ideal decanted into bottles of moderate capacity and flattened by standing too long. The world will never be saved or comforted in sin and sorrow by a philosophy of leisure and culture, which takes little account of the consequences of action.

It was the assertiveness of Christianity that made Goethe a denier. Christianity, like all living institutions, has prevailed by assertion, not by doubt. It was not natural to Goethe to deny: his aim was always to construct rather than to analyse, and to find points of likeness rather than of difference. But he hated dogmatic ignorance. His unlucky crusade against the Newtonian theory of light was animated by the belief that Newton was, like one of the Schoolmen, deducing from unsound premisses. He disliked the mathematical or deductive order of mind. He believed that the premisses of Christianity were not founded in reason: and he did not choose to consider, that the tree which could bear the fruit of holiness must have its roots near living waters. Indeed, he neglected or disparaged the holiness which is often found in company with superstition and among humble and priest-ridden folks. He would rather that men should be free than pious; and Christian humility

humility was, in his eyes, no virtue. Again, we do not excuse Goethe or palliate irreligion. He would have been a greater and better man if, like Newton, he had been a Christian. But it is something that he never desired, like so many of his contemporaries, the downfall of Christianity. For himself he was a Stoic, a follower of the ancient sages, no Jew, but a free-born Roman.

'Though all men abase them before you in spirit, and all knees bend,
I kneel not, neither adore you, but standing, look to the end.'

Goethe never claimed to be the founder of a religion or a philosophy. He put into forms of poetry his thoughts upon life as he lived it and saw it lived: to have become didactic would have been to make himself another heresiarch in a sect-ridden world. There was nothing in him of the heretical spirit, the spirit of self-willed rebellion. Sectarianism he disliked as much as he liked a new suggestion or creation. It was the positiveness and narrowness of sects that deterred him, not their unorthodoxy. Hence his rage against Wolff (Isegrim as he calls him) and the Chorizontes (whom, as he writes to Schiller, 'we will curse with the curse of Ernulphus') because they dissected Homer, and cared more for the process of production than the thing produced.

Hence, too, his contempt for an age given to 'criticism, not contemplation,' his hatred of the French Revolution and its results, and his distrust and dislike of German politics, German patriotism, German enthusiasm. He was himself the child of the eighteenth century, the age of criticism and destruction; but he preferred to think of it as existing under stable institutions: he had no love for the destruction which is necessary for reconstruction. He admired Napoleon the organizer more than his colleagues of 1793, and had little faith in the democratic new birth which is the ruling spirit of the nineteenth century. The age seemed to him paltry, impatient, destructive, ignorant of what was worth preserving and what might be allowed to perish without regret. It is easy to represent Goethe as a croaker and a respecter of persons, a hanger-on of the system of little courts, which, like *la petite culture* in agriculture, produced flowers and fruit at Weimar, and afforded a comfortable atmosphere for poets and men of letters, but was out of harmony with the ideas of 1789, and could never have made Germany a nation. He regretted the eighteenth century with its leisure, its canons of politics, morals, and art, its belief in constituted things and the temperate rule of convention, more favourable to individual talent and character than the new theories

theories which tend to subject all to an universal bondage of equality. It was not for him to prefer the 'extension and enlargement' of the century which was opening to the 'depth and unity' of that in which his part had been played.

It is easier to understand than to excuse Goethe's indifference to politics—when all is said, we are conscious of a want. No one would wish Cowper to have been a politician. Wordsworth in his hermitage was better employed than if he had come down into the dust of daily life. The same may be said of Schiller. But Byron was more complete as a poet for being a man of the world; Coleridge's cloudland was illuminated by his interest in modern problems; and we honour Scott for taking a full and manly part in the affairs of his time. To Goethe this manly completeness is wanting; he took his retiredness for a virtue, whereas it may more truly be looked upon as a defect of charity. Not that he was a mere observer: no man shunned his kind less than Goethe. The spirit of the 'Excursion' was as alien to him as that of Timon, Thoreau, or the Saints of the desert. He needed no retreat into the wilds to travail with great thoughts. But he would not waste himself upon the vulgar, his soul would dwell apart; and what he gained of theoretic calm and breadth, he lost in healthy sympathy with the world, and opportunity of leading and guiding his contemporaries in other directions than that of art. He forgot Shakespeare's warning:

> 'Thyself and thy belongings
> Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
> Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.'

This being his habit of mind, we need not wonder that he took little interest in the new settlement and the future of Germany. He believed in government and the rule of the stronger. He was 'always a Royalist': and he did not choose to think that democracy and its attendant vulgarity furnished the conditions under which future problems of art and literature must necessarily be worked out. He would have been greater if he had accepted this inevitable conclusion, and welcomed the new state of things as Victor Hugo and Heine did. But if we consider how and where Goethe's life had been passed, we shall be able to see why the nineteenth century was to him a dreary time to live in. He was forty years old at the outbreak of the French Revolution. Those forty years had been spent in studies aloof from public life. From the first Goethe had little to do with politics, and his giving up all reading of the newspapers in the last years of his life was a small

small sacrifice. Indeed, what politics were open to a subject of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar?—little more than what Dangle calls 'theatrical politics.' The real politics of the time consisted in the growth of the ideas which French literature, taught by Voltaire and Rousseau, was infusing into the mind of all Europe, foreboding the downfall of privilege and the growth of nationality; the wars of Frederick the Great, giving its final form to that contest between old and new which began in the sixteenth century and was completed at Versailles in 1871; the effect on men's thoughts and lives produced by the absorption of Germany into France, and its deliverance from Napoleon, after the terrible events of the years 1805–1813; the rise of such institutions as the Tugendbund, and the appearance of such individuals as Arndt and Stein—men whose aims would appear to Goethe both chimerical and undesirable, and their methods noisy and vulgar. The apparent politics were such *misères* as the mediatization of ecclesiastical Princes, the titles of modern Kings and 'Electors,' the fortunes of the Confederation of the Rhine, the tergiversations of Bavaria and Saxony, the settings and pirouettings of Haugwitz and Hardenberg, Metternich and Castlereagh, the greedy selfishness of Prussia, the clumsy selfishness of Austria, the Treaty of Vienna, the new face of old things under the Holy Alliance. Goethe did not see, and it would not have gladdened him if he had seen, that the besom of the French conquest had swept away the lumber which clogged the Holy Roman Empire, and that the emancipation of thought for which he cared so much could only take place in a country where speech was free. It was all one to him whether Germany was ruled by French prefects or German officials, provided that art, science, and letters were left alone. We may be sure that Goethe had no greater love for Holy Alliances than for Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Neither one nor the other concerned him much; but the theoretic life was led more easily and more harmoniously under the old than under the new state of things.

The sentimental enthusiasm of his countrymen offended his taste; the new school of writers, emancipated from the old rules and with nothing new to say; the new learned, less profound and more political than the old; the new poets with their philanthropic themes; the new painters with their revived mediaevalism; the new architects with their sham Gothic; the hurry and discomfort of steam and machinery, which treated high and low alike, and threatened all the world with a cheap equality—all those signs of a levelling to mediocrity which came in the train of the Revolution of 1789. 'Enough for me, that

that the long, ever important, and at the same time troublesome period from 1789 onwards (when, on my return from Italy, the revolutionary nightmare began to oppress me) up to the present time has become perfectly clear and connected in my mind; besides, I can now bear to look at the details of that period again, because I see them in a certain connected order.' This made him feel that the days of Art, as he knew it, were numbered; that the principles which he inculcated would perish with himself.

'Everything' (he writes), 'dear friend, nowadays is *ultra*, everything perpetually exaggerated in thought as in action. No one knows himself any longer, no one understands the element in which he moves and works, no one the subject which he is treating. Pure simplicity is out of the question; of simpletons we have enough. Young people are excited much too early, and then carried away in the whirl of the time. Wealth and speed are what the world admires, and what everyone strives to attain. Railways, quick mails, steamships, and every possible kind of facility in the way of communication are what the educated world has in view, that it may over-educate itself, and thereby continue in a state of mediocrity. And it is, moreover, the result of universality, that a mediocre culture should become common; this is the aim of Bible Societies, of the Lancasterian method of instruction, and I know not what besides. . . . This is the century for men with heads on their shoulders, for practical men of quick perceptions, who, because they possess a certain adroitness, feel their superiority to the multitude, even though they themselves may not be gifted in the highest degree. Let us, as far as possible, keep that mind with which we came hither; we, and perhaps a few others, shall be the last of an epoch which will not so soon return again.' *

'A strange confusion presents itself when one looks into the political and moral imbroglio of the world of art, manufactures, and science: all sorts of advantages and disadvantages in the various branches, at one and the same time. Everything that is undergoing *extension and enlargement*, excellent! Everything that requires *depth and unity, near its destruction.*' †

Goethe, like Wordsworth, believed that the human spirit has never been unequal to circumstances—for even the dark ages were retrieved, and the ruins of Rome built up again. He was not so dull as to think that the tempest of the Revolution had destroyed all that was worth preserving: and in his Arcadia, though its groves had been dismantled by the storm, Nature would, he knew, refresh her verdure. 'The older I get, the more I rely upon the law which bids the rose and lily bloom.' There is nothing more admirable in Goethe than the wisdom

* Zelter, p. 246. † Ibid. p. 135.

which

which taught him that 'forwards' is the true watchword for young and old, and that the lessons of the past, if slighted now, will be understood a little later.

Hope was always stronger in Goethe than regret; yet for himself, his most genuine feeling was, 'We must live on from one day to another, and do and accomplish what is still possible.' A month after Schiller's death (1st June, 1805), he writes: 'Since the time I left off writing to you, I have had few good days. I thought to lose myself, and now I lose a friend, and in him the half of my existence. In truth I ought to begin a new mode of life, but at my age there is no longer a way. Now, therefore, I only look straight before me at each day as it comes, and do what is nearest to me, without looking further afield.'* And twenty-five years later, 'Did I not keep the clockwork of my life's activities in good order, I could scarcely continue to exist in so pitiful a condition. This time, however, the hand has only been put back a few hours, and now everything is going again in the old steady way.'†

Goethe was too high-minded, too patient, hopeful, and sensible, to whimper over the past. Fifty years of his life had been spent in the pursuit of the ideal in Art and Literature. He had deliberately abstained from the heat and bustle of active life, and he accepted without cynicism his exclusion from it during the remainder of his long journey. There is no petulance in his regret that the new century chose to learn the lesson of wisdom from its own experience; only a sense of deferred results; the pity of it, that years of bungling and fighting must pass before the new-born pedantries have had their day, and true principles of art and life shine out again from the gunpowder smoke of the Napoleonic era. He accepted the spiritual principles of the Revolution, but did not like to see them translated into action so violent as to alter the conditions under which life must be spent, and to sweep all Europe down the same stream. Nor did he foresee that the effect of railways, a cheap press, and rapid communication of ideas, would be to lay the foundation of a brotherhood of the nations comparable to the brotherhood of literature in the eighteenth century, and of learning in earlier ages. Would he, had this been so, have welcomed the new age? or would he have looked upon democracy as a profanation of the temple of Art?

One of the fundamental articles of Goethe's creed was, 'the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself.' Whatever his disgust may have been, whatever his sense that he had laboured in

* Zelter, p. 32. † Ibid. p. 423.

vain,

vain, he knew that art as well as life must answer to the call 'forwards,' and that it is wise to believe in the healthiness and value of the present. 'The moment must be pregnant and sufficient to itself, if it is to become a worthy segment of time and eternity.' * And the conflict between art and the age is a necessary condition of progress; the conflict out of which emerges what is permanent, separated from what is temporary.

He accepted this more willingly in the case of the theatre, which deals broadly with the common stock of human experience, and cannot afford to depend upon subtleties: Shakspeare holds our hearts by his wisdom and tenderness, but he holds the stage by representing action and passion vividly, and by setting forth situations effectively. Goethe, we may perhaps surmise, had enjoyed in his youth and manhood the applause of the contemporary public; and when in consequence of great historical events it appeared that he had outlived his epoch, he showed some magnanimity in abstaining from snarling, and much dignity in awaiting immortality, whilst experiencing some decay of influence. Not that the sale of his works or the number of his admirers diminished; but he felt year by year that the growth of fame rested upon his earlier works, that to the world as to Napoleon he was the author of 'Werther,' and that the rising generation did not greatly care to listen to 'Wahlverwandtschaften,' the second 'Faust,' and above all the 'Theory of Colours.'

It is the fate of poets to be set aside for the time by more rising genius. The old age of Wordsworth was obscured for the moment by Tennyson, that of Tennyson, perhaps, by Swinburne; it does not follow that the elder poets have outlived their day—rather it is the later age which pronounces the true award of fame 'after these voices.'

We have never been able to see the hero in Goethe. The hero must fight with the dragon, not calmly tread him under foot: it is St. George, not St. Michael; it is Hercules, the much-travelled man, not Apollo, the lord of light; it is the giver of sympathy as well as example, whom men worship as a hero. Heroism implies sacrifice, as well as high endeavour and lofty ideals. Goethe did not eat his bread with the tears of repentance. We may expect to find perfection in him, for he achieved the purpose of his life; but we must not look for a Christian, militant, suffering perfection. As De Quincey says, in the essay we have quoted above:—

'We cannot disguise from ourselves that the moral temperament of Goethe was one which demanded prosperity. . . . Sunny prosperity

* Zelter, p. 357.

sperity was essential to his nature; his virtues were adapted to that condition. And happily that was his fate. He had no personal misfortunes; his path was joyous in this life; and even the reflex sorrow from the calamities of his friends did not press too heavily on his sympathies: none of these were in excess, either as to degree or duration.'

Throughout his life and of deliberate purpose Goethe avoided what gave him pain. He believed that suffering interfered with the right development of his mental and moral endowment, and he resolved not to suffer. When his mistresses began to have irksome claims upon him, he deserted them; when his friends refused or neglected to worship him, he turned his back upon them; when they died he grieved, but in a stately style; illness afflicted his body, but did not disturb his soul; for his vigour of constitution and strength of will, the natural firmness and serenity of the whole man, enabled him to control it. He would not look down into the ugly strugglings of the vulgar mob; to rescue a few, or raise all a hair's breadth, would have seemed to him not worth the labour. To welcome pain and share the burden of humanity never came into his scheme of duty. And when we find him writing about duty as one who reverenced his conscience, we look about for a definition. What was the meaning of duty to a man who to all appearances recognized neither his duty towards God, nor his duty towards his neighbour? Wordsworth believed in the first, Shelley (though in an irregular way) in the second. Goethe taught the world, by precept and example, a third duty, too much neglected in the current rules, the duty towards self: a duty not incompatible with the other two, and best practised by those who know them best; but one that easily declines into selfish arrogance or selfish seclusion. Goethe, living in 'godlike isolation,' never felt the need for that most excellent self-culture which is self-sacrifice. He never sat down in Merlin's chair to lose himself and save himself. He never left his Palace of Art for the 'cottage in the vale:' and so his conception of duty towards self, though neither ignoble nor unfruitful, was tainted with the vice of selfishness.

It would be presumptuous to say more than this, and read the ghost of Goethe a lecture on the duties of poets to their contemporaries. Our business is to contemplate, not to criticize; and the more we contemplate the accomplishment of Goethe's life, the more we are inclined to believe that his nature, in spite of great faults, was harmoniously expressed in it.

ART.

ART. IV. 1. *Thrift.* By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. New edition London, 1888.
2. *The Records of Bankruptcy, from* 1869 *to* 1888.

RELIGION, mostly Christian, is professed by all the powers in Europe, and the ethics of beneficence and brotherhood are taught by churches in connection with each state, as well as by a constantly increasing number of unauthorized expounders. Yet, with all this vocal Christianity, the whole of Continental Europe is at present in a state of unexampled, almost inconceivable, preparation for tremendous war. Those chiefly interested in the conduct of affairs, and so supposed to be particularly well informed, give the most cogent evidence of their belief that war must be accepted as a possibility; with the reserve, which fortifies their evidence, 'that during the present year at least, the peace of Europe will not be disturbed.' Twelve million men can in a fortnight be set grimly in array, and to secure this promptitude two hundred millions sterling are expended annually in providing pay, and armaments, and commissariat for the twelve millions. Thus the minds of men, at least on Continental Europe, are habituated to the sense of imminent encounter and catastrophe.

Do we in England see these things as more than visible phenomena; or do we only see them as affairs of politics, with which the Government alone has anything to do? Are Englishmen sufficiently aware of what is meant by a great Continental war? Moreover, are they so assured of the abundant wisdom, not to say the love for England, governing the states of Europe, that, although these states may be prepared for a determined onslaught on each other, war will never come on us; or that no two or three of them will, under any circumstances, come to terms involving a combined attack upon the British Empire? Scarcely a state in Europe is without some dormant claim against us. Territories that we hold have been a part of their dominions, or on some account or other are the object of their national cupidity. Only eighty years ago the governments of Europe, many of them friendly we are told, were all in arms against us. Should this state of things occur again, are we resolved to be the worthy present representatives of those who, when the Continent succumbed, maintained our isolated fight against accumulated Europe and the Corsican adventurer?

The Government of England seem to be awake to the condition of affairs, and are endeavouring to prepare the country for the possibility of war. But are the people similarly provident and prudent? They have been accustomed to rely with thankfulness

fulness upon their special providence, the permanent protection of the sea. Yet, as a great terrene convulsion throughout Europe might affect the sea itself, and raise a desolating wave that would submerge and ruin half the coasts of England, so it may be found in the next European war, when the inventiveness of all the Christian world is turned to this peculiar subject, that our ancient friend and natural protector may entirely fail us; and, by some naval accident, or sudden and unfortunate development of science, it may become the great highway for our invasion, rather than a wide, impassable, and fortifying moat against the enemy.

It has been said, by one of high authority, that war is not at all times, in the end, successful by the mere effect of a superiority in numbers, or in military science, or in material equipment, or in all these combined. In a protracted war, with time for preparation, the strong character and resolution of the population, on one side or the other, is the weight that turns the scale. Stout-hearted men with healthy nervous energy, abundant sympathetic patriotism, and self-abnegation, if they abandon social toys when war approaches, never can be overcome. The more persevering, self-denying, and instructed people must, in a war of nations, ultimately win.

But people of this stamp are providently wise. While trusting to the Government for all that Government can do, they undertake and carry into full effect their own peculiar social duty; thus, at once encouraging the national administration and disheartening the enemy. They see that in time of war society must modify itself; the efflorescences of wealth and luxury must be abandoned, and the strictest regulation of utilitarian expenditure must be adopted. Wastefulness is constantly increasing in the halcyon days of peace; and wastefulness is one effect and means of intellectual, political, and moral degradation. Times of trouble, even periods of war, have been accounted blessings, somewhat in disguise, when they have been the means of mitigating or arresting the absurd and prodigal expenditure of general society. Were we involved in a great war, the cost would be at least two hundred millions annually; and Englishmen should make, at frequent intervals, a strict enquiry into the amount and disposition of their social income and expenditure; so that, by deliberate economy, instead of hasty sacrifice, this annual two hundred millions sterling may be saved to pay the cost of a defensive war.

In every well-conducted private business, and in national finance, there must be periodically a clear estimate and statement of expenditure and income. But in an intermediate position

between individuals and the State, is the great aggregate of men and women called society, in which there is an almost total carelessness about habitual expenditure. Society has no arresting balances to make; it is perennial and constant in its inconsiderate outlay. No one checks the orders or sums up the bill; and, as a consequence, the prodigality goes on increasingly, unquestioned. At the present time, when Government is framing estimates for warlike preparations, it will become the leaders of society to supplement these calculations by a similar discovery of the means by which the millions needed for a war may be obtained with the least injury to the trade and interests of the nation. For the security of England, social finance is as important as efficient armament, or as a due supply of men; and it behoves the nation to decide, with resolution, that superfluous outlay and expense shall be abandoned.

To this end a very strict review of social customs of expenditure and waste becomes essential; and as such review should be as wide as possible, affecting every class and rank, and every habitude, and character, and inclination, certain curious forms of homely and eccentric, wasteful outlay will be met with. With the general advance in civilizing arts there is, unhappily, no corresponding progress towards collective wisdom. Custom, the director of nine-tenths of our expenditure, is founded partly on convenience or necessity, but much more largely on mere vanity and want of common sense; and the result of this unreasoning custom is abundant wastefulness. Time, health, enjoyment, high intelligence, creative skill, the hopes and valuable efforts, as distinct from the absurd desires and mean frivolities of life, are sacrificed; and all this loss has been accepted by the world as something predetermined and inevitable.

Yet how many social customs are entirely irrational; the commonest and most accepted being, as it seems, the most absurd. And, to begin with the great measurement of life; the chief and permanent expenditure of men is their expenditure of time, which is persistently, and almost always, made in an unnatural way. The sun, the great originator and support of life, should, it appears, be regularly followed in its daily course. But good society repudiates the day-time that is made for healthful exercise, and chooses night-time for its recreation. Working days begin from four to six hours later than the average daylight, and extend as many corresponding hours into night. The folly is entirely wanton; no resemblance of a reason can be given for it, and the tax on the community is enormous. Nothing is gained by the ridiculous perversity of living wide awake at night, and sleeping in the day. The injury

injury to health is great; no one who has tried what would be called extremely early, albeit natural hours, rising at 4 A.M., and making bedtime 8 P.M., can have failed to notice, even after short experience, how great is the improvement and invigoration of both health and spirits. Lives are shortened by this foolish, fashionable want of the clear morning air; while the consumption, mostly needless, of unwholesome gas, and oil, and electricity, and candles, is an enormous annual tax on the community. And this is all submitted to as if the want of light were of divine adjustment; whereas nothing is required to bring the public round to a becoming, reverent use of light and time but some combined, if furtive, daily alteration of the hands of clocks and watches, so that in six months or so the public may be brought to use the night and day as Nature has designed them to be used. The present fashionable dinner-time is two or three hours later than the dinner hour when George the Fourth was king, but no one has discovered or explained what good has been attained by this postponement. If, however, the postponement is persistently continued, the result may ultimately be an absolute correction; and two centuries hence, the dinner hour may have reached half round the clock to 8 A.M. on its return again to twelve at noon.

Time being thus restored to proper use, the element of place in social life should be considered. Houses of almost every kind are clever opportunities for constant waste. The mansion of the man of wealth is often rather an 'exhibit' than a place to live in. During the last century the great proprietors built houses very largely, if not chiefly, to obtain applause. They were the connoisseurs in building, and could imitate the style, but not the common sense, of ancient builders. Two-thirds of the expenditure was merely waste. In many cases this is obvious; but the vast amount of useless work in houses of this kind must be examined and sought out with care before its total cost can be appreciated. Palaces like these were types of monumental pomp, not comfortable habitations; and the evil influence of their bad example has descended to the meanest effort at house-building in the present day.

The imperfections of our modern houses have been frequently denounced; but there are few who really understand these failings when denouncing them. It is remarkable that most of the objections taken are to things that can be borne with reasonable equanimity; and houses generally are no vainer or more flimsy in their character than most of those who are content to own, to inhabit, and to abuse them. Frequently we hear of the insanitary state of the subsoil on which the houses are erected;

and it never seems to be remembered that a thin covering of concrete will prevent the slightest injury from any soil in London. Many a congregation worships, quite securely, every Sunday, separated from a layer of decaying corpses only by a six-inch course of rubble-stone and lime.

The great, serious defect of modern houses, one that hardly ever is referred to, is the thinness of the roofs and walls. The old heavy-timbered cottages with thick stone or cobble walling, and thatched roofs, though often grievously defective in some ways, were both comfortably warm in winter and in summer shadowy and cool. But the thin-walled, slated-roofed, new cottages are places of continual torture; cold in the winter, and in summer 'baking' hot. Nothing needs more attention from the sanitary authorities than this question of the walls and roofs of cottages and third-class houses. Families sit all the winter evenings in their hot, close rooms on the ground floor, with fire and lamp, or possibly with gas, to bring the temperature up to seventy degrees or more. Going upstairs to bed they find a temperature, if that can be the word, of about zero, and in this subarctic state of the thermometer they lie for some eight hours. No wonder that bronchitis and pneumonia are prevalent. These roofs are murderous, and they are being introduced, in substitution for the comfortable, wholesome thatch, on the estate of every improving landlord. Nearly every slated cottage in the country is unfit to live in; even houses of the well-to-do are often similarly insalubrious. The public do not understand these things; and so they waste their money on these death-traps, which again waste people's lives.

The walls and roof of every dwelling-house should be constructed as much more than a support and covering; they should be an efficient clothing and protection from the changes and severities of our capricious climate. The first enquiry by a possible proprietor or occupant of any kind of dwelling should be one concerning the construction, quality, and thickness of the roof and upper walls. Most houses are but over-large umbrellas; a protection, sometimes, from the wind and rain, but not much more; and each of them requires another house encasing it outside to make it comfortable as a habitation. Every new house has some poor pretence to architectural style, and to artistic or æsthetic ornament. But were the money usually spent on these futilities laid out with judgment in providing for the health and comfort of the occupants, the same good sense would soon supply appropriate decoration; and thus waste of every kind would be prevented.

Proceeding then to the equipment of a house, the two words 'goods'

'goods' and 'furniture' are, in respect of household chattels, held to be of the same meaning; yet there is a great distinction in the proper use and value of these simple terms. 'Goods' are to be considered things of worth, acquired by labour, and selected with discernment. A man's goods are evidences of his energy and power; the things have come to him appropriately, have almost grown around him, and they manifest himself; they are especially his own; he has contrived, selected, and arranged them; and by them, as much perhaps as anyhow, he may be known and estimated. Such used to be the nature of a man's immediate home surroundings. In their excellence and quality they justified their appellation; they were emphatically 'good.'

Now, men are different, as 'furniture' is different from 'goods.' Their furniture is mostly a display of general empty-mindedness; but otherwise it is in no peculiar sense a demonstration of the actual proprietor. It is supplied entirely by others, at a price, to supplement the purchaser's deficiency. Most houses are 'well furnished' when they are replete with dear upholstery; the merits, or demerits, and the quality of which are often much beyond the owner's comprehension; and the poor purchaser is thus surrounded by the evidences of his incapacity to find enjoyment in his own legitimate expenditure, or properly to regulate his own affairs. Few things are more grotesque to witness than the mental impotence of ordinary purchasers in an upholsterer's shop. Their ignorance of what they want—a desperate state of things in every way; their want of sound appreciation of good work, if haply they might find good in such places, with their inability to detect the bad; and, as a natural result, their absolute surrender to the business-like suggestions of the clever salesman, who, with confidence that this will be sufficient for his purpose, tells his customer that the expensive trash before him is 'the fashion,' or 'æsthetic,' or 'high art.' The average customer does not, at these places, spend his money for his own enjoyment, or to be the means of giving reasonable pleasure to his friends. His object is the admiration of just that portion of the world whose admiration has no value; those who, like himself, are seeking, or are striving to maintain, some pitiful position in society, whose members emulate each other in this senseless way. A London drawing-room is generally crowded with expensive, worthless elegancies, that are meant to be admired for their apparent costliness. The owner's status in the world is often measured by this queer display. And this is waste.

The nonsense might perhaps be kindly overlooked, were its bad influence confined to those who have abundant other opportunities

tunities for wise expenditure. But for the great majority of men their household furniture becomes a special means of mental degradation. Contemptible in quality, and sad to see, it is to some extent the gauge of a man's character, and is an influence on his social conduct and surroundings. He must 'live up to' this poor stuff; and in his daily life, and his more sumptuous entertainments, the expensiveness with which he thus becomes accredited must be maintained. And so men live in a factitious poverty, by means of that which is esteemed to be a demonstration of their wealth; they waste their lives and sacrifice their dignity and peace of mind for the false show of 'furniture' that was imposed upon them.

Even the working classes are considerable sufferers from this curious epidemic. In their narrow houses there is often one room set apart as the best parlour. It is seldom used; indeed to use it seems impossible, it is so crowded with the furniture collected as a show of the proprietor's superfluous income! And then the things are utterly unsuited to the circumstances of the owners; who, in place of simple chairs and tables and a clean white floor, with money constantly accumulating at the bank, are cumbered with these wretched imitations of bad furniture, which render cleanliness impossible. As an investment the display is but of transient value; the poor 'fashion' of it is already, did the purchaser but know this, out of date, and most of it is only seasoned firewood. Indeed a holocaust of nine-tenths of the ornamental fashionable furniture in England would be but a wholesome and peculiar 'act of faith.' The clean and simple dwellings of the well-conducted poor arouse intelligent and reverent sympathy. The costly and obtrusive elegances of the rich are mostly mere appeals to ignorant astonishment and vulgar admiration.

Dress is personal 'furniture.' A garment, clothes, may be the outward indication of the man; but dress is that which hides the wearer's character, and rather manifests his interest in fashion. All the picturesque effect of clothes designed expressly for the wearer, and exhibiting his individual delight in colour, decoration, and arrangement, so that in every company there shall be agreeable diversity of style and of impression, has been lost to us; and we have now, in fashion, the dull, constant repetition of accepted forms, that have, by some unknown authority, been foisted on society. Some fifty years ago not only were the characters of individual men and women fairly indicated, and themselves distinguishable by their known habiliments, but these clothes themselves were cheerful; colour abounded, and a daylight, mixed assembly was as many-tinted as a bed

a bed of flowers. But this humane delightfulness has passed away; men dress with ugliness, in black, and women with extravagance, and in 'degraded tints.' Here then, again, is waste; there is no adequate return. The money, if expended with good sense and free from fashion, would supply both sexes with a picturesque and even sumptuous attire.

Throughout society there is a constant waste of opportunity. The object that great numbers have in view is not pure, absolute enjoyment, founded on beneficence and self-respect; their chief desire is undistinguished prominence and commonplace exclusiveness; that wondering beholders shall impute to them some counterfeit advantage, said to be the fashion, but which otherwise they do not care for; and they toil and worry, and lament and envy, till their lives are wearied out with this ridiculous and wasteful whimsey. They are not satisfied to be in actual evidence before the world; but always seek to show themselves in masquerade, in other, richer people's style of clothes, which does not suit them, and which is besides extravagantly costly. Every year this melancholy, mountebank condition of society becomes more general, and its demonstrations are more dismal. But in the times of art, distinct from fashion, working men designed their own habiliments; and then the gala dresses of the great, the clothes of priests and kings, were workmen's clothing glorified. Some fifty years or more ago the working men wore corduroy, and flannel jackets; all their clothes were simple and enduring, fit for workmen, and the wearers had a commonsense, appropriate, appearance that ensured respect; they were not foolishly ashamed of their condition. Now the workman, substituting a close carpet-bag that hides his tools for the old recognized tool-basket, dresses in broad-cloth, with the notion that, because the classes who are not employed on manual labour wear such cloth, it must be an advancement of his own condition to be similarly clad. Nothing shows more clearly the peculiar morale of working men than this poor aspiration. It is firstly in appearance that they seek to raise themselves; they spend their money on this vanity, and then, dissatisfied because appearances do nothing for them, they assume that their due share of fortune is improperly denied them. They all fail to note that, when the middle classes take to work, or 'healthful play,' they put on flannel, 'cords,' and working clothes; though sometimes hardly any clothes at all. Our cricketers and boating men would look as silly as the working men themselves, were they attired in dress suits and in 'superfine.' Again, this question of the workman's clothing has another and more general interest. The middle and the upper classes

classes have adopted something like the clerkly dress of the beginning of this century, and it is neither comfortable nor becoming. If in the development of fashion medieval workmen's clothes were studied, good might come of it. At present, as the round smock-frock is almost gone, the navvy is the best attired man among us. He alone looks well equipped and manly in his workman's clothes.

In food the waste is even greater than in dress; and the condition of the poor, in this respect, is specially absurd. In London, even for the classes who are counted poor, there is abundant, not to say excessive, food. The want is not in the material, but in the cooking and the serving of the viands. That the immense majority of Londoners pretend to cook at home is a remarkable neglect of economic combination. To prepare a wretchedly cooked meal for one small family, as much time, and care, and fuel are required as would be ample to supply a meal of mundane nectar and ambrosia for twenty families; and in the middle and the upper classes there is much habitual waste in all that appertains to cookery and food. In almost every family in London one essential portion of the daily food supply is bought ready for the table; and that each family should buy baked bread, a simple product, and should yet insist on cooking, mostly very badly, every other eatable, is hard to be accounted for. Domestic cookery in most families is scarcely worthy of the name, and the resultant loss of nutriment is equal to the cost of half the food provided. Poor men's wives, indeed, can hardly cook at all; and certainly a very large proportion of the drunkenness, home misery, and vice in London, is induced by the too general impossibility to get food properly prepared for the enjoyment of a meal. This is a strange perversity. People pay largely for comestible delights, and are entirely disappointed; they might pay one-half of the amount and be entirely gratified. And this is also waste of untold millions every month throughout the year.

Throughout greater London every block of houses has a central area of what are called courtyards, or gardens. Might not these dull, dreary spaces be made useful as a scene for general gustatory delectation? Nothing more forlorn perhaps could be conceived than these enclosures. Turn them into kitchens, stores, and dining-rooms for the surrounding houses, and they would become the family Elysiums, delightful and beneficent. If poor people could, like many of the rich who live in flats, have all their meals thus, in a sense, at home without the care of preparation, the relief from interruption to their household duties and their other occupations would, with

the direct saving of expense, be equal to one-half the cost of their at present indigestible, uncomfortable meals.

From waste in cookery the next step is to waste of coal. Of late there has been much improvement in the details of the ordinary kitchen range; and coal is consequently saved. But by the system of a central kitchen for each group of houses not one-twentieth of the present cumbersome supply of cooking tackle and of fuel would be needed. One or two large kitchens, on an average, would be quite sufficient for each block of building; and connected with the kitchen fires there might be a sufficient heating apparatus to warm every room in the surrounding houses. For due supply of air the actual chimneys might be utilized, and both warmth and ventilation might be under the control of those who occupy each separate apartment. Gas stoves might be arranged for incidental use; but gas for lighting will, it may be hoped, be shortly superseded by electricity.

Here then would be a cumulation of economy. The nutriment of London doubled in efficiency, the domestic coal consumption lessened by four-fifths; and besides all this, the smoke plague correspondingly diminished. The enormous injury that this filthiness of smoke entails on every kind of workmanship, on flowers, and shrubs, and trees; the loss of light in winter time, when light is most required; and the pernicious influence on the public health of long-continued darkness and of sulphurous fumes, are such a combination of inflictions as has never heretofore been suffered; such as, were the public wise, or Christian, would not be permitted to endure.

A detailed calculation of this household waste would be beyond our present scope and opportunity. But since so few inhabitants of London live in houses of their own, it may be well to mention, that the external painting needed under the great canopy of smoke is thrice as great as that which is required beyond it; and within the houses there is corresponding injury to paint and papering and ceilings, and to linen and all textile fabrics. Then the cost of cleaning, when the rooms and their contents are really cleaned, is three or four times what it would be if the air were pure. And this enormous tax is borne by people well to do, as if it were a first necessity of nature. But a large proportion of the middle classes do not clean. Their door-steps are attended to, and possibly the staircase and the "public rooms;" but those who are acquainted with the penetralia of their houses say that the condition of large numbers of these places is revolting. People are becoming, year by year, acclimatized to dirt, with all its physical and moral injury.

But the most cruel injury is the injury to the poor. These people

people have no serving-maids to keep their rooms and houses clean. Fresh painting, whitened ceilings, and new paperhangings are for them a rare experience; and all their washing is performed at home. They cannot open any door or window without letting in foul air; the air without is, in a different way, as dirty as the air within; and so their rooms, however close and fusty, are made doubly dirty by the element and process that should be the purifier of the home. No possible oppression of the poor can be so great as this; the very air of heaven is arrayed against them, and the light of day is grievously withheld. Their clothes, their rooms, their furniture, themselves are steeped in a perennial filth. The streets are slimy, and the houses black with the polluting stain; and yet the British public are consenting. Travellers can tell of nasty habits in far-distant countries, but the air at least is left comparatively pure. We are not satisfied unless the atmosphere we breathe is laden with defilement; and we heartlessly condemn the poor to live, or die, in this continual obscurity and dirt.

What wonder that there is such serious discontent in the metropolis! The poor have little time or energy to think; they have to work and suffer, and to drown their sufferings. They have been born to dirtiness; the dirt seems natural and appropriate to them; it increases just as they increase. That they should ever become cleanly, or attempt to be so, is beyond their thought or expectation. London is to them an awful aggregate of injury; no joyous social combination of bright homes, but a negation of the hope of comfort and of happiness for which men live. The very sun, the means of life, is hidden from them; nature itself is almost non-existent. Noah's deluge and seclusion were for him a transient evil, and had hope to end it; but the deluge of coal smoke is for the unfortunate survivors of our population permanent and desperate. And this is heedlessly permitted, by the people who are apt to pride themselves on their benevolence, their Christianity, and their remarkable intelligence; for who should be so wise as the most wealthy and experienced community upon the surface of the globe?

It is indeed deplorable that we have here in London more of hopeless slavery than on any other equal portion of the earth. The wife of a poor labouring man, with half a dozen children, and herself compelled to labour for her livelihood, has little time for domesticities. She cannot cook; and as to keeping her rooms clean, her wealthier neighbours are continually pouring the grim dirt from factories and household fires in at her windows. She can never overtake the constant task of cleaning or endeavouring to clean. Her life is one of toil indeed; and

she

she becomes at last entirely acquiescent in her pitiful condition. As to her children, they are brought up to believe that dirtiness is the peculiar state of life to which they have been called; and upwards of three millions of our London population are thus in, or tending to, despair.

There are at times spasmodic, very feeble, efforts to abate the great smoke plague. But it appears that no one has discovered or defined, in this particular, the meaning of the word 'abatement.' Smoke in London is a varying and uncertain, though a constantly increasing, quantity. The schemes for its 'abatement' have been therefore constantly delusive. No abatement can be valid that will not, in a reasonably calculable time, result in absolute cessation; and compulsory prevention, warranted by applicable science, is at present the chief need, and should become the greatest hope, of English citizens.

To Londoners, accustomed to their present cloud of smoke, it is hardly conceivable that seventy years ago their city was a bright and sunny town. The amount of coal consumed was not above one-sixth of the consumption now, and people then were economical of fuel; care was taken to get all the coal well burnt, to yield the greatest heat; and chimney-sweeping by the climbing boys was more expensive than the present method. In the year 1828 the price of coals per chaldron was equivalent to our two pounds per ton; * and Londoners were

* We have been favoured by Mr. J. D. Scott, of the London Coal Market, with the following particulars of the supply and price of coal for use in London in 1828 and 1888 respectively:—

'In 1828 the imports into London were 1,537,931 chaldrons (the chaldron was equivalent to about 25¼ cwts.); as there were at that time few facilities for distribution, this, no doubt, was mostly consumed in the Metropolis and a certain distance outside.

'In 1888 the imports into London (the area of the Metropolitan Police District) were:—

By Sea	4,887,583 tons.	
By Rail	7,613,223	„
By Canals	12,340	„
By Roads	13,742	„
Total	12,533,088 tons.	

* From this, however, must be deducted the large quantities carried over the railway system, used for bunker supply for our large steamers, and for export. This quantity amounted in 1888 to 3,119,326 tons, leaving an estimated consumption within the area of, say, 9,414,762 tons.

* The average price of coal in the market in 1828 was 38*s.* per chaldron; but this included 6*s.* per chaldron Government tax, 1*s.* 3*d.* City coal duties, and, say, 2*s.* other charges connected with the carriage. To arrive at the price to the consumer it will be necessary to add about 10*s.* to 12*s.* per chaldron.

* The average price of best coal on the London market during 1888 was 16*s.* 6*d.* per ton, which includes 1*s.* 1*d.* coal duties. Here again must be added about 8*s.* to 10*s.* for the price to the consumer.'

then

then comparatively poor. Now coals are one-third less in price, with a much wealthier and more wasteful public; so that probably our aged friends can well remember when the smoke of London was not equal to one-tenth of last year's nigritude. In 1817, residents in the then well-conditioned quarter near the 'Angel,' Islington, would, sitting in their gardens, watch the shipping at Blackwall; and but some fifty years ago a favourite summer evening's walk was to the slopes of Highgate, to see over London to the Surrey hills, with Banstead Downs and Epsom Stand, the woods of Anerley and Shooter's Hill, and the returning Margate steamboats on the river. At Queenhithe in 1832 the air was quite as pure as now it is at Streatham or Blackheath; and beds of flowers blossomed to perfection within twelve furlongs of the City boundary.* This state of things must be regained. The climbing boys who lived so much in chimneys were esteemed quite natural and necessary fifty years ago; but they were very promptly superseded when the public conscience was awakened. Now we have four million people of all ages similarly ill-conditioned, living in the smoke supplied by chimneys; and when public thought has been efficiently directed to the matter the inhabitants of London will, like the poor climbing boys, be liberated from their grimy misery. Were coal smoke avoided by complete combustion, and were houses scientifically warmed, the saving in the cost of coal, and in the labour and sickness, the destruction and depreciation caused by smoke, would in one year yield all the sum that is immediately required to provide sufficient parks and playgrounds, gardens, boulevards, and avenues for the metropolis; and London then would be as bright and cheerful as it was three-quarters of a century ago.

In maleficent conjunction with the filthiness of smoke is the habitual dirtiness of London streets, and of the courtyards of the houses. Here is a waste of health and labour that, if economized, would more than meet the highest possible municipal expenditure for cleanliness. The surface muddiness and dust engender and disseminate disease; and from the roads and courtyards dust is constantly extending to the houses. The

* There are those still living who remember open fields within a mile of Margate, cattle and sheep grazing at King's Cross, a stag hunt finished at the gates of Burton Crescent, meadows near Cold Bath Fields; and the river Fleet still open down to the City boundary. At that time there were living those who used, when young, to congregate in Goswell Road until they should be strong enough in numbers to go on to Islington—who is not sure where now is the Great Northern station, and who, walking in the evening from the 'Angel' to Tottenham Court Road, met but one party, who in the dusk had failed to recognize their own relatives, and spoke to ask the way.

municipal

municipal authorities have first to make the streets in London scrupulously clean; beginning, not with the more wealthy neighbourhoods and the main thoroughfares, but with the poorest and the most obscure; and then to keep them, day by day, in perfect cleanliness. They then, and not till then, may reasonably call upon the occupants of houses to put their gardens, and out-buildings, and courtyards in order, and to keep them drained and clean. Travellers by railway in the London suburbs witness a remarkable display of filthiness, and squalor, and disorder in the 'gardens' and back yards of most of the small houses. If the authorities perform their own peculiar duty to the public in a thoroughly efficient way, they will become endowed with moral right, as well as with authority, to make the private occupants and owners keep their territory clean.

Parish surveyors will reply that all the streets are 'swept'; and they assume that this is a sufficient answer. But the question is not one of sweeping streets, but that of keeping them continually clean. To this end, sweeping may be an efficient means; but the result, and not the means, is what we are discussing; and the inefficiency of any present means for cleanliness is obvious. Perhaps the best thing that our parishes can do is to request the authorities of some small town in France or Germany to give them an enlightening lesson on the way to keep our highways clean, and thus to stop the grievous waste of our perpetual dirtiness.

There is attached to almost every house in London a cube yard or two of permanent offensiveness, kept in a box perennially. The box is called a dustbin. It is sometimes emptied, when convenient at once to the contractor and the occupant; but often it is overflowing with the refuse and the garbage of the house and scullery. It would appear to those not in authority that the removal of this filth from day to day, as soon as it accumulates, would be a wise and prudent method. Yet, not only do the authorities neglect their duty in the streets, and, though they periodically 'sweep' them, leave the roads and pathways in a general state of muddiness, but they compel the public to conserve their dirt at home. A notable example of elaborate neglect among us of acknowledged sanitary science, and of common sense.

Another strange display of wastefulness is that connected with our streams and sewerage. Pure water is a constant and ubiquitous necessity; and undiluted sewage is, with proper treatment, a most excellent manure. Yet we combine the two, and make of them a dirty, noxious fluid; which again has to be strained and purified at great expense, and with indifferent result.

result. The stream remains polluted, and the manure has lost the chief part of its former value. This waste is general throughout the country; 150,000,000 gallons of sewage are poured into the Thames, daily. It is remarkable how waste and filthiness associate together.

Waste is, for the most part, due to want of thought. Domestic people deal, as they would say, with their own business; and all public matters are to them quite foreign. They have never been consulted about any public benefit or possible improvement; and when any is proposed it strikes them as a scheme, by which some speculators or projectors will obtain the first, and probably the only recompense. The great value of the County and Town Councils ought to be, that quiet people will be able to take interest in local matters without too much effort, and with some assurance that their interests and their wishes will be studiously attended to. The chief duty of the Councillors will be outside of the council chamber. They should seek to educate their own constituents, to lay before them the deficiencies of each locality, and shew with technical detail and wise suggestion how these multifarious deficiencies may be made good. Beginning with the water supply in villages throughout the country, a search should now be made for the best means of getting a full house-to-house supply in every hamlet. In a large proportion of our villages the waste of opportunity for such a blessing to the people is amazing. In one village, as an instance, there is in the rectory grounds a constant spring of water, high and large enough to give a full supply up to the second floor of every cottage in the place. The stream runs down the valley, through the village, which indeed has been established there for centuries because of the pure water; and the villagers have every day to carry all the water that they use up a steep hill. Twice each day the cattle from the neighbouring farms are driven down the centre of the village to the stream; and from this fact it may be understood how great must be the ceaseless, permanent defilement of the roads and footway, even of the stream itself. A fraction of a farthing in the pound on the house rental would relieve the thoroughfares of all this nuisance of the cattle and their consequences, and bring comfort and convenience into every peasant's home; and half-a-dozen men could in a month or two do the whole work. There must be hundreds of such opportunities throughout the country; but the Councillors themselves should undertake to seek them out.

Let it at once be understood that County Councils are not to be made mere local Parliaments; they are not places where, first, grievances must be declared and satisfied before supply is voted;

voted; they are not to be the talking opportunities for vain self-seekers. The chief object of the Councils is administrative; and the chief duty of the members of the Council will be out of doors. The Councillors must be the local centres of opinion, and the chief contrivers of the physical supply for various public needs. This then will be their 'counsel,' quietly and practically made, and given when they meet. And with this popular and careful method of procedure, waste throughout the Kingdom will be steadfastly abated, and a corresponding increase of prosperity and comfort will result.

To turn from absolute necessities to things of luxury, we always find in wastefulness some evidence of ignorance and vanity. The prices that are paid by purchasers for rarities of various kinds are largely swelled by apprehension lest, as others bid so much, the real value might be more than is discernible. There is a dignified, sincere delight in what is beautiful in nature and in art, but there is frequently much foolish vanity at being its possessor; and to satisfy this vanity prices are run up to most ridiculous amounts. These prices do not indicate the value of these rarities; they merely manifest the folly of the bidders, and the egregious folly of the purchasers; and, were these people wise instead of foolish, they would be ashamed instead of proud of their absurd expenditure, and their high-priced acquirement. Pictures by the old masters, and by fashionable modern painters, often fetch ten times their reasonable value. This is no benefit to art, whatever may be the pecuniary gain to the successful artist. Nothing is more obvious, with respect to both the old masters and to the men of our own time, than that as they became the fashion, and their pay or prices rose, their work fell off; and, though the artistic power might perhaps remain, its demonstrations were inferior. The men unhappily 'got on' into the spheres of luxury; and they then duly wasted their artistic substance in expensive living.

Perhaps no greater waste is made in every condition of society and throughout the Kingdom, than in the various items of intoxicating and 'refreshing' drinks. Apart entirely from the mixed questions of morality, and what is called 'teetotalism,' wise abstention would save annually above one hundred millions sterling in unwholesome drinking. Wine and other forms of alcohol, and tea and other 'cheering' stimulants, may be quite suitable for some; and, moderately used, quite wholesome. But in drinking, as in eating, people act as if without intelligence, like herds; forgetting that the cattle have one beverage only, and but limited diversity of food, and so need small discrimination in respect of 'what is put before them.' Men and women,

who-

who are reckoned as omnivora in food and drink, whose physical and nervous states are always mobile, and are also diverse in each individual from all the rest, yet follow the conventionalities in food, with little variation and with even less intelligence. They seldom seek to take that quantity and kind alone, and at such times, as may be good for them; indeed they hardly ever have discovered what is good or what is bad for each peculiar temperament. The question of the use or the abuse of stimulating drinks has been too much a question of some new, factitious 'principle' or other; which is so insisted on by its supporters as to be made a public nuisance. That intoxicants are used to great excess is true enough; but non-intoxicants, as they are called, like tea and coffee, are possibly as often used injuriously. There is in human nature infinite diversity of power and endurance in the general and nervous energy, and in digestion and assimilation; and a man of high-strung nervous temperament, hearing a temperance orator describing the effects of alcohol, might cap it all by similar effects of tea, 'the cup that cheers and not inebriates.' Even the faculty seldom appear to recognize the injurious results of this refreshing beverage. The poet Cowper seems to have been its slave and victim. Coleridge abused its use, and took to laudanum. The English Opium Eater well describes its bad result. The Chinese as a nation are tea drinkers, and addicted to the other subtle drug. The alternation of excitement and depression in the votaries of tea is evidence of its unsuitability for many people as a stimulant. Melancholia and religious mania are often to be traced to its habitual use; and suicides, and even murders, may be due to the reaction from the cheerfulness of tea.

The question of the use of any kind of food, stimulating or otherwise, is entirely personal. To say that because one man is injured by excess another man should perfectly abstain is most absurd. Probably more men are injured by excessive eating than by excess in alcohol; and are we therefore bound, for the encouragement and aid of those who need conversion from excess, to cease to eat at all of things well flavoured? To say that those who are not injured should abstain is but to make a law without the due preamble. Men vary, not from one another only, but they differ from themselves in different circumstances and at various periods of life. There is no absolute rule, respecting any food or drink, for all men; one man is not to be controlled by other men in his entirely and strictly personal affairs, but each man is to be 'fully persuaded in his own mind.' Each mind, however, should be open to persuasion; and persuasion is

is the question of habitual food should be distinctly of an experimental sort. Each man is provided with intelligence for his own preservation; but the pity is that men neglect this precious gift of individual mind in their peculiar concerns. They do as others do. They eat and drink with freedom, while they are so young and active that the system overcomes the noxious attack; but as men advance a little further into life, and are not quite so agile, then begin the troubles that tea, coffee, alcohol, and many kinds of even simple food, and stimulants, and condiments inflict upon the careless and the inconsiderate, as well as on the intemperate and immoderate consumer. Each man should discover for himself what, and how much, and when, to eat and drink, at several periods, and in the varied conditions of his life; his organism must be recognized by its possessor as a healthy, life-long study and a happy care.

This preface or apology is due to the demand for a cessation of the monstrous annual waste in stimulants. Those who have used a sound intelligence upon this subject testify, that the amount of every kind of stimulant and narcotic used in England is at present most exorbitantly in excess of what is good for the consumers. Probably three-quarters, possibly some nineteen-twentieths of our annual bill for alcohol and 'cheering' stimulants in various forms might be got rid of, and the population would be quite as much the better for the change.

It might be well to institute another temperance association in which individuality in men should be distinctly recognized, and by which information on the quality and influence of various comestibles in various circumstances of the age and life of those that use them should be generally indicated. Most men now are living dying would perhaps be more appropriately expressive in complete or very general ignorance of the effect of what they daily feed upon; and which, although they for a moment may enjoy the food, too frequently results in permanent abatement or negation of enjoyment.

However, the great annual outlay in excessive food and drink is but a portion of the national amount of waste. In London more particularly, but largely throughout England, the general expenditure is much beyond a prudent and judicious outlay. Tradespeople sometimes tell, and always have, unfortunately, documents to show, how large is the proportion of their customers who are permanently in debt. These people are all living in a state of pitiful pretentiousness; competing with each other in their folly. And with all this waste, anxiety, and trouble, they are, on an average, in just the same relationship and relative position to each other, and among

themselves, as if they all had been intelligently economical and wisely prudent. All their schemes have been—and here is the great pity of it—quite without the longed-for, anxiously-desired result. They clamber up the weary stairs with much ado, and find each other on the landing face to face, just as they might have met downstairs; but now ridiculously flustered, and quite ill at ease. And many people spend their lives on this attractive treadmill, and are proud of it. Pretentious pauperism has, for some, amazing recondite attractions; and they live it through, apparently insensible to the disgrace and degradation, with no reputable care for money matters, and no sense of wise economy. Others, however, who by nature are considerate and apprehensive, when they fall into the ways of wastefulness and vanity, become the victims of a life-long torture. People for the most part of but feeble individuality, with little fortitude of mind, of energy or industry, they pine away, and die, by reason of the constant worry and anxiety; and so their lives are wasted, merely that they may spend more money than they actually own.

Would it be possible to gain the friendly interest of those who are in good position, in behalf of these poor weaklings? If our people of strong character and ample means would make it understood that they judge others by a higher standard than the standard of appearance or of affluence; and that among them those who generously confer are more esteemed than those who greedily desire, or presumptuously aim, there might be a revulsion from the paltry sentiments of half the world. At times it is especially important that our strong men should employ their strength beneficently; and at present there is ample need for some such influence. Might there not, among the great variety of fashions that invade us, be a fashion of economy?

But then there is the theory, that extravagant expenditure is good for trade! As well declare that tea is good for teapots. The concern of every man of sense is not for trade, but for the men who trade. Trade is a method only, not an object or an end; and trade itself is best supported by economy of outlay, so that capital may be accumulated constantly, by added interest, for further trade. Were nothing spent on things that are not reasonably enjoyable, there need be no great class of poor among us. The demerit of our present state of trade is that two-thirds of all the articles for sale are either noxious, worthless, or of a fictitious value; and that they conduce to no intelligent, or healthy physical enjoyment. They are, moreover, totally unreproductive.

This

This unproductiveness of so much popular expenditure is the great cause of what is, by inversion, called the surplusage of population. The capital that should accumulate, and thus employ the constantly increasing numbers of the people, is destroyed by waste in outlay and consumption. Though a man that eats and drinks too much, a woman that spends largely on her trashy dress, each does what foolish people say is good for trade, the good is wholly past; and for the present and the future nothing good can come of the expenditure. The capital is gone, expended in ill-health and vanity; whereas with moderation and good sense the wasteful outlay would have been avoided; the cash would, as capital, have been available for further enterprise, and for the employment of the population even in excess of its continual increase, so that wages would all tend to rise; and the condition of the people would be systematically benefited. The apparent surplusage of population is the direct result of epidemic wastefulness, which stops employment by annihilating capital. It is a sound and circumspect economy that, at the year's end, and eventually, will provide, with constant increment, for the increasing population, and be good for trade.

Although the working classes are the greatest sufferers from the common, customary waste, they are themselves perhaps the greatest wastrels. In proportion to their incomes they spend more on mere consumption and on vanities than any other class. The enormous drink bill of the nation is due chiefly to excess in those least able to afford it, and who suffer most from its pernicious influence. In former times the working men were also men of power, and in workmen's art of all kinds took a recognized position in the world. They had due reverence and respect for their condition as the great producing class, the broad, ubiquitous foundation of Society. When working men were satisfied with workmanlike simplicity their cash accumulated; and as age advanced they gradually rose above the sphere and the necessity of manual labour. They retired, well provided for; and then their children took their place, in due succession. Probably two-thirds of the proprietary families throughout the kingdom have arisen during the last hundred years from working men who were not foolishly ashamed of their condition, but who, honouring it, lived simply, so as to attain the competency that the providence of nature gives to those who diligently labour and abstain from folly. The 'oppression' that so many working men complain of is entirely of their own contriving; they themselves keep their condition low. Were they not vain and wasteful, they, with honesty and cultivated skill, would surely rise. Trustworthy, able working men are

always in demand; at present, there are more good places that good men to fill them. The first need of working men, in order to a reformation of their general condition, is their self-reform; and such self-reverence as will cause them to abandon spurious luxury, and take to decent, reasonable thrift.

One form of wise expenditure, distinctly good for trade, and for the working classes, would be a great lateral extension of our railway system, with a well-advised reduction of the fares for passengers. In railway locomotion there is, under the present system of competing companies, great waste of means and opportunity, and corresponding disadvantage both to the public and to the companies themselves. The officials on each line are very jealous of the interference of their rivals, and even of their friends. Their object is to keep all things quite straight in their own sphere, so that no ventures that require increased attention and resource may be demanded. Thus it is that throughout England there is frequently a want of proper physical connection and convenient continuation of train traffic on two adjacent systems under different managements. Even when lines have been approved by Parliament, and made at necessary junctions, the connection sometimes is not formed. Her Majesty, a few years since, when on her way from Windsor to King's Lynn and Sandringham, should have proceeded by the Junction Railway straight to Tottenham. But as no physical connection had been made at Hampstead Heath, Her Majesty was taken a long journey round by Stratford; thrice the time and thrice the distance of the proper, shorter route that Parliament had sanctioned, but which the two companies have for a quarter of a century not made available. In other districts, or indeed in almost every district, similar obstructive policy is manifested in various ways. The waste, the inconvenience to the public, and the consequent injury to the shareholders, is evident to all except those who might perhaps be troubled, for a time, by the arrangements necessary for a beneficial change. Not only are the present means of through communication thus neglected, but new lines, transversely to the general routes, are not promoted, and in many parts the easiest way to get across the country is to join the hunt.

Our railway managers and chairmen are but generals of division, clever in their local way, but not, by their present position, fit to make the most of the grand railway army of the country, for the use and benefit of the whole nation. While the present system is maintained it should be subject to the supervision and control of a superior power, which should contrive and order such co-operation and conjunction that

all adjacent railways, and such equitable reconsideration of the fares as would afford the public every advantage that is due from the great powers and privileges that have, expressly for the public benefit, been conferred by Parliament. Railways as an institution are of course progressive, and the impulse for advance may come at times from those who use them, quite as well as from the railway speculators and proprietors. Of late there has been much stagnation in the railway world. Some foolish litigation, and the expedition of the trains to Scotland, have been, with the Severn and the Mersey tunnels, and the Forth bridge, the chief demonstrations of activity that have excited public interest. We are now doubly wasting time by this prolonged neglect; and waste of time is money permanently wasted. A strong, overseeing, arbitrating, and directing minister of railways is required, who will report from year to year of what has been effected, and of what has yet to be promoted, promptly and not tardily, but in intelligent anticipation of the general public need. The warp of our great railway system is, for our present needs, almost completed; but the woof requires much extension and expansion to make the great network perfect. Railway managers have not yet learnt how much their business would increase were such cheap, rapid, and convenient cross-country routes provided.

This question of completed railways is a part of the great question of our national security. If a system of cross-country lines were thoroughly developed the defensive force of England would be enormously increased. In war mobility and swiftness are essential to success, and an enemy would seek to make his chief attack where railway lines are not available for the defenders. If we now make our railway net complete in time of peace, we need not when war comes be taken at a disadvantage.

This leads directly to the wondrous impotence of our home Volunteers. That something like a quarter of a million of young, able-bodied, willing men should be allowed to spend their time and energy and even cash, to be but half efficient is a miracle of waste and of absurdity. These Volunteers, a force of recognized 'unequal merit, and not fully disciplined, inferior in knowledge and in preparation,' are at present, in their incomplete and inarticulate condition, but a means of weakness to the country; a mere element of strength, and not a real, applicable power. They are to Englishmen a method of delusion, and to the enemy an invitation to invade a people who in military matters can be capable of such egregious folly as to leave the flower of their youth and manhood systematically unprepared

unprepared for war. War is a complex endeavour, and an army is a complicated and articulate machine. Its parts are all required for its vitality and usefulness; to leave a linch-pin out may be destruction. What then is the meaning of a quarter of a million fighting men without equipment? They are truly only food for powder; and the nation that should trust itself to such defenders would be self-betrayed.*

It is not 'marching' Volunteers, or men that carry rifles, that are wanted, but an army fit at two days' notice for immediate war. A few months' drill and target practice will bring any body of recruits up to the present standard of our Volunteers; and yet the corps would be distinctly inefficient in the field. This inefficiency is waste; there is indeed no waste so reprehensible as incomplete insurance against a possible surprise; yet ever since the Volunteers have been embodied, this great waste has been a constant and delusive burden on the nation. Volunteers without accomplished officers are not an army; and their movements have no military freedom, but are only an elaborate goose step, painfully performed, with dire monotony. To make the system work, there should at once be preparation made on paper for the full equipment of an army of four hundred thousand men; horse, foot, artillery, and commissariat, and military train, with known, responsible commanders, and with every preparation for an unexpected, swift emergency. This, within a twelvemonth, should be carried out from paper into actual fact; and by the end of this year, which is said to be our peaceful respite, everything, and every man and horse, should be so ready and instructed that the pressure of a button, in his office, by the minister of war should put four hundred thousand Volunteers in line, from Portsmouth to Caithness, in thirty hours. Were this possible, what nation, or what group of nations, would pretend to invade us?

It has been said that Volunteers are not to be regarded as a mobile and campaigning force; they would be kept in fortresses and arsenals; told off to dockyards and commercial ports to fight behind the earthworks. This is nonsense. On the Continent, behind the twelve millions of the first line in war, there are twelve millions more, at least, for fortress duty; and for us the superannuated Volunteers, the boys, and women, and old men must work the Armstrong guns, wherever they may happen to be found, and leave the Volunteers to meet the enemy

* Even the annual expenditure at Wimbledon is not without an element of waste. Local competitive companies throughout the force, superintended by district officers, and compulsory, would be more military and effective

As

As to our regulars they will be fully occupied abroad, in India, in Ireland, and at home in 'stiffening' the Volunteers.

But the expense? Of course, war is expensive; and the duty, at the present time, of peaceful men is to make wars of mere invasion hopelessly expensive. Our good neighbours are all striving to do this; and it behoves us, as a nation not without a share of wisdom, to acknowledge a well-manifested truth, and to conform ourselves to facts. We did not start or quickly follow this expensive war game; but it will be folly if we so refuse to play the game that we become the fated subjects of the grim reality. It may be, it seems even probable, that this vast warlike preparation is a providential means—a way so indirect and roundabout is characteristically 'providential'—to make an end of wars. If this is likely, then let England do her share in the good work. Let us combine with Christendom in general in such amazing armaments that no one living would presume or dare to put them into operation. Peace then will be compulsory and final; and the swords nigh twell be turned to ploughshares, since they had, in fact, become too heavy to be wielded.

In the meantime we have still to do our warlike, peaceful duty. Neither time nor space would serve to enumerate the multiplied deficiencies in the military guidance and the equipment of our Volunteers. As to the value of these absolute defects, it may be likened to providing every man with a good rifle barrel, but with neither stock nor lock. The element of the machine is there, but what should make it move and act is non-existent. This is a great saving; but it also is a doubtful and ambiguous species of economy. Even our railway managers would think their economical reserve of locomotives but a waste without the boilers and the driving wheels. Did ever any nation but the English so ill-treat those willing to defend them? Our young Volunteers, 'in case of actual invasion,' would be unprepared and unprovided; and, to save them from annihilation, they should be, as Pitt once humorously suggested, 'sent out of the country.' Our compassionating kinsmen, in America or at the antipodes, might then equip them; and when England, having suffered devastation, had been put to ransom for some thousand millions sterling, and had lost her Indian Empire, then the Volunteers might be quite ready to return, and valorously defend her.

Instead of this, it would be well in our short twelvemonth of expected peace to organize a 'regular' and Volunteer staff corps, to be entrusted with the scientific home defence of England. Officers from each branch of the service, in small groups

groups of two or three, might make a personal and detailed survey of the United Kingdom; a survey so complete that each young officer should have his local memoranda for the conduct of a regular campaign. The roads and railroads, land contours, the waterways and harbours, even the woods and hedges, should be noted. Quarters, and the means and methods for the commissariat, the lines of combination and communication, should be well traced out; and everything should be completely registered and docketed at the War Office. These surveys being made, a conference, still of both services, should employ themselves in schemes of possible invasion, and of consequent defence; and many a scientific local strategist will perhaps be found among our younger officers. When, further, all has been well done to make the Volunteers efficient as a military force, the public will have been by interested observation thoroughly instructed in the matter. They will then, themselves, take care that in the future the imperial forces, land and sea, shall be no longer left unready in the smallest item for a possible immediate outbreak of hostilities.

Our Volunteers, at present, in their incomplete and fragmentary state, recall to mind the melancholy vision of 'the valley which was full of bones.' 'There were very many in the valley; and, lo, they were very dry.' The inquiry comes at once, 'Can these bones live?' By 'prophecy,' and 'noise,' and 'shaking,' the bones came together 'bone to his bone,' and then the sinews and the flesh were added, and the covering skin. The 'four winds' sent breath into them, so that they all might live; and then they 'stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.' Will some seer among us 'prophesy,' and make a noise, and raise the wind, that our incorporate defenders also may become at once a real army?

A sound method by which the defences of the country should be made of personal and social interest to the public is through oral information, with appropriate local illustrations. In the Arsenal at Berlin, after the Danish War, there was exhibited a model of the lines and operations at Duppel; and, every half-hour, or so, throughout the day, the public were admitted in convenient numbers, to hear a short lecture from a non-commissioned officer on the engagements there between the Prussians and the Danes. Nothing could have been contrived more likely to arouse the interest of the people in the science and the art of war. Thousands were thus instructed; and, no doubt, in the Sadowa Campaign the lessons learnt in the Arsenal at Berlin were not forgotten. If the maintenance and the extension of our national defences is for the future to be justified,

it

it must be by adopting the instructive method of the military at Berlin.

But this invigorating public interest must be chiefly local. Local men, and women, cannot comprehend the military interests of the whole of Britain; though they may be quite proficient in the details of their own locality. This means that every district in the kingdom must possess its local army, perfect and complete; with arsenals and fortresses, dockyards and guns; and the accounts of each divisional command should be detailed for local criticism. There is no suggestion here of any diminution of the central chief authority. An army is essentially a hierarchy; and the chief commander must be absolute, with other quasi-absolute commands in due subordination. But we are dealing for a democratic power; and our great aim must be to keep and treat it as a power, and not as an infirmity. We have to make England strong; and this is only to be done by a direct appeal to the intelligence and interest of the people. Make the army and the navy popular, and in a sense local, and both the services will gain a popular support of which we now, with our exclusive, or secluded, system have no record or example. Every one who is informed at all knows well that our defences, even with the present large proposals, will be vastly insufficient; and we also know the reason why. No Government dare make a full demand for all that is required, because the people would not even partly understand the need, the method, or the value of the outlay. The first duty of the Government is to obtain the full support of an instructed nation; not of people who vote money in a scare. If each district could behold its local army, and its navy, and its local fortresses, and could understand them; if its young men were the life of its own home brigades; and if each thriving port could see its men-of-war and its protecting cruisers building and manœuvring, local interest and rivalry among a warlike people like ourselves would lead to such perfection in our military state that England would be hopelessly impregnable. It was a 'local' fleet that intercepted the Invincible Armada.

This all means a total change in our late system; late, because there is at present a slight movement in the way that we are indicating. The late system must indeed be totally abandoned; its intolerable wastefulness condemns it. Those who direct it are but men; and some are negligent; and some, it seems, are not particularly candid, or intelligent; and some are merely timid. In such large, unwieldy, complicated undertakings as our military services of all kinds on land and sea, there must be an enormous annual percentage of unnecessary waste;

waste; and this is just the fact. We know that Parliament votes annual sums for special objects; and we also know that there is seldom—we had better, for the sake of reasonable truth, say never—any account of money left, even by accident, unspent. The rule is to expend the whole, however wastefully. Such is, or was, the system in both services.

Some years ago a high official, one who had full opportunity for knowing what he said, declared that if he stood on Portsea pier with sacks of gold beside him, and should throw it all, hand over hand, and pound by pound into the sea, he could not equal the contemporary waste in our dockyards. And there is no great reason to believe that recently there has been any noticeable increase of economy in those establishments. Where the eleven millions that were voted on the Penjdeh scare have gone to, goodness, or the alternative best knows. Why cannot a commission be appointed to reveal the way in which that grant was wasted?

But the whole service is anomalous; which is another term for wasteful. Batteries of artillery, of which the nation might be proud, reduced, to find the cash for military trains; our forts and fighting ships without their guns; men without commissariat or transport; and the cheapest estimates accepted for provisions, without due inspection on the part of the consumers: no personal responsibility in the commanding officers for the equipment of the men, and, consequently, their indifference to economy; all these are things that need a radical reform.

And yet the Government are not to be exclusively condemned, or even blamed. Each Government is quite as good as those who made them; and no Government can, on the whole, anticipate the public in advancing to improvement and reform. The British public are intensely ignorant about political and military science and details; and if the services are incomplete and faulty, even when affairs, as in the case of the field batteries, seem to go backward, the real fault is with the nation, rather than with those who make the estimates. It seems that at the present time the object is to make the services symmetrical, as the first step towards their ultimate perfection. They are to be all brought up to line, a feeble line no doubt, and thus are to be made consistently instead of inconsistently incapable. There then may be a well-arranged appeal to fortify the services on sea and land, and bring them, by the breath of popular approval, up to the necessary strength. The new responsibility of the Commander-in-Chief for the expenditure of the army is a great advance: and such responsibility should be entailed on every officer in the two services, that each

may

may take a pride in and obtain due credit for the economy as well as the efficiency of his command. And thus at length the country and the services will substitute economy and strength for feebleness and waste, and will throughout be ready and prepared for any sudden and defensive war.

The Governments of Europe vary, in an intermittent way, in power and wisdom; and their forces may by some mere accident lack due direction or restraint. These forces are then not unlikely, from excitement and increasing pressure, to burst out upon the line of least resistance; and though seemingly prepared for Paris or Vienna, Moscow or Berlin, they may, in the mere course of nature and of circumstances, find their vent on England. Eighty-four years since, the converse happened. Our forefathers then, with less than half our present population, had embodied twice the number of our Volunteers, besides a fleet that, for efficiency, puts ours entirely to shame; and so Napoleon found England unattractive, and he marched across all Europe to Vienna, Ulm, and Austerlitz. Are we less wise and resolute by half than our grandfathers were? and would it not be well, by similar precaution, and by merely making ourselves difficult, to guide the want of wisdom on the Continent from any foolish enterprise against the coasts of England?

The question is not whether sea or land force is to be our actual defence, since we may do our best at sea, and yet an accident may leave us open to invasion. Even in the quietude of peace it happens that a fair proportion of our battle ships are navigated to the bottom of the sea; and war is turbulent with risks and chances. This is admitted, and to face the enemy we must, on sea as well as upon land, be wholly and not half prepared. The serious case respecting England is that Continental armies need but two weeks' preparation to be actually on the frontier, and a night would transfer them across the Channel. Then 'It is the opinion of the greatest strategist of the age, and one who gives the fullest weight to the native courage and military spirit of Englishmen, that a hundred thousand Continental troops could march through England, from one end to the other, in a single campaign'; and we are told, by one of similar authority, that 'The continued existence of the country as an independent nation would be decided within fourteen days.' So that within a lunar month, and owing to our indolence and selfishness, our country may be blotted from the map of Europe as a power. Those who have seen the Alps at sunset, and a short time after, will remember the appalling, ghastly pallor of the change; and when we thus have ruined England, such, throughout the world, will be the change of heart

heart and countenance of every man and woman of the English race.

But now the greatest waste of all is waste of human life; not of its mere existence in the world of time, but of that enjoyment of vitality which should be the lot of every human being. Every year this natural enjoyment is diminishing among us; as our towns increase in area and population, there is a continually increasing number of inhabitants of various ages who are more and more shut in from the associations and delights by which, in the due course of nature, they should be surrounded, and by which their characters and physical conditions would be favourably influenced. In our cities and large towns a stranger might suppose that the inhabitants were in a state of constant servitude, and that the Egyptian tasks in mortar and in brick had been inflicted on the Gentiles when the Hebrews had escaped them. Does not the mind revolt at the perception of this state of misery? If those who in their easy circumstances have the yearly recollection and the hope, and possibly the daily pleasure and experience, of country life, can by these helps maintain sufficient health and spirits to enable them to work throughout the year, with intervals of relaxation, does it ever strike these well-conditioned people that their poorer fellow-citizens are suffering throughout their lives from the denial of those gifts of nature which they are themselves so careful to retain? Millions of Londoners are in a state of poverty and deprivation which no free community in the world's history ever before experienced. No city is, or has been, half as large as London, with such density of population, such a miry climate, and such poisonous air, forbidding flori culture and, almost, the simplest, hardiest vegetation. These imprisoned millions seem to have abundant means, by railways, to get out into the clear and wholesome air; but then the other means are wanting. They are poor, with wages very low, and families not always very small. Their time is measured by the hour: not as with those who are their betters, by the year, with weekly opportunities for relaxation, and with frequent change of air. These millions of poor people, as they cannot get into the country, must have somewhat of the country brought to them. Three-quarters of a century ago there were in London open spaces down almost to the northern City boundary, and, to the south, within a stone's throw of the river. Seniors still living can remember the fine breezy areas of Shepherdess and Copenhagen Fields, and many another plot of land entirely free and open to the public. These should have been, at any cost, secured in perpetuity as play-grounds; and with such 'Gates of the

the Sun' continually open to them the London population would have been perhaps still tolerably healthful and well grown. Even when Parliament has carefully secured a modicum of light and air in the metropolis, our popularly-elected bodies just as carefully abolish it. 'The Acts for the formation of the road from Paddington to Finsbury provided that no houses should be built on either side within fifty feet of the road, thus leaving a space between the houses of one hundred and sixty feet. The vestries, however, wishing to increase the area of rating, tacitly, and the Board of Works systematically, granted permission to build over the front gardens; and thus there will be lost to London a continuous open space some four miles long, as large as a suburban park, besides the opportunity for making what might be the finest boulevard in Europe.' Here, then, is immediate work for the new London Council; whose first enterprise should be to schedule every vacant piece of land in the metropolis. Then every square quarter of a mile should be provided with its half-acre of playground; every square half-mile with its two acres of bowling-green and flower-garden; and every square mile with its ten acres of cricket and tennis ground, and avenues of trees. The covered reservoirs of the great water companies should at once be rented and laid out as promenades. The cost! and land so dear? Of course the land is dear, because the people are so rich. Let them now pay for what is for their good, and save the money that they waste on what is notably injurious, and all this new expenditure will be something to rejoice in.

Those who are well conditioned will, in thankfulness for that which they themselves abundantly enjoy, determine that the poor in London shall secure a full, appropriate share of those great gifts of nature that have made this world inhabitable by a healthy race of human beings. The people of our towns are rapidly degenerating, and to the great injury and damage of the nation. Englishmen are living greatly in a fool's paradise respecting their assumed invincibility; they should remember Maiwand and Majuba Hill, which are much nearer than Quebec, and Trafalgar, and Waterloo to our own time and circumstances. In three-quarters of a century great changes have been made in England. The dull, stalwart fellows who marched through the Spanish War, and who secured our Indian Empire, were sons of the soil, hereditary agriculturists, who lived out in the open air. Their lives were rough and hard; their food was coarse, but wholesome, and they did not eat too much. The weaklings died, only the strong could live; and these strong men, well led, won all our battles. Now

we

we have men of quite a different physique; who sprout up, in a sickly way, in close-built towns; who live on gas, and garbage of half-cooked, insanitary food; to whom pure air and sunlight are unknown. And when the numbers of the people have been taken as a calculation for our national defence, a large discount must be made of these imperfect, unavailing specimens of human nature. They could hardly cover their five miles of ground in marching order; and, when fighting, might, in their quick, nervous way, endeavour chiefly to dodge cannon-balls and bullets as they fly. If we neglect the ordinary laws of nature in the lives and circumstances of our populations, Nature will punish us; and now, in many of our largest towns, these laws have been, from sordid selfishness, entirely set aside. This is, however, a result of the bad local tenure of the land. In a complete and resident proprietorship selfishness would, with intelligence, be wise and enterprising, with a strongly liberal side. But here, in the metropolis, the mass of transient and uninterested occupants are poor and unintelligent; and London is the most conspicuous wastrel of both men and means.

For instance, one great cause of local suffering is the fog that frequently drifts up the valley from the Kent and Essex marshes. These wide levels, mostly lower than high-water mark, are breeding grounds for ague; and, besides developing the mists that mixed with smoke make London dark and dreary, they are pestilential to the country districts for some hundreds of square miles. Were the inhabitants of London and its eastern suburbs interested in the property on which they live, they would at once endeavour to abate this widespread nuisance. Bordering these marshes there are hills, and downs of chalk, that, with the shortest 'leads,' might easily supply sufficient earth to raise these flats above high-water mark, and, with efficient drainage, make them wholesome. The dry sewage of the neighbouring metropolis might then be used to fertilize the whole recovered area, and make what had been rank and sour marshes cultivable fields, the warm subsoil of which would keep the surface free from aqueous condensation and malaria; a widespread sanitary benefit, and corresponding agricultural economy.

As a nation we are the most wasteful and extravagant in Europe; and whatever be the virtues that our teachers tell us we possess, still, persevering thrift and persevering waste do severally tell. And if the waste is ours, and French and Germans have the thrift, then, in a somewhat calculable time, the money markets of the world will be transferred from London to the Continent, and England's lustre and security will be most grievously diminished. Since the great French War, although

our

our population has been doubled, and our income has increased fourfold, there has been but a fragmentary diminution of the public debt. In the last seventy years at least ten millions annually should have been paid off, and we should, by this time, have been quite free from national indebtedness. But we have been content to live in growing waste, to boast, with silly vanity, of our great wealth and openhandedness, and our impulsive energy; forgetting, in our insular conceit, that industry and thrift are in the end quite likely to have gained upon, perhaps indeed to rival or surpass, the qualities on which we so habitually pride ourselves. And this, or part of it, has now already come to pass, to our ridiculous astonishment.

The public, always in a somewhat childish mood, and very much averse to introspection, look to the Government to regulate, of course by some relief, their fiscal policy; and party leaders, humouring this weakness in their clever way, pretend with various veracity to seek and even to effect a diminution of the debt. For an exceptional transaction, such as Mr. Goschen has successfully conducted, we should be considerately thankful; but the most that Governments can do is trifling in proportion to the power of economy neglected by the public, yet continually latent with themselves. It is ridiculous to hear the fuss and outcry about some reduction or addition on the income-tax of a few odd pennies in the pound. It would appear as if the twopenny affair were really serious to the nation, and as if no call upon their purses could compare with it; whereas for every penny that the income-tax abstracts from them they throw away a hundred pence in gross, unmitigated waste. The cry for annual retrenchment is, for the most part, but the cry of people who desire in others that in which they are themselves defective. After all, our rates and taxes are perhaps the best laid out of all the money that we spend.

Here then has been described a public state of wastefulness that, while it might excite surprise in a fresh-comer from another world, should rather be an element of hope to those who are among us; since we have scope and opportunity for abundant methods of improvement and reform, and the reform may be immediate and absolute. No Acts of Parliament, or very few, would be required to carry out the whole scheme of improvement. Every man and woman can, without assistance, do a proper share; and all would be the better, wiser, richer, for the change. When people take themselves in hand in strict and critical review, with resolution, good will surely come. What has been quoted as the general state of waste in England now amounts to twice the whole imperial taxation of

of the country. Why may not this immense expenditure and loss be annually saved, and used in sound remunerative enterprises? The resultant increase of our annual wealth by annual investment of the saving would be unaccountable. What peaceful preparation for defensive war this resolution, practically made, would realize! What combination against England could be then conceived, or seriously attempted? If the English people show that they can rule their family finance, and guide themselves with wisdom and with moderation; that their desires are for substantial good, and not for trivial appearance; that they, a nation of some forty millions of distinctly individual active minds, are wholly self-controlled and self-respecting, who would think of undertaking the humiliation of a people so entirely articulate through all its members, and so mutually confident? In all affairs the most trustworthy are the men who save.

This is all visionary, it may be said. Precisely so; sound wisdom sees and cogitates before it acts. It always looks ahead; has visions of the future, and of what is needed in the world. The visionary is the first and necessary side of what is practical. Without a vision how can practice be begun? What has been pointed out for reformation is not speculative and contingent, but direct and individual. All might be done at once, and, were war to invade us, all these things, or others not so easily acceptable, but mightily injurious, would be required of the people. If statesmen throughout Europe find that warlike preparation is essential for security, it surely will be wise for England to have visions of economy; and those of us who have due understanding of the times, should learn and know what England ought to do. A great community of sound financiers, strict in wise economy, is, other things permitting, quite invincible.

ART. V.—*Annals of the House of Percy, from the Conquest to the Opening of the Nineteenth Century.* By Edward Barrington de Fonblanque. In Two Volumes. London. For Private Circulation only. 1887.

IN these sumptuous volumes Mr. de Fonblanque has traced the descent of a princely estate and an illustrious title. In so doing he has had occasion to write the annals, not of one family, but of four; for three times over, owing to the failure of the male line, an heiress has endowed her husband's race with the famous name and vast possessions of the historic Percies.

That the founder of the House of Northumberland came to England from Normandy seems clear enough, and, if we would trace the Percies further back, we may content ourselves with the theory of the learned Dugdale, that their progenitor was one Manfred, who 'came out of Denmark into Normandy before the adventure of the famous Rollo thither.' But here in truth we are lost in the mists of conjecture and tradition, and the utmost that the historic conscience will justify is to acquiesce in Mr. de Fonblanque's judicious dictum, that 'The Norman Percies must have had an ancestor, and the legend of Manfred the Dane may be accepted as well as another.' Manfred is said to have been baptized in 912, and to have been the ancestor of four generations of Norman nobles who were Lords of the Canton of Perci in Lower Normandy. It would appear that a cadet of this family, William de Percy, either accompanied or immediately preceded the Conqueror to England, and received from him a grant of lands in Yorkshire. These lands were the rightful property of a Saxon lady, one Emma of the Port—or de Port—so called from her ownership of Semer, near Scarborough, then an important sea-port; and it seems that William de Percy compensated the Saxon maiden for the loss of her possessions by making her his wife. The story is thus told in the ancient 'Registrum Monasterii de Whitbye:' 'Emma of the Porte . . . . was Lady of Semer besides Skarburgh afore the Conquest, and of other lands, William Conqueror gave to Syr William Percye for his good service; and he weddid hyr that was very heir to them in discharging of his conscience.' Sir William Percy seems to have adopted the habits of the people among whom he settled, for his nickname of *Als Gernon*, equivalent to *à la Barb-* [illegible] that he had followed the Anglo-Saxon fashion of [illegible]eard and whiskers grow. This nickname [illegible] later times, and remains unt

of the Percies, and of other families which have derived it from them.*

Besides the lands which he acquired with his wife, William Percy received from the Conqueror large grants of territory in Northumberland and Durham. He built the castles of Spofforth and Topcliffe; and figures in the Domesday Book as holder *in capite* of eighty-six lordships in the North Riding of Yorkshire, exclusive of Whitby, of thirty-two lordships in Lincolnshire, and of other lands in Essex and Hampshire. He joined the first Crusade, and died in 1096 within sight of the Holy City. He was buried at Antioch, and his heart was brought to England and deposited at Whitby in the Abbey Church, which he had himself refounded. His successor was Alan Percy, of whom little more than the name survives, and he was succeeded by a second William Percy, and he in turn by a third of the same name.

This William de Percy, fourth Baron, acquired the great manor of Pettiward or Petworth in Sussex. He was twice married. By his second wife he had no children. By his first, Alice de Tunbridge, daughter of Richard, third Earl of Clare, he had several sons, none of whom survived him. It is one of these sons, Ralph Percy, Lord of Smeaton, to whose sacrilegious crime and consequent penance Sir Walter Scott refers in the second Canto of Marmion:—

> 'Then Whitby's nuns exulting told
> How to their house three barons bold
> Must menial service do;
> While horns blow out a note of shame,
> And monks cry "Fye, upon your name;
> In wrath for loss of Sylvan game
> Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."
> This on Ascension Day each year,
> While labouring on our harbour pier,
> Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear''

Besides these sons, William de Percy had two daughters, Maud and Agnes, who, owing to the failure of his male issue, became his co-heiresses. The elder (who died without children), married William de Newburgh, third Earl of Warwick

* As these sheets are passing through the press, we have received the interesting and important Work of 'The Battle Abbey Roll,' by the Duke of Cleveland, in which the reader will find much information respecting the House of Percy. Indeed the title hardly does justice to the Work as the records of an ancient family in the country upon the history and lineage of which it does not throw light. We hope to be able to return to these interesting volumes at a future period.

The

The younger, Agnes, was destined to an even more magnificent alliance.

King Henry I. had married, as his second wife, Adeliza, daughter of Godfrey, Count of Louvain, and Duke of Brabant, in whose veins flowed the blood of the illustrious Charlemagne.

Adeliza married, as her second husband, William de Albini, and some years afterwards she sent into France for her half-brother, Jocelyn of Louvain, 'to share her prosperity and happiness,' and also, it would seem, to improve his fortunes by an English alliance. He chose for his bride Agnes de Perci; but her father declined to allow the tokens of his daughter's descent, as sole heiress and representative of the Percies, to be absorbed even in the honours of the princely house of Brabant. So we read in the Register of Whitby Abbey, that—

'This Jocelyn . . . welded this dame Agnes Percy upon condition that he shold be called Jocelyn Percy, or els that he shold bare the armes of the Lord Percy, and he toke the counsell of his syster and he chose rather to be called Jocelyn Percy than to forsake his owne armes (which he feld ore, a lion rampant, azure), for so shold he have no right title to his father's inheritance, and so of right the Lord Percy shold be Duke of Brabant, tho they be not so indede.'

The Lady Agnes survived her husband for nearly a quarter of a century, and died at a great age in 1205. With her the Norman Percies ended. Her eldest son had predeceased her, and, on her death, the honours of her house devolved on her grandson, William de Percy, then in his fifteenth year. Meanwhile her second son, Richard, had inherited the property of his aunt, the Countess of Warwick, and he now assumed the baronial rights, and administered the great possessions, of his nephew the youthful William. This Richard de Percy, one of the signatories of Magna Charta, was a bold and turbulent Baron, and had no notion of surrendering, even on the termination of his nephew's majority, the advantages which he had thus accidentally acquired. After much litigation, it was decided that he and his nephew should divide the property during his lifetime, and that he should continue to be the official head of the family, and that on his death the two moieties of the great estate should be reunited in the possession of his nephew. He died in 1244, and his nephew, William de Percy, who then first succeeded to the full enjoyment of his undoubted rights, died in the following year. His son Henry de Percy, who now became ninth Baron, married Alianore, daughter of John Plantagenet, Earl of Warren and Surrey,

and dying in 1272, was succeeded by his only surviving son, Henry de Percy.

We have now arrived at a critical turning-point in the fortunes of the House. Henry de Percy was essentially and pre-eminently a soldier. Throughout his life he was engaged in enterprises of arms. He fought with conspicuous gallantry and success in Scotland, Wales, and France, and, in recognition of his great services to the King, he obtained the royal license to purchase the lordship and Castle of Alnwick. This acquisition placed him at once in the foremost rank of English nobles, and the connection of the Percies with Northumberland dates from this period. Till then, they had belonged to Yorkshire. Alnwick Castle would seem to have fallen into a very dilapidated condition before it was transferred to Henry de Percy. Indeed, he practically rebuilt it. A learned and laborious antiquary, the Rev C. H. Hartshorne, thus sums up his research into the structural antiquities of the Castle. It was Henry de Percy who built—

'the barbican and gate-house of approach, the western garret, the Abbot's Tower, the Falconer's Tower, the Armourer's Tower, the Postern Tower or Sally-Port, the Constable's Tower, the Bayn Tower, the tower and gateway betwixt the outer and middle bay great portion of the east side of the keep, the well, and in all probability a tower standing on the foundation of the present Record Tower; as well as all the intermediate ones westwards up to the barbican. There are marks of his work more or less numerous throughout the whole building in this direction. Obliterated in some places by modern reparation, then again apparent for a few feet, mingled with earlier and disfigured by later masonry, it is yet perpetually apparent, and unmistakably shows how much of the building is due to his exertions.'

In 1299 Henry de Percy was summoned to Parliament, and from this time on he and his descendants bore the style of Lord Percy of Alnwick. He joined the Baronial confederacy against Piers de Galvestone, and after the execution of that adventurer, fell under the royal displeasure; but was pardoned, and re-instated in his honours. He was taken prisoner at Bannockburn, was ransomed, and died in the prime of life, in 1314. He had married Eleanor Fitzalan, daughter of the Earl of Arundel, and by her he left a son, Henry, who now succeeded as second Lord Percy of Alnwick.

Though only fifteen years old when he succeeded, this young Lord Percy discovered a precocious skill in arms, and not only obtained during his minority the control of Alnwick Castle, but was entrusted with the defence of Scarborough and Pickering Castles.

Castles. He took a prominent part in the baronial opposition to Hugh Despenser, and, after the death of Edward II., withstood with equal firmness the usurped authority of Queen Isabel and her ally Mortimer. By this conduct, Lord Percy acquired the gratitude and goodwill of Edward III., who appointed him Governor of Skipton Castle and Warden of the Marches, and later conferred on him the Castle, manor, and lands of Warkworth, one of the most renowned fortresses of the border. He served with distinction in France and Scotland, and died in 1352. He left his memorial in the enlargement and fortification of Alnwick Castle, where the two octagonal towers which he added to the inner baly still display the armorial bearings of his kinsfolk, the Cliffords, Arundels, De Vescis, Umfrevilles, Nevilles, and Fitz Walters.

By his wife Idonia, daughter of Robert, Lord Clifford, he had a son and successor, Henry, third Lord Percy of Alnwick. This lord was a 'man of war from his youth,' and though *parvus miles*, and *vir parvæ staturæ*, he had borne a man's part in the great fight of Crecy before he succeeded to his title. His marriage was worthy of his character and fortune, for he obtained (in her fourteenth year) the hand of Lady Mary Plantagenet, daughter of Henry, Earl of Lancaster, and great-granddaughter of Henry III. Dying in 1368, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry, fourth Lord Percy of Alnwick, who was created Earl of Northumberland on the coronation of Richard II. He filled the highest offices of State; was Marshal of England till he resigned that dignity in favour of the Earl of Arundel; was one of the Council of Regency in the King's minority; and figured in turn as General, Admiral, Legislator, and Ambassador. But his great administrative gifts seem to have been combined with a strong tendency towards conspiracy and intrigue. He bore a conspicuous part in the transactions which led to the abdication of Richard; but, though he acquiesced in the assumption of the Crown by Henry of Lancaster, he ultimately took up arms against the new King. Attainted and outlawed, he fell in the fight at Bramham Moor in 1407. By his first wife, Margaret, daughter of Ralph, Lord Nevill of Raby, the Earl of Northumberland was the father of Henry Percy, the famous 'Hotspur,' of whom, as he predeceased his father (falling at the Battle of Shrewsbury in 1403), there is no occasion to give a detailed account. The reversal of the attainder in 1414 restored the Earldom of North[illegible]d to Hotspur's son and heir, Henry Percy, second [illegible]umberland. This young Earl, who was e[illegible] Court and the University of St. Andr[illegible]

of State, and fought rather disastrously on the border. Becoming involved in the strife of Yorkist and Lancastrian, he fell fighting under the Red Rose at the Battle of St. Alban's in 1455. He had married Alianore Nevill, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, and by her had a son and successor, Henry, third Earl, who married Eleanor, granddaughter of Lord Poynings, and thereby acquired the baronies of Poynings, Fitz Payne, and Bryan. Like his father before him, he fell in battle for the Lancastrians, at Towton, in 1461. His honours, forfeited under an Act of Attainder, were later restored to his only son Henry, fourth Earl. His was a stormy life, and a tragic end. He was confined in the Tower of London for eight years, from his father's death till the restoration of his honours; and twenty years later he was murdered by his angry vassals, whom the King's obnoxious War-tax had aroused into unreasoning fury. By his wife, Lady Maud Herbert, daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, he had a son and successor, Henry Algernon, fifth Earl, surnamed 'the Magnificent,' who succeeded his father in 1489. After a career of great splendour, though not unchequered by some strange reverses, he died in 1527. His wife had been Catharine, daughter of Sir Robert Spencer; and his son and successor was Henry Algernon, surnamed the 'Unthrifty.' He was educated as a page in the household of Cardinal Wolsey, and, by a curious irony of fate, it eventually became his duty, as Warden of the Marches, to arrest his old master on that charge of high treason, which effected his sudden and total ruin. In his capacity as the Cardinal's page, the unthrifty Earl had been brought in contact with Anne Boleyn, then maid-of-honour to Queen Katherine. He fell violently in love with her, and this ill-starred devotion blighted his life. He married Lady Mary Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, but died without issue. His brother Thomas had been executed for his share in Aske's conspiracy, and all his honours forfeited; but Queen Mary, in 1557, restored the titles of Baron Percy and Earl of Northumberland to Thomas Percy, eldest son of the attainted Thomas. He had only daughters, and having conspired against Queen Elizabeth, was executed at York in 1572, when, under a special remainder, his honours passed to his brother, Henry Percy, eighth Earl. This nobleman was accused of complicity in a plot in favour of Mary Queen of Scots, and was committed to the Tower, where he was found dead, under circumstances which suggested foul play. By his wife, Katherine Nevill, daughter of Lord Latimer, he had a son and successor, Henry, ninth Earl. Charged with a share in the Gunpowder Plot, he was heavily mulcted by the Star Chamber, and

and imprisoned for several years in the Tower. But he was not wholly unlucky, for he obtained from the Crown the grant of Sion House, near Brentford, formerly a convent, and now a very valuable property. He married Lady Dorothy Perrett, sister of Elizabeth's favourite Essex, and had a son and successor, Algernon, tenth Earl, who, having served the office of Lord High Admiral, sided with the Parliament in the Civil War, but withdrew from his associates before the execution of the King, and subsequently co-operated to effect the Restoration. He married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk (by whom he acquired Northumberland House, at Charing Cross), and by her had a son, Jocelyn, who succeeded as eleventh Earl. He married Lady Elizabeth Wriothesley, daughter of the Earl of Southampton. Delicate from his earliest days, he died in his thirty-fifth year, and left an only surviving child and heiress, Elizabeth, who thus became, in 1670, Baroness Percy in her own right, the sole surviving member of her historic race, and the inheritrix of its vast possessions.

And now, for the second time in history, the great house which had played so conspicuous a part in the 'making of England' was extinct in the male line, and its accumulated honours and wide-spreading territory devolved upon a little girl. So brilliant an inheritance did not indeed pass unchallenged. James Percy, a trunk maker in Dublin, presented a petition to the House of Lords, setting forth that he was great-grandson of Sir Richard Percy, younger son of the eighth earl, and claiming, as next-of-kin, 'the title, style, honours and dignity of Baron Percy and Earl of Northumberland, *cum pertinentiis*.' The petition was dismissed, but leave was given to amend it for further consideration, and the worthy trunk-maker then declared himself descended from Sir Ingelram Percy, the third son of the fifth Earl. Though, as far as was known, every collateral branch had died out, there was certainly no antecedent improbability that a male heir of the Percies might exist, and even the most distant male cousin of the last Earl, had he been able to prove his relationship, would have ousted the acknowledged heiress. But, as Mr. de Fonblanque observes:—

'In order to establish his position against the lady entrenched in the security of acknowledged possession, it was indispensable that he should produce proof of affinity by means of an unbroken chain of descent, each link of which was required to bear the test of the most strict and searching legal analysis. . . . In law, as in physics, the strongest chain is only equal to its weakest link; and, in the evidence of the claimant for the Earldom of Northumberland, the most essential links were either weak or altogether wanting.'

After

After fourteen years' litigation, the petition was dismissed by the House of Lords, and the unfortunate trunk-maker was sentenced to stand in Westminster Hall wearing a paper cap, inscribed with the words: 'I am a false and impudent pretender.'

But to revert to our chronology. Lady Elizabeth Percy, only surviving child of Jocelyn eleventh Earl of Northumberland, was born in 1667. Three years later her father died, and she succeeded to the Barony of Percy with all his other transmissible honours. The widowed Countess of Northumberland, to whose sole guardianship the little heiress was entrusted, was young, beautiful, and rich. The King plied her with unwelcome attentions, and, in order to escape them, she took up her abode in Paris. Here she won the heart of the English Ambassador, the brilliant Ralph Lord Montagu, on whom, after some hesitation, she bestowed her hand. The re-marriage of Lady Northumberland involved an important change in the fortunes of her infant daughter. By a clause in the will of Earl Jocelyn, it was provided that, in the event of his widow's re-marriage, the custody of his child should be entrusted to her grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Northumberland.

The Dowager Countess was a great dame of the old school, so tenacious of her dignity, that she never suffered her grand-daughter to be seated in her presence; so pompous, that she never went abroad without a footman walking bare-headed on either side of her coach, and others following with her attendant women. Furthermore, tradition relates that she had a passion for money, for social power, and for match-making, and the guardianship of the heiress of the Percies gave her abundant scope for the gratification of these tastes. She lost no time in trying to negociate a suitable alliance. Before Lady Elizabeth Percy was twelve years old, her grandmother had attempted to arrange a marriage for her with the eldest son of the Marquis of Winchester. This project fell through, and was immediately succeeded by a proposal from the King that Lady Elizabeth should marry his natural son the Duke of Richmond. The King's terms, however, were inadequate to the demands of the imperious dowager, and a few weeks later she conferred her grand-daughter's hand on Henry, Earl of Ogle, son and heir of the Duke of Newcastle. The young Lord was a sickly boy of fifteen, according to a contemporary observer (Lady Sunderland, Waller's 'Sacharissa'), 'the saddest creature of all kinds that could have been found fit to be named for my Lady Percy; as ugly as anything young could be.' But fate intervened to prevent

prevent the unsuitable alliance. In consideration of their tender years, it was arranged that the bride and bridegroom should not meet for two years. Immediately after the marriage, Lord Ogle went on his travels, and six months later he was dead. Forthwith the veteran match-maker began fresh negociations. This time her choice fell on Thomas Thynne of Longleat, a man of great estate but profligate character. He was considered on many grounds a most unsuitable husband for the young heiress of the Percies, and there were not wanting malicious tongues, which said that 'the unfortunate lady had been betrayed by her grandmother for money.' The marriage seems to have been conducted in secret, and amid circumstances of the utmost mystery. As soon as the ceremony was over, the bride and bridegroom parted to meet no more. The bride went abroad, and every conceivable theory was invented to account for her sudden disappearance. The most plausible, as well as the most general, was that she had discovered a previous marriage on the part of her husband with a woman still living. But, whatever was their nature, Lady Elizabeth's matrimonial troubles were swiftly and startlingly ended. Thomas Thynne was driving down Pall Mall in the failing light of a winter afternoon, when his coach was stopped opposite the present Opera Colonnade, shots were fired, and Thynne was fatally wounded. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a grotesque *alto-rilievo* at the foot of a florid monument, tells pictorially the story of the murder, on which, however, the epitaph is silent. A previous inscription, rejected by the Dean, had intimated not obscurely that Thynne's assassination was due to his wife's jealousy and anger, and rumour of course was busy with explanations of so startling an occurrence. He had been shot in mistake for his friend the Duke of Monmouth; he had committed suicide; he had been murdered by zealous courtiers eager to oblige the King. The truth seems to be that a Swedish nobleman, Count Koningsmarck, who had aspired to the hand of Lady Elizabeth after the death of her first husband, was so enraged by her marriage with Thynne that he determined to put his successful rival out of the way, and hired the services of three foreign ruffians to effect his purpose. These men were tried and executed for the murder, but Koningsmarck was acquitted of complicity.

And now the Lady Elizabeth found herself, when she had barely completed her fifteenth year, 'twice a widow though never a wife,' and her experience of matrimony was not such as to dispose her favourably towards the thoughts of a third alliance. Masculine perseverance, however, secured its customary

mary reward, and in 1685 the young heroine of these dramatic passages entered for the third time on the holy estate. Her husband was Charles, Duke of Somerset, known in the annals of his house as 'the Proud Duke.' Tradition has long made merry over this nobleman's egregious vanity, his overweening pride of birth, his restless and aggressive temper. 'Madam,' he exclaimed to his second wife, when she playfully tapped his shoulder with her fan, 'my first duchess was a Percy, and *she* never took such a liberty.' When he caught his daughter Lady Charlotte Seymour sitting down while he was dozing, instead of standing by his chair, he added a codicil to his will muleting her of 20,000*l.* of her inheritance. Vain-glorious, however, as the Proud Duke was, he found his match in the Countess of Northumberland, who stipulated, as in the case of the two earlier marriages, that the husband of the heiress of the Percies should drop his own name and assume his wife's. It is scarcely consistent with one's notions of aristocratic pride, or even of gentlemanlike conduct, that, as soon as the Duchess came of age, the Duke compelled her to release him from the obligation which he had voluntarily incurred to assume her name when he acquired her hand and fortune. The public life and character of the Duke of Somerset corresponded to his private demeanour. One of his contemporaries describes him as 'so humoursome, proud, and capricious, that he was a ministry-spoiler rather than a ministry-maker.' Another (referring to the assassinations of his brother, the fifth duke, and of Thomas Thynne) says that 'his high title came to him by one man's misfortune and his great estate by another's; for he was born to neither, but elated with both to a ridiculousness.' Swift indeed declares that, blinded by excess of vanity, the Duke actually became the dupe of Harley, who held out to him the prospect of succession to the throne of England in the event of failure of the House of Hanover. He was, however, according to his lights, an honest, independent, and public-spirited man, and the act which lost him his office in the household of James II. redounds to his credit. He refused to introduce the Papal Nuncio to the royal presence, because to do so would be an illegal act, and when the King replied that he was above the law, 'That may be, your Majesty,' said Somerset, 'but I am not,'—a reply which has deservedly kept a place in history.

To his alliance with the heiress of the Percies Somerset owed more than a great fortune. His wife was a sagacious, capable, and accomplished woman. She held high office in the Court of Queen Anne, and her appointment to succeed the Duchess of

f Marlborough as Mistress of the Robes, in 1711, is described y Speaker Onslow as 'the best-accepted thing that then was one by the Ministers, for she was in all respects a credit and n ornament to the Court.' The arrogant temper of the Duke, nd his wife's unquestionable influence over the Queen, xposed him and her to a vast amount of jealousy and ill-will. lots were constantly brewing, to dislodge them from office and lienate from them the royal favour. Swift, whose pen was ver ready for such dirty work, published a rhymed lampoon pon the Duchess, accusing her, among other crimes, of having d hair and of having contrived the murder of her second usband. 'It is difficult,' says Lord Stanhope, 'to guess which f these two accusations the Duchess resented most deeply, the tter being without a shadow of foundation, while the former, lahappily, could not be denied.' The result of these unprovoked tacks was that the Duchess became Swift's implacable enemy. is related that he had actually been named for the vacant see f Hereford, when the Duchess flung herself on her knees efore the Queen, and in a passion of tears implored her to ttract her consent. Anne gave way, and Swift died an Irish ean instead of an English bishop.

The Duke and Duchess of Somerset had a large family, of hom six attained maturity. The eldest of these was Algernon, arl of Hertford, born in 1684. In 1715 he married the ughter of Henry Thynne, and in 1722, on the death of his ther, he succeeded to her honours and was summoned to the use of Lords as Baron Percy. He had two children: Eliza- h, born in 1716, and George, Lord Beauchamp, born in 1725. The Lady Elizabeth Seymour would appear to have been a nan of singularly gentle and charming nature. A memoir posed by a Mr. Cowslade, for many years a member of her r's household, gives a pleasing picture of her almost rnal interest in her little brother, who, as we have just was nine years her junior.

ner twenty-third year, when paying a visit to her cousin Lowther, at Swillington, she encountered the man who estined so momentously to affect the course of her own nd the fortunes of the House of Northumberland. Sir Smithson was a baronet of good family and considerable n Yorkshire. He was handsome, accomplished, manly; of boundless ambition, clear purpose, and resolute will. what Horace Walpole calls 'an advantageous manner h courtesy in his address.' He paid attentions to Lady h, who acquainted her mother with the circumstance in ing letter given *verbatim et litteratim* in the second volume

volume before us. The young lady expresses, with the most evident sincerity, her readiness to sacrifice her own inclinations to her parents' commands, but at the same time admits, with regard to Sir Hugh Smithson's proposal, that 'had it met with my pappa's approbation and your's, I should very willingly have consented to it.' After due enquiries had been made into Sir Hugh's pecuniary position, and satisfactorily answered, the consent of Lord and Lady Hertford was easily obtained. A more formidable obstacle was offered by the pride and obstinacy of the young lady's awful grandfather, the proud Duke of Somerset. Even he, however, was not proof against the adroitness and resolution of the young suitor, backed, as they were, by the present possession of ample fortune, and the prospect of future inheritance from an uncle, 'old Mr. Smithson, of Tottenham High Cross.' The Duke, on hearing from his granddaughter of her projected marriage, gave a conditional consent, but urged her to stand out for more advantageous pecuniary terms than had satisfied her parents, 'because, considering your birth, you are descended by many generations from the most antient ffamilys in England, and it is you that doth add antient blood to Sir Hugh Smithson's family; he adds no such antient blood to your family.' Old Mr. Smithson, however, had given his word, and resolutely declined to be tied up by any legal process.—'It was true he was no duke, nor boasted of any such great alliance; but in point of honourable dealing he would yield to no man.' His engagement was accepted as sufficient guarantee, and the marriage was duly solemnized on the 16th of July, 1740. We soon read of Sir Hugh and Lady Betty paying their respects to the benevolent uncle at High Cross, 'she in a silver stuff of four pounds a yard, and Sir Hugh in a lead-colour and silver stuff coat embroidered with silver.' They travelled, they collected pictures, they patronized Sir Joshua Lady Betty wrote poems, and kept an elaborate journal. Her husband varied the pursuits of intellectual culture by close and profitable attention to the administration of his estate at Stanwick. So the first four years of their wedded life were spent in the occupations suitable to a young couple of good station and easy circumstances, when an event occurred which made a sudden and dazzling alteration in their condition and prospects. In the autumn of 1744, young Lord Beauchamp, then on his travels, died of small-pox at Bologna, and Lady Elizabeth Smithson became sole heiress of the honours which her father had inherited from his mother, the last of the Percies.

This sudden blow produced a most untoward effect upon the old Duke of Somerset. Deeply mortified by an event which extinguished

extinguished all hope of the direct continuance of his honours, he fell with extraordinary fury upon his son and daughter-in-law. He had always hated Lady Hertford—one does not quite see why, for she seems to have been a very harmless woman—and now he included in his hatred his eldest son, to whom, as Horace Walpole says, 'he has written the most shocking letter imaginable .... telling him that it is a judgment upon him for all his undutifulness, and that he must always look upon himself as the cause of his son's death.'

The breath was hardly out of his grandson's body, when the old Duke began to petition the King to confer upon him the Earldom of Northumberland, with remainder, after his son's death, to his grandson, Sir Charles Wyndham, in exclusion of Lady Elizabeth and her offspring. What made the project the more monstrous was that the great estates of the Percies in Northumberland were settled strictly on Lady Elizabeth, though the estate of Petworth was at the Duke's disposal, and was by him bequeathed to Sir Charles Wyndham, afterwards Earl of Egremont, from whom it descends to the present Lord Leconfield. The prompt action of Sir Hugh and Lady Elizabeth prevented the fulfilment of this design. The proud Duke abandoned his claim, and, dying in 1748, was succeeded by his son, Lord Hertford, who now became seventh Duke of Somerset. In the following year, in right of his mother's blood, he was created Baron Warkworth and Earl of Northumberland, with remainder in default of male issue to his son-in-law, Sir Hugh Smithson. He died in 1750, when the Barony of Percy devolved upon his daughter, and her husband became second Earl of Northumberland of the new creation, and assumed the surname of Percy.

Nearly two centuries had now elapsed since the Percies had terminated their residential connection with the district from which they derived their title. They had made their principal home at Petworth, and

'Though they continued to be lords of the soil, they had ceased to be local princes and northern chieftains. Their presence had become unfamiliar to the people; their strongholds were abandoned and crumbling into decay; and the very name of Percy, at the sound of which knights, esquires, and yeomen had once rallied in their thousands, had become little more than a tradition in the land, when the gentle heiress of the ancient House appeared upon the scene, intent upon winning back the allegiance once enjoyed by her ancestors, and upon restoring the greatness and splendour of their northern home.'

Petworth, as we have already seen, was alienated from the line

line of Percy by the will of the proud Duke of Somerset, and the young Earl and Countess of Northumberland were thereby left free to concentrate all their energies upon the task of restoring the Castle and estate of Alnwick to their pristine grandeur. The new Earl was a practical man of business and a scientific agriculturist, and he turned the experience which he had gained on his own property of Stanwick to the best account in the administration of his wife's domain. 'He found the country almost a desert,' writes the Bishop of Dromore, 'and he clothed it with woods and improved it with agriculture.' For over twenty years he planted annually more than 1200 trees; he imported botanical and vegetable novelties from all parts of the world; he drained and reclaimed great tracts of swamp and moorland, and he spent large sums on the cottages of his labourers, a form of philanthropy in advance of his times. He greatly developed and improved the system of working the local coal mines, with the result that a revenue, which at the date of his marriage was less than 9000*l.* a year, rose in fifteen years to 25,000*l.*, in twenty-three years to 38,000*l.*, and in thirty years to 50,000*l.* Meanwhile the Castle of Alnwick had been suffered to fall into ruins, and the new Earl renovated it with great taste and skill, and at enormous cost. At the same time he repaired and improved Stanwick and Warkworth, and built and stocked a sumptuous picture-gallery at Northumberland House. He lived in all the splendour of the old school; dispensed a constant and prodigal hospitality; and did not even deny himself a moderate indulgence in the fashionable amusement of high play.

But in our survey of the domestic side of Lord Northumberland's life, its public and political aspects must by no means be forgotten. In 1751 he moved the Address in the House of Lords. Next year he was made a Lord of the Bedchamber, and Lord Lieutenant of Northumberland. In 1757 he was made a Knight of the Garter. On the formation of Lord Bute's Administration in 1762, he 'condescended' (so Lord Temple writes) to be Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, and in the following year he was appointed to the Vice-Royalty of Ireland. It was an office which his dignity and firmness, his tactful courtesy, and his grandiose habits of life fitted him to discharge with the most conspicuous success. Two years later he resigned the post, in favour of Lord Hertford, and his willingness to meet the King's wishes and to facilitate the arrangements for the public service, bound George III. to him by ties of peculiar gratitude. In 1765 the King employed Lord Northumberland to conduct some delicate negociations with

with a view to uniting Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, with the other great Whig families, in a 'strong and lasting administration, which might empower him to form systems at home and abroad, such as the dangers of the times might require.' These negociations disclosed a general willingness on the part of Mr. Pitt and his friends to place their services at the King's disposal; but when His Majesty proposed, that Lord Northumberland should head the new administration as First Lord of the Treasury, there was an expression of universal dissent. It was felt, not only that the Earl was wholly devoid of the training and experience necessary for the prudent conduct of the supreme affairs of State, but also that, through his official and personal connection with Lord Bute, he had probably derived a tendency towards absolutist and unconstitutional views of the Royal Prerogative. This, as we shall presently see, was an entirely unfounded suspicion; but in view of the threatened opposition, Lord Northumberland, who, though a very ambitious, was also a very prudent man, withdrew his claims to a place in the Cabinet. He did not, however, wait long before attempting to secure what was at least an equivalent for the honour which he had renounced. In the following year, taking advantage of a ministerial reconstruction in which his services could scarcely be overlooked, he preferred a request that the King would advance him to the dignity of a dukedom.

'I told him,' writes the King to Lord Chatham, 'that his request of a dukedom was new to me, that I could give him no other answer than that I would consider of it; that I had thought he only looked up to a marquisate. He said that was a more modern rank in the English peerage; that what he asked was the old title of Lady Northumberland's family; that if he succeeded he never would be an applicant for public employments. I then concluded with assuring him that he should know my decision to-morrow. Undoubtedly few peers have so great an estate in point of income, and scarce any in point of extent; therefore, if you will co-operate with me in declaring I don't mean by this to open a door for the creating many dukes, I will consent to it.'

Lord Chatham concurring, the dukedom was conferred, and it would seem that the title at first selected was that of Brabant, as a recognition of the Duchess's descent from the princely House of Louvain. Wiser counsels, however, prevailed, and the head of the House of Percy continued to be associated by name as well as by possession and residence with his consort's great inheritance on the Border.

We have mentioned before the ill-founded suspicion, that Lord Northumberland was secretly influenced by the political theories

theories of Lord Bute. We read, however, in a contemporary writer, that 'the connection between his Grace and his Lordship is not so strong as it was. It was weakened, as I understand, before the ducal creation, and I do not believe that that will tend to reunite them.' Indeed, however strong had been the personal friendship between the two men, it was not likely that politically they could have much in common. Lord Bute's absolutist principles were notorious and avowed; the Duke of Northumberland, whenever he condescended to intervene in public affairs, arrayed himself on the popular side. On the all-important question of American Taxation he had opposed the Court. He had voted against the Stamp Act. He supported Lord Chatham's resolution condemning the Government for advising the King not to receive the 'Remonstrance and Petition' of the City of London.

It would appear that the Duke of Northumberland, partly owing to his tact and social skill, and partly no doubt to his power and wealth, which placed him almost above party, contrived to keep an independent position in public life, and to vote as he pleased without either sacrificing his private friendships or fettering himself by strict allegiance to a political connection. Thus his sympathy, as just illustrated by his votes, with the popular party did not prevent him from putting forward his eldest son as a candidate for Westminster, against the nominees of Mr. Wilkes, in the Election of 1767, when the Duchess proved herself a most energetic canvasser, and 'carried the mob of Westminster, sitting daily in the midst of Covent Garden.' And amid all the stress and stir of public life, even when his votes were most distasteful to the Minister, the Duke retained his place in the favour of the Court, and the Duchess remained on terms of peculiar intimacy with Queen Charlotte.

After a long and unbroken course of domestic happiness, cheered by the devotion of a husband whom she terms 'my dearest angel' and 'joy of my soul,' and sustained by the dutiful affection of the 'best son on earth,' Elizabeth Duchess of Northumberland died on her sixtieth birthday, December 5th, 1776. Her husband survived her for ten years.

'The life of the first Duke of Northumberland,' writes M. de Fonblanque, 'had been a singularly prosperous one. There is, perhaps, no other instance in modern history of a private gentleman acquiring such an accumulation of high honours and dignities as fell to his lot. To the merits which commonly open the avenues to high social and official advancement, such as commanding statesmanship, great powers of debate, military achievements, or legal pre-eminence, he had no pretension. . . . The day had gone by when a successful courtier

courtier could aspire to the highest places under the Crown, and George III. was chary in the bestowal of his favours, and fastidious in the choice of his Ministers.

'By what means, then, did the Yorkshire baronet, who had not even the useful qualification of a subservient temper, but who, on the contrary, more than once asserted his own opinions in direct opposition to those of the King, win the Garter, the highest posts at Court, a viceroyalty, and a dukedom? Nay, come to be named by the Sovereign for the position of Prime Minister of England?

'Making full allowance for all that he owed to his alliance with the Percy heiress, there remains much that can only be attributed to personal merits; to a character marked by a very unusual combination of qualities; great ambition kept under control by strong common sense and sound judgment; a resolute will tempered by the nicest tact and an extraordinary charm of manner; powerful business capacity guided by an unfailing sense of justice; together with the faculty, in itself no small nor common gift, for taking at the flood that tide in human affairs which proverbially leads to fortune.'

Thus far, and perhaps not on the whole too eulogistically, the historian. Those who would care to see a masterly delineation of the Duke's character in its foibles as well as its strength; of the qualities by which he rose to greatness; and of the position which he occupied in the social and political world of his time, are referred to the second chapter of 'Tancred.'

Lord Beaconsfield's literary method was never happier than when he produced some striking personality from the rich stores of his historical and biographical knowledge, and, with a certain poetic license as to dates and details, wove it into the variegated web of a political romance. His description of the 'Duke of Bellamont,' though mainly favourable, is not indiscriminately eulogistic; and he indulges himself in a touch of his characteristic satire when, describing the town of Alnwick under the pseudonym of 'Montacute,' he remarks that the bridge 'is perhaps a trifle too vast and Roman for its site; but it was built by the first Duke of the second dynasty, *who was always afraid of underbuilding his position.*'

The second Duke of Northumberland was born in 1742, and very early in life discovered an enthusiasm for arms and a love of the soldier's career which would not have discredited his Lancastrian forefathers. As Lord Warkworth—the title which he bore till his father's elevation to the dukedom—he served as a volunteer under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick in the Seven Years' War. He bore his part in the actir
Bergen and Minden. In 1762 he received his first c
(passing over the subaltern grades) as captain and

colonel in the First Foot (now Grenadier) Guards. After six years' service he was promoted to the rank of full colonel, made aide-de-camp to the King, and shortly afterwards appointed to the command of the Fifth Regiment of Foot, an act of favouritism which subjected the commander-in-chief to a scathing attack by Junius. This rapid advancement of a young nobleman to prominent command, over the heads of men his seniors in standing and superiors in acquirements, was one of the recognized abuses of military administration. In Lord Percy's case it may be fairly said to have been, if not justified, at any rate palliated, by the practical result. He held the command for sixteen years, 'displaying' (according to a contemporary observer) 'during that period such distinguished military virtues, with a kind liberality and a constancy of attention to, and interest in, the welfare and credit of his regiment, as endeared his name in the grateful remembrance of the officers and men.' In 1770 the Duchess wrote to him, 'I admire you for marching with your regiment; I dare say you are the only man of your rank who ever performed such a journey on foot.'

But a sterner task lay before the young soldier than that 'wandering life of military servitude' which so sorely exasperated the Historian of the Decline and Fall. Lord Percy's first years of military life were indeed passed in peace, but in 1774 it became necessary to sail with his regiment for America. The old Duke was so vehemently opposed to the American war, that he actually tried to prevent his son from taking part in it, by obtaining leave of absence for him from his regiment. But Lord Percy had sense enough to see that, whatever his sentiments about the abstract merits of the war, he must obey the call to active service or else expose himself to 'every kind of abuse, ridicule, and contempt.' He accordingly embarked for Boston in the spring of 1774. Arriving there, he was placed by General Gage in command of the camp. But very shortly afterwards we find him writing to his father in a tone of bitter complaint, and murmuring, that though employed in so important a command, he was still only a Colonel, while officers much his junior, who had never seen active service, were promoted over his head. 'I am thoroughly sensible,' he writes, 'that the road to preferments and attention rather lies in the environs of St. James's than in the distant clime of America; but I had rather be neglected, doing my duty like an officer, than receive compliments and honours which I felt I had not deserved.'

So far no actual collision had occurred between the Colonists and

and the English authorities, but in August 1774, Lord Percy writes that the country is 'in as open a state of rebellion as Scotland was in the year '45.' On the 20th of the following April he writes to inform his father of the first bloodshed, which marked the opening of five years' fratricidal war. Throughout that disastrous campaign his regiment was in the thick of the fighting. General Burgoyne wrote: 'Lord Percy's regiment has suffered the most and behaved the best.' The commander was worthy of his command. Lord Percy acquitted himself with a singular combination of gallantry and sagacity. At a time when savage punishment was universal, he maintained discipline without the lash. When the service of the sick and wounded was generally neglected, he lavished on it his personal care and private means. The widows of those under his command who had fallen at Bunker's Hill were sent to England at his own cost, supplied with money on landing, and transported to their homes.

'There was something in his character and conduct that seems to have disarmed the rancour, while winning the respect, of his enemies, throughout the heat and violence of that bitter conflict. His portrait now hangs in the town hall of Boston; and Americans, when they recall the incidents of their great struggle, ever mention the name of Earl Percy in kindly and generous terms.'

It was unfortunate that a man in many respects so well qualified to play the part of the 'Happy Warrior' should have been fatally impatient of reproof, and intolerant of control to a point incompatible with military discipline. Such, however, was the case; and his disagreements with Sir William Howe, who had succeeded General Gage in the chief command in America, became so acute that in 1776 he threw up his command and returned to England. His regiment, desiring to perpetuate his name, obtained authority to call themselves the *Northumberland Fusiliers*—a title which they have borne to the present day.

Lord Percy never again obtained military employment. He lived to attain the rank of General, and was made Colonel of the 'Second troop of the Royal Horse Grenadier Guards,' afterwards incorporated in the Second Life Guards. In later life he writes:

'Neither the blood that runs in my veins, nor the education I have received, incline me to shrink from arduous or dangerous undertakings; but at my age and in my present state of health, and my constitution broken down by forty years' service, I am only fit for Chelsea. My time is over. I have always done my duty to my country, and, God knows, with very little thanks; and I must leave

the active part to younger and abler persons. Whatever ambition I might formerly have had was in the military line. His Majesty chose, for reasons best known to himself, to put the extinguisher on me in that line; and all I desire now is to be allowed in my old age to enjoy those comforts which my situation affords me, and which, like a fool, I gave up in my youth for the sake of serving my country.'

Lord Percy had succeeded his mother in her ancient barony, on her death in 1776. He succeeded to the Dukedom in 1786. His high rank, his great wealth, and his honourable and upright character would have made him, had he wished it, a conspicuous figure in political life. But that fatal impatience of control, which had already marred his military career, prevented him from cordially accepting the obligations and restraints of Party. He mistrusted the King's Ministers, and was warmly attached to Mr. Fox; and he joined himself to the party which gathered round the Heir to the Throne, in general opposition to the views and acts of the Government.

He 'held in utter detestation the principles of Mr. Pitt, and doubted his abilities as a statesman'; pronounced 'detestable' the measures relating to the Regency; and condemned in the strongest terms 'the annual suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, as well as the passing of certain Acts highly inimical to Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.' Even in the frenzied panic created by the horrors of the French Revolution, the Duke maintained a composure of mind with regard to the position and prospects of England, which aroused the astonishment of his more timid friends.

It was unfortunate for his party that, while his sympathies were thus enlisted on the popular side, his keen sense of what was due to his personal dignity was perpetually outraged by his political associates. He complains on one occasion that he is 'no more made acquainted with any of their plans than my footman, except indeed when they wanted any money, or my assistance for a Westminster or Middlesex meeting.' On another, that a noble correspondent 'would not have written to his apothecary in a more general, unconfidential, and unsatisfactory manner.' And when Mr. Fox, without consulting him, joined the Administration of 'All the Talents,' the Duke roundly accuses him of ingratitude and duplicity, and adds, 'He appears to forget himself strangely, and, I really believe, imagines he has to deal with some hungry dependant who wants place and emolument on any terms.'

It is not surprising that a man so irritable, jealous, and suspicious, found it impossible to ally himself, even with those whose

whose political opinions he shared, in the close and intimate association of official life, which, more almost than any other career, demands give-and-take, forbearance, and mutual accommodation. He declined in turn the Viceroyalty of Ireland, the Master Generalship of the Ordnance, and the Wardenship of the Stannaries; but his personal authority and parliamentary influence were so great that, while holding no office, he still was regarded as a kind of informal member of the Cabinet. In June 1807, Lord Camden was authorized, on behalf of his colleagues, to assure the Duke that 'in the event of his Grace having any disposition to confer with Ministers upon public business, the Duke of Portland, or the Lord Chancellor, will certainly wait upon him to discuss every measure of importance previous to its adoption.'

The Duke had married, in very early life, a daughter of the minister Lord Bute, but this marriage, which proved both childless and unhappy, was dissolved by Act of Parliament in 1779. In the same year he married one of the beautiful daughters of Mr. Peter Burrell, by whom he had three surviving sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Hugh, born in 1785, succeeded as third Duke of Northumberland on his father's death in 1817. In early life he had taken a prominent part under his father's command, in raising and training forces of Northumbrian volunteers, in view of the threatened invasion of England by Bonaparte. From 1806 to 1812 he sat in the House of Commons, generally supporting the Tory administration, though in the debates on West Indian slavery he voted with the Opposition.

In 1825 he represented George IV. as Ambassador Extraordinary at the Coronation of King Charles X. The mission was conducted with extraordinary splendour, and in consideration of the prevailing distress, the Duke insisted on defraying the entire cost out of his own purse. Similarly, on being appointed ten years later Viceroy of Ireland, he proposed a reduction of the salary by 10,000*l.* a year. So successful was his Irish administration, at a time rendered very critical by the recent removal of Catholic disabilities, that he won from Sir Robert Peel, a minister little inclined to excessive eulogy, the praise of being 'the best Chief Governor that ever presided over the affairs of Ireland.' The third Duke of Northumberland married Lady Charlotte Clive, daughter of the Earl of Powis, and, dying without issue in 1847, was succeeded by his brother, Algernon, who had been created Lord Prudhoe, in 1816.

The fourth Duke of Northumberland had been bred at sea, and had seen some active service in the French War. It was

on

on this account that, on the formation of Lord Derby's Administration in 1852, he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. But he deserves more particular mention in these pages on account of his devotion to archæology and literature, and his patronage of learning and art. He organized an elaborate survey of the Roman Wall and roads in Northumberland, and contributed liberally to the expenses of the excavations made by Dr. Bruce and others. Alnwick Castle owes to him a fine Egyptian Museum, catalogued by Dr. Birch, and another of British Antiquities, catalogued by Mr. Albert Way; and he encouraged in a princely manner numerous archæological enquiries. While he was in Egypt he made the acquaintance of the great Arabic scholar Mr. Lane, and induced him to undertake his gigantic work, an English-Arabic Dictionary, and munificently defrayed the whole expenses, which on his death were guaranteed by his widow Eleanor. He left a permanent and grateful memorial of his Dukedom in the complete restoration of Alnwick Castle. While preserving intact the external characteristics of the old fortress, he boldly adopted the Cinque-cento style for the decoration of its interior. It was a hazardous experiment, but the material employed is so rich, and the execution of the details is so skilful, that a competent authority has pronounced it 'difficult to regard even so great an incongruity as other than a distinguished success.'

The Duke married Lady Eleanor Grosvenor, eldest daughter of the Marquess of Westminster, but had no issue. He died in 1865, and his remains were conveyed from Northumberland House to the Percy vault in Westminster Abbey, with a public procession of almost regal pomp. The Barony of Percy and the other honours transmissible in the female line devolved on his grand-nephew the Duke of Atholl, and the Dukedom passed to his cousin George Earl of Beverley. The first Duke of Northumberland had obtained from George III. the Barony of Lovaine for his second son, who was subsequently made Earl of Beverley. His eldest son, George, second Earl of Beverley, had attained his eighty-seventh year when he succeeded his cousin in the Dukedom. Before succeeding to his Earldom he had sat in Parliament, and held office in the Royal Household. He married Louisa Stuart-Wortley, sister of Lord Wharncliffe, by whom he had three surviving sons and two daughters. He died in 1867, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Algernon George, now sixth Duke of Northumberland. Of the present Duke it would be improper to say more than that he worthily represents the honours of the House of Percy, and that the Conservative party have been indebted to him for wise

wise counsel and sound advice from the time he sat in the House of Commons, before the passing of the first Reform Bill, down to Lord Beaconsfield's second Administration, which he joined as Lord Privy Seal in 1878. He is married to the daughter of the late Henry Drummond, a man of brilliant intellect and accomplishments, whose voice was always heard with pleasure in the House of Commons, and whose memory is still fondly cherished by his surviving friends.

Thus we have traced, in rough and scanty outline, the fortunes of the House of Percy, from the dim and distant period when history first emerges from the haze of tradition, down to the point of time at which we ourselves are standing. We have followed them in all their picturesque and strange vicissitudes, in struggle, in misfortune, and in splendid success. We have seen the chiefs of the House ever enriching their descendants by great acquisitions of new territory, and illustrating their escutcheon by alliances with the noblest of the names which have made England famous. We have seen them great in war and great in peace; foremost alike in domestic strife and foreign enterprise; and only turning aside from the career of arms to discharge the most responsible offices of civil government. We have seen them at one time exercising a high-handed authority over a subjected province; at another, championing the rights of the people against Royal usurpation; and figuring in turn as the associates, the defenders, and the rivals of the Crown itself. All this has been sketched in its broad and general features. To draw it in detail would be to write the History of England during eight hundred eventful years. For, in the first place, we read in the fortunes of the Percies; in what they were, and what they had, and what they did; in the story alike of their failures and their successes, their virtues and their crimes; an epitome of the Feudal System. Truly says Mr. de Fonblanque:—

'In the individual lives of successive generations of Percies, from the Conquest down to this period, we may trace the growth and development of a system to which, opposed as it is to every principle of modern political life, and in spite of the vices inherent in a purely military aristocracy, England in past ages owed much of her greatness and prosperity; a system which not only fostered a manly national spirit, but, by acting as a barrier against the arbitrary power of the Crown, served to secure popular liberties.

'In the wars of King Stephen the Norman Percies had represented the earlier stages of feudalism; under King John a Percy was among the foremost champions of its progress, and a prominent figure in its final

final triumph. The Lords of Alnwick, ready as they ever were to fight the foreign enemies of the King, were jealous guardians of baronial rights against Royal encroachment. In the person of the first Earl of Northumberland feudalism had attained the zenith of its power; his fall marked the earliest stage of its decline.

'The devastating Wars of the Roses and the persistent policy of the Tudors to vest all authority in the Crown, sapped and gradually destroyed the power of the great nobles of England, and with it the system which they represented; but the first fatal blow inflicted upon feudalism was dealt by the sword which struck down the Earl of Northumberland on Bramham Moor.'

But the interest of the history of the Percies by no means ends with the fall of Feudalism. The race, which rose to greatness amid the storm and stress of the Middle Ages, held its own through the dissolution of the Old World and the birth of the New; through the throes of the Reformation, the stern struggle of the Great Rebellion, and the popular reaction which restored the Anglican altar and the Stewarts' Throne. Every vicissitude of the national polity augmented its wealth and extended its power. The political influence, which the Percies had acquired in the days of medieval monarchy and personal government, was developed and consolidated by the growth and organization of our parliamentary system. The ownership of Alnwick and Sion and Northumberland House carried with it a predominating authority in Northumberland, and Middlesex, and Westminster; and the most arbitrary king and the most powerful minister were glad to make terms with the ducal master of many legions. The votes of his nominees might decide the fate of an Administration, or determine, in a close balance of parties, the bent of a national policy. And it needs no subtle knowledge of parliamentary nature to divine that the wielder of such influence might safely reckon on honours, emoluments, and high offices of State as the certain, if not the stipulated, reward of great services rendered at a critical moment to a minister who appreciated them. Thus sixteen chiefs of this favoured race have worn the Order of the Garter: and it is not too much to say, that every great event in foreign or domestic policy, which signalized the eighteenth century, brought its special contribution, unavowed perhaps, but not the less real, to the ever-increasing greatness of the House of Percy.

Nor was it politics alone that contributed to the splendid result. The social, economic, and material development of England, served the same end by an automatic process. Great towns sprang up where villages had been, and every house paid rent to the Duke of Northumberland. The application of machinery

machinery to manufactures, while it converted the small handicraftsman into a great employer of labour, proportionately enriched the lord of the soil. The scientific improvement of agricultural methods converted great tracts of waste and moorland into highly-rented farms. Above all, the rapidly-increasing consumption of coal and iron, alike for domestic, commercial, and military purposes, made the great mines which underlay the patrimony of the Percies a veritable El-Dorado. And, as though to complete the harmonious regularity with which each succeeding age brings its characteristic contribution to the Percies' wealth, the most conspicuous addition which our generation has made to the beauty and convenience of the capital—the great Embankment of the Thames—brought the present Duke of Northumberland a compensatory sum as large as the total fortune of many a peer who is considered wealthy.

But the fact which, after all, gives their historic interest to these splendid annals, and redeems from tedium the long tale of acquisition and aggrandizement, is the conspicuous witness which they bear to the historic continuity of English life, and to the penetrating influence, enduring even to our own day, of the Feudal System. For though, as we have already seen, actual and unmixed Feudalism fell with the fall of the Earl of Northumberland on Bramham Moor, its effects and influence are never absent for long together from the annals of the Percies. Nay, they have not yet been eradicated. We trace the same spirit, under varying forms, from the beginning of their story to the present day. We see it in the first heiress of the House—the gentle Lady Agnes—bestowing her hand on the brother of the Queen of England, but retaining her maiden-name, and presiding in queenly state over her own 'Court.' We see it in the Crusader-lord, dying under the walls of the Holy City; in the stout baron, who helps to extort the Charter from King John; in the gallant soldiership of Hotspur and his brother Ralph; in the regal living of 'Henry the Magnificent,' importing into the bleak North all the luxury and refinement of the Renaissance, and set forth, with delightful fulness of detail, in the invaluable 'Household Book' of Northumberland. We see another aspect of the same feudal spirit in the 'proud submission, the dignified obedience,' of the heir to all this splendour—'the unthrifty Earl,'—receiving his early discipline as a page in the household of Cardinal Wolsey. And then again, as the old order of society passes away, and makes room for the new, we discern again and again the recrudescence of the feudal spirit; in the military authority exercised, though under constitutional forms, by the Lords of Alnwick over the wild populations

lations of the Border; in the elaborate precautions taken, while allying the heiresses of the House with the noblest English blood, to retain the Norman name and its ancient dignities; in the elaborate ceremony and state which surround the successive heads of the House, the social homage which they exact, and the civil influence which they assume as a matter of right, and exercise unquestioned, under varying forms of national polity. And, coming down towards our own time, we recognize the old tone of traditional mastery in the circular of instructions issued by the second Duke to his nominees in Parliament; while hardly less suggestive of the 'antique world,' and its 'constant service' are the same Duke's orders to his house-steward, butler, and clerk of the kitchen, with a view to economy in the domestic consumption of food, at a time of general distress and high prices. Even at the present day, if we are correctly informed, the old spirit survives in the administration of stately Alnwick, and in the tenure of its broad domains. The hardy farmers of Northumberland accompany their periodical disbursements to His Grace's steward by the formal presentation of a lamb or a rose; and the commonplace process of paying rent is rendered romantic by symbolical acts which acknowledge, with all the picturesque expressiveness of the Middle Age, the supreme rights of the lord of the soil.

We close Mr. de Fonblanque's sumptuous volumes with the sense, that they record the annals of a fortunate as well as a famous race. And when we regard the historic greatness of the Percies, their narrow escape from extinction in the seventeenth century, and their present condition of established prosperity, we are reminded of that charming story, in which our greatest master of Romance describes the varying fortunes of the House of Avenel, and the sympathetic apparitions of its tutelary Spirit. When it seemed that the ancient line had dwindled down to a single life, and that its warlike blood flowed only in the veins of one defenceless girl, the White Lady's golden girdle, once a massive chain, was 'diminished to the fineness of a silken thread.' But when an auspicious marriage had renewed the race, and promised the due perpetuation of its honours, then 'the white Lady, whose apparitions had been infrequent when the House of Avenel seemed verging to extinction, was seen to sport by her haunted well, with a zone of gold around her bosom as broad as the baldrick of an Earl.'

ART. VI.—1. *Heaps of Money.* By W. E. Norris. London, 1877.
2. *Mademoiselle de Mersac.* By the Same. London, 1880.
3. *Matrimony.* By the Same. London, 1881.
4. *No New Thing.* By the Same. London, 1883.
5. *Thirlby Hall.* By the Same. London, 1884.
6. *Adrian Vidal.* By the Same. London, 1885.
7. *The Man of his Word, and other Short Stories.* By the Same. London, 1886.
8. *The Bachelor's Blunder.* By the Same. London, 1886.
9. *My Friend Jim.* By the Same. London, 1886.
10. *Major and Minor.* By the Same. London, 1887.
11. *Chris.* By the Same. London, 1888.
12. *The Rogue.* By the Same. London, 1888.

A FEW years ago we were turning over the leaves of a kind of literary album, in which were preserved in manuscript striking scenes or happy descriptive passages chosen from modern fiction. There was a good deal that was clever, and a great deal that was in many ways impressive; but we were becoming aware of a feeling of monotony, when we came upon an extract in which an almost forgotten note seemed to be struck. The simplicity, the quiet humour, and the minuteness of observation, shown in the passage, took us back to the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and Washington Irving; while the writer's power of style was at once apparent in the air of drowsiness and calm which he was able to breathe into his description of Sunday in an English village. Young Maxwell returns after many wanderings to the scene of his boyhood, and finds the same routine which, week after week and year after year, had enacted itself in that sleepy hollow. The extract is from Mr. Norris's 'Thirlby Hall:'—

'The next day being Sunday, my uncle and I of course went to church in the morning. The old square pew in which we sat, with its worm-eaten boards, its green baize curtain above them, and its shabby cushions and hassocks; the faint musty smell, for which partly damp and partly the remains of our decaying ancestors were responsible; the village choir in the gallery bawling out "I will arise" to the accompaniment of various musical instruments, which had always been dimly associated in my imagination with King Nebuchadnezzar and his image of gold—all these things brought back vividly to me the days of my boyhood; days that seemed then far more remote than they do now. I am afraid my mind was a good deal more occupied with memories and vain regrets than with the prayers and the Rector's subsequent homily.

'This, like all his discourses, was constructed on time-honoured and unvarying lines. Firstly: What was so-and-so? Was it this? —No. Was it that?—No. Was it something else altogether improbable?

improbable?—Again, no. What, then, was it? Which led to the agreeable discovery that, after all, it was very much what the untutored mind would have pronounced it to be at first sight. Secondly: How was this doctrine illustrated by examples from Holy Writ? Examples from Holy Writ, numerous and more or less apposite, followed. Finally, brethren, how did this great truth come home to all of us? The unsatisfactory conclusion being that it ought to come home to us all in many ways, but that, by reason of the hardness of our hearts, it didn't. Then there was a great scuffling of hobnailed boots, a great sigh of relief, and we were dismissed. Sir Digby and Lady Welby were always waiting for us in the porch, and Sir Digby invariably remarked that the weather was seasonable, while Lady Welby as invariably informed us that she had a headache, "but not one of my bad ones to-day." Then they got into their yellow chariot and were driven away, and my uncle and I walked down the churchyard path to our more modest equipage.'

It was this passage which introduced to us the work of Mr. Norris, and we have since read 'Thirlby Hall' and his other novels with great pleasure and admiration. It is true that most of his novels have won their way into cheaper editions, and three of them, 'Mademoiselle de Mersac,' 'Matrimony,' and 'No New Thing,' have attained that measure of popularity, of which the outward and visible sign is bad print, and the superscription, 'Fcap. 8vo, picture-boards, 2*s*.' Yet his works are unknown to scores of thousands who have read—or who are declared to have at least purchased—'The Hansom Cab'; and there may be some use in indicating the fatted calf to those who are fain to fill their bellies with the husks that the swine ate. For surely never was there an age in which the emptiest literary husks were more eagerly devoured than now, nor in which there was less excuse for its depraved appetite. For we heartily recognize many high qualities and hopeful elements in the English school of fiction of to-day. If its style does not flash and burn like the French, we must remember that it is so difficult to write a really classic French sentence, that only the fit writers survive and the unfit perish. A book written as is the 'Mystery of a Hansom Cab' could not exist in French; we doubt, indeed, whether a French Hawley Smart would be possible. But after all, it is as much the good luck as good guidance of a Bourget or a Droz which has brought it to pass that a French sentence must either be written correctly, or must obviously be no sentence at all.* Though we have but few writers whose pages

* M. Scherer, whose recent loss the literary world has to deplore, is far more fastidious. He divides the novels of his own country into two classes: those which are written and those which are not written. With the latter he ranges our English school.

scintillate

scintillate like those of George Meredith and R. L. Stevenson, we have many whose style more or less nearly approximates to that of Mr. Norris; that is, to the style of one who always writes like a gentleman, and often like a wit and a scholar. Surely the present generation, when it betakes itself to its husks, can by no means plead in excuse any want of variety in the good grain offered for its acceptance. Among living novelists, Black, Blackmore, Hardy, Meredith, Baring-Gould, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Burnett, the Sisters Gerard, Miss Fothergill, offer each diverse samples of good wholesome grain. And may it not be procured, chopped to the finest tenuity in the analytical school of America, with its dozen or so of reasons why a girl did not smile? Nay, even theology is held to the lips of the novel reader of the present day, if he prefers his theology diluted. We, for our part, recommend him to take it neat.

When we say that we owe Mr. Norris thanks for writing like a scholar, we have no fear of misconstruction; but when we go so far as to congratulate him on writing like a man of ordinary education, we feel we owe him an apology. This is a quality which ought to belong to all novelists, and to ascribe it to Mr. Norris is indeed to damn him with faint praise. But we have now reached an epoch in literature at which this praise, humble as it is, can be awarded to very few. Fully fifty per cent. of the novelists of the present day will write 'whom he said was his brother'; and about seventy-five per cent. will offend the taste of their readers with a sentence like this, which we quote from an accepted purveyor of fiction, the prolific Hawley Smart:

'A veritable storm in a teacup this, no doubt, but it is precisely such little convulsions that constitute the salt of existence in small country towns.'

There is a sentence which will pass muster with the careless reader, but it is disfigured by a vulgarity of style which lies deeper than grammatical solecisms. The sentence is the work of a writer who has not words to say what he means, who takes refuge in utterly outworn figures which he does not clearly conceive, and who finally flounders into a confusion of metaphors which is just not sufficiently marked to be amusing like the blunders ascribed to Sir Boyle Roche, and generally laid to the account of Irish oratory, where the exuberance, not the poverty, of imagination is as a rule the source of the incongruity. The vulgar mind is always under the dominion of some form of words which happens for the time to be in the ascendant.

ascendant. We were once haunted by the 'skeleton in the closet'—indeed we are still. The popular writer from whom we have just quoted, in another place, wishing to say that his hero was not at any time known to be suffering from any secret sorrow, writes, 'no skeleton in the background ever transpired.' We recollect when one could not take up a newspaper or a magazine article without meeting 'kittle cattle.' To it succeeded 'the courage of his convictions,' and the 'bolt from the blue'; and now we suffer most from 'measurable distance' and 'proven up to the hilt.' Most of these were once good phrases, and we hold with Justice Swallow that 'good phrases are surely and ever were very commendable.' It has been said that the first man who likened his mistress to a rose was a poet, the second an ass. To speak thus is perhaps to put a truth too strongly. But undoubtedly the best phrase, the most brilliant figure, the aptest quotation, ultimately attains a ripeness at which it begins to become offensive to sensitive nostrils. The decomposed thought cast away by a Meredith, a Stevenson, or a Norris, is eagerly taken up by the pedlars of literature and exposed for sale on every booth. Not only have we to complain that we are offered intellectual aliment, which, though once good meat, is now unfit for human food, but we have to guard against wooden nutmegs, chicory for coffee, and sand for sugar. 'The opportunity was availed of by thousands' never was, and never could have been, an English expression; yet it has made its way into the London daily press, and has been adopted by the rank and file of our minor novelists. The same may be said of *phenomenal*, vulgarly used as synonymous with *remarkable*, *conspicuous*. Barbarisms have become so rife in the literature of to-day,

'and dreadful objects so familiar,'

that we 'do but smile when we behold' such an usage as 'he desired *to considerably modify* the remarks which had previously fallen from him.' Yet we feel confident that this outrage on English syntax, this divorce of the infinitive mood from the preposition which is its sign, is a thing of yesterday. We believe that English speech was free from this error until the present generation, and that it was not till after Macaulay that—

'on its property and most dear life
This damned defeat was made.'

The uneducated writer has just that dangerous modicum of knowledge which makes it certain that he shall always go wrong. Instead of 'what joy he felt' he thinks he shows accuracy

accuracy by writing 'what joy did he not feel?'; far be it from him to say 'he bought it cheap'; he feels all the pride of a modern Priscian when he has set down 'he bought it cheaply.' The best piece of misplaced and perverted purism we have recently met was in a daily paper which recorded that an electoral division had 'voted solidly' for a certain candidate. 'Voted solid' is an ugly phrase, but it can at least be analysed; the electors were so unanimous in their voting that the expression of their choice was solid, unbroken by dissentients; 'solid' is proleptic, like the adjective in 'dyed red'; but 'voted solidly' is absolute nonsense. The journalist's knowledge was just enough to keep him from slipping fortuitously into a sound construction, from 'doing a grammatical act by chance,' as Aristotle quaintly puts it. To parody a well-known oxymoron:

> His ignorance in knowledge rooted stood:
> Unerring error kept him rightly wrong.

While we are justified in claiming a place in a comparatively small and select circle for a writer who can even construct his sentences correctly, and in holding up to admiration a novelist who can attain the brilliant finish of Mr. Norris, we feel, however, that this is not the largest debt which we owe him. We entertain a sense of personal gratitude to every writer whose ambition is to carry on the tradition of English fiction from Jane Austen to Thackeray, and who sets his face against the sensationalism which is the greatest danger threatening modern fiction. We do not detect any sign of a revulsion of feeling against sensationalism. We fear the taste for it is even growing —

ἐν ἀρχῇ πῆμα κοὐδέπω μεσοῖ.

Nor does the utter inanity of the most characteristic products of this school seem to threaten the vitality of the school itself. Macbeth complains that

> 'The times have been,
> That when the brains were out the man would die.'

But the want of brains seems to help this class of fiction to live and thrive. Making all reasonable deductions for unthinking exaggeration and for deliberate misstatement, we suppose we may take it that the 'Mystery of a Hansom Cab' has commanded a larger sale than any other story of our day, even in its own class. Yet bad as are all the shilling dreadfuls, most of them are high works of art compared with this detestable production. What can have attracted the public we confess ourselves unable to conjecture. It is a tale of a commonplace murder,

murder, written in the vilest English, in which the criticisms on life and manners would argue abnormal stupidity in a boy of fourteen, in which here is not even an attempt to portray a character, and in which (strangest feature of all) the plot is as uninteresting as the style is vulgar, profusely decorated as it is with 'the Gordian knot,' 'the sword of Damocles,' 'the couch of Procustes' (*sic*), and other classical allusions, which, even if correctly made, are hateful, as having long since become broken-winded and worn out. We wonder who was the 'cynical writer' from whom the author cites the apophthegm that, 'after all, the illusions of youth are mostly due to the want of experience;' and what 'Penny Educator' supplied the citations from Latin and French? The future career of a classical quotation seems to be as much at the mercy of chance as the success of man himself, and the fittest do not seem to survive. We suppose hardly a day passes in which *timeo Danaos* is not aired somewhere; Macaulay's apt '*cur quis non prandeat hoc est*' from Persius has, we believe, never been used a second time.

But it is not only for its prevailing literary imbecility, that we deplore the rise of a kind of literature which bids fair to inflict serious injury on the legitimate novel; we find in it a moral defect, which is, we believe, peculiar to it. We refer to the dishonest attempt to add to the interest of the story by using solemn and impressive language in attestation of its truth. About a year ago the hoardings and other advertisement-spaces of London were disfigured by a horrible picture of a young girl falling in blood under an assassin's knife. This was an incident in a story called 'Devlin the Barber,' a disagreeable but certainly ingenious tale, which we would by no means treat so unfairly as to class it with the 'Hansom Cab.' Our chief quarrel with its author is that he seems to pledge his personal veracity for obviously impossible incidents. 'What I am about to narrate is absolutely true,' says the character in whose mouth he puts the tale. This, however, might be defended—the narrator is a fictitious personage, and cannot give real evidence. But Mr. B. L. Farjeon is no fictitious personage, and we confess that this note on p. 102, attesting as it does the truth of plainly incredible statements, seems to us, to say the least, too *splendide mendax*:—

'I have this desk, with its contents, now in my possession. The extraordinary revelations made therein (which I may mention have no connection with the present story) will one day be made public.—B. L. F.'

Surely this distinctly pledges the credit of Mr. B. L. Farjeon for the objective existence of 'Devlin the Barber,' and, by parity of reasoning

reasoning, for his incredible powers and impossible feats. We regret to have to confess, that a precedent for this practice is to be found in Charles Dickens, of whose good qualities, too, Mr. Farjeon sometimes succeeds in executing tolerable imitations—we mean imitations which may be perused with only absolute sensations of pain. In the 'Trial for Murder,' a tale published in 1865 as a chapter in 'Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions,' Dickens does not, it is true, make himself responsible for the truth of a clearly incredible narrative, but he makes the narrator say, 'Of that I am as strictly sure as of every other statement that I make here,' which is, indeed, perhaps a sufficiently moderate declaration. This, however, seems to us to be hardly fair, when we think of the effect which it might have on an unexperienced reader:—

'My reader is to make the most that can reasonably be made of my feeling jaded, having a depressing sense upon me of a monotonous life, and being slightly dyspeptic. I am assured by my renowned doctor that my real state of health at that time justifies no stronger description, and I quote his own from his written answer to my request for it.'

All such attempts to recommend to credence extravagant inventions we hold to be bad in art, and even open to objection morally; and we regret that writers of a certain ability, like Mr Farjeon and Mr. Conway, should have applied their powers to the particular field of effort which they have chosen. But for reading a book like the 'Hansom Cab' there is no excuse, except that one may put oneself in a position to condemn it wholly. Such must be the judgment of all, who believe that in fiction there is any source of instruction, culture, or even rational amusement. It is this class who will thank us for introducing them to Mr. Norris—or rather those among this class, who have not been yet fortunate enough to make his acquaintance.

The manner and method of Mr. Norris at once suggest a comparison with Thackeray. Indeed this has already been drawn by a brilliant and judicious critic. 'Would Thackeray,' Mr. Andrew Lang recently asked, 'have failed to recognize a worthy follower in Mr. Norris, who is indeed the Thackeray of a later age?' Reflections on life, its hypocrisies, and its euphemisms, coupled with a cynical, because only half-sincere, defence of the world with all its faults and shams, have always been affected by novelists from Fielding down. This is a powerful instrument in the grasp of a Fielding or a Thackeray; but it is an edged tool which is likely to cut the hands that use it unskilfully. A writer cannot moralize without giving us

glimpses of his own personality; and, by a sad dispensation of Providence, the more disagreeable the personality of an author is, the more prone he is to bestow it upon us. With all his vigour and with many good gifts, does not Charles Reade inspire one with a perhaps unreasonable loathing of that self, which he is ever obtruding on us, and even of those of his fictitious characters whom he seems personally to admire? Again, the buoyant spirits of Mr. James Payn are, we own, to us unaccountably depressing. Now, Mr. Norris is sparing of bestowing his individuality on the reader, and, when he does, he employs that ironical self-assertion by which Thackeray always so cleverly disarmed criticism. Who but Thackeray could have written the 'Book of Snobs' without bringing on himself the retort, that he himself was a snob 'and the father of it'? Thackeray turned the edge of such a weapon, by boldly assuming the character which he knew would be ascribed to him: 'and I ought to know, considering that I might have been seen last Thursday by any one who happened to be in Piccadilly walking arm in arm with a Marquess.' In the same vein Mr. Norris, instead of posing as a preacher or reformer with a high moral purpose, is rather disposed to sneer at his own craft, and so disarm criticism.

In 'My Friend Jim,' the teller of the tale is a literary man, and we learn something about his estimate of literary men as members of society, and his consciousness of the kind cruelties to which they have to submit at the hands of their friends:—

'During certain months of the year I went a good deal into society, where it was my great good fortune now and then to meet with somebody who had never written a book or even contributed to a magazine. I have always found such persons exceptionally clever and interesting; but they are becoming more and more rare, and will soon, I fear, be extinct. . . . I told him all about myself and his observations on my literary achievements were flattering, though I think he was a little bit anxious lest I should ask him had he read my works.'

In 'Adrian Vidal' the hero is again an author, and we have frequent peeps into Mr. Norris's views about the profession of the novelist, which Mr. James Payn extols so highly as an equally lucrative and elevating pursuit. Mr. Norris's views are not so roseate. He recognizes that a man who lives by his pen must be able complacently to put up with work which falls below the utmost limit of his powers; you must amuse people, you cannot string together a set of essays and call it a novel. 'The novel-reading public means mainly the women, and love—the English variety, not the French—is the one subject that interests

interests them all. Mr. Norris sees that the time has gone by for sweeping indictments against immorality or even vulgarity. What is now needed is a certain smartness—a light-handed, light-hearted treatment of the problems and the sins of life, the Horatian flick, not the Juvenalian scourge:—

'The kind of hard hitting that amused our fathers offends us; and it would be almost as disagreeable to us to read another such onslaught as Macaulay made upon Robert Montgomery as to see a man throw a glass of wine in his neighbour's face.'

Mr. Norris may claim kinship with Thackeray, not only in the points which we have mentioned, but in many others. In 'Mademoiselle de Mersac' he ventures—always a hazardous experiment—on tracing the fortunes of the De Mersacs through two or three generations before the period at which the story begins. One remembers how in like cases, to relieve the monotony which besets such a narrative, Dickens is forced to sound his most broadly comic stop, and one shudders when one thinks of the attempts of some of his imitators in the same direction. Mr. Norris has the light touch of Thackeray, who guides us through three or four generations as gracefully as a well-bred man might point out the portraits of his ancestors in the family picture-gallery.

But most of all does he resemble the great master of modern fiction in his *esprit malin et railleur*, in his recoil from the obsolete and hackneyed, from worn-out slangs, allusions and quotations—in a word, in his possession of that quality of εὐτραπελία which really has scarcely an English name, and which was so well defined by Aristotle as πεπαιδευμένη ὕβρις, or refined insolence. When Mrs. Winnington, in 'No New Thing,' remarks that in her young days it had not been customary to encourage school girls to give themselves ridiculous and impertinent airs, Philip assents from the other side of the table, adding that one of the faults of the present system of education was the teaching of accomplishments, which so many of the last generation had shown themselves capable of acquiring without any aid. Mrs. Winnington knew the world, and was not so simple as to believe that it contained any sincere or conscientious people except herself. She possessed in a remarkable degree 'that exasperating quality known as tact,' and on one occasion, when all the magnates of the surrounding district and various clerical dignitaries from Craybridge were present at a great dinner, 'as some of them did not happen to be on speaking terms, Mrs. Winnington had large opportunities for the display of tact, and enjoyed herself very much.'

In 'Heaps of Money' Mr. Howard's hypocrisy is cynically excused:—

'Some people knowingly or unknowingly are perpetually playing parts from their cradle to their deathbed. Very likely they can't help themselves, and ought only to be pitied for having an exaggerated sense of the fitness of things.'

In the same novel (his first) a reflection, which at first sight threatened to be a platitude, savours well when a little irony is infused:

'Who ever quitted, without a passing pang of regret, a roof which had become familiar to him—did it but cover an official residence (and we know from the repeated assurances of our rulers, how willingly the tenancy of that class of houses is always resigned).'

Lord Keswick, being pressed by his father to marry and thus extricate himself from his debts, urges plaintively that he is not a domestic man;

'"Am I a domestic man?" retorts his father. And to tell the truth he certainly was not.'

In one of the shorter stories, 'The Princess Paolini,' an elderly friend interrupts love's young dream by a terribly practical caution. The young lover is standing near the open entrance-door, awaiting the arrival of the Princess:—

'I ventured at length to approach him, and remonstrate with him on the folly of stationing himself at the elbow of a powdered footman who might at any moment sneeze, and cover him with flour from head to foot.'

The reception of Mr. Gervis by the society of Beachborough is cleverly described in 'Matrimony,' a book full of keen observation and gentle cynicism:—

'They encircled him, as it were, with a visiting card in one hand and a trickbat in the other, waiting for further information before they should decide which of these forms of welcome should be launched at the intruder.'

And here are two aphorisms which seem to us both just and original. One is from 'Chris,' a very charming little tale:—

'The young are often more ready to make allowances for the old than the old are to do as much for the young.'

The other is from his last novel, 'The Rogue':—

'There is nothing like a little difference with one of our friends to make us thoroughly appreciate the sterling qualities of all the others.'

For

For the criticisms and reflections on life which we have quoted we do not claim the originality of Rochefoucauld, the subtilty of George Eliot, or the epigrammatic finish of George Meredith; they are the comments of a man of the world who observes things about him, and we do not think that they have been put so well before. Nothing is easier than to moralize in a certain fashion, and truisms about life actually commend themselves to certain classes, for instance to the readers of Ouida and Hawley Smart. 'Our life below is short,' says Lady Wathin in Meredith's 'Diana of the Crossways'; 'on the other hand,' says Diana, 'the platitudes about it are eternal.'

Perhaps in none of his novels does Mr. Norris remind us so much of Thackeray as in 'Thirlby Hall.' Franzenshöhe constantly suggests Pumpernickel and its Serene Transparencies; and not even Thackeray better understood 'that queer national compound of materialism and sentimentality, which to Englishmen has always appeared so incomprehensible, and to Frenchmen so supremely ludicrous.' The hero, Charley Maxwell, has much in common with Pendennis. As *attaché* at Franzenshöhe he falls completely under the influence of the brilliant Lady Constance, and forgets Maud Dennison and his boyish love, which Mr. Norris has drawn with great truth and delicacy. When Charley returns to the home of his youth, he is astonished and rather indignant to find that his friend, plain, honest George Warren—a kind of Traddles—is hopelessly in love with Maud. Maxwell is surprised at this discovery, but sees that there really can be very little interest in poor George's love troubles. 'Did she mention—me?' he asks. George feels himself to be quite a brute when he answers:—

'I must confess that when I spoke to her on the subject of marriage, I was more anxious to find out my own chances than yours. No; she said nothing about you.'

With a little of the cynicism and something of the pathos of the great master, Mr. Norris combines a good deal of the good-humour of Anthony Trollope, and shows in common with him a certain distaste for dwelling on the lifeless and withered side of life. In 'No New Thing' we are often reminded of the best work of Trollope. He speaks both of Nellie Brune and Edith Winnington as his heroines, and tells the love tale of both; but the central figure is really Margaret Stanniforth. She is left rich early in life by the death of her husband. Colonel Kenyon, who is a kind of Dobbin, is in love with Margaret since his boyhood, but Margaret will not think of marrying again, and,

to

to fill up her now empty life, she adopts an Italian boy, Philip Marescalchi, who becomes afterwards a great burden on her. However, Mr. Norris's gentlemen are unmistakably gentlemen, even when they are bad and thoroughly selfish; and utterly worthless as Philip is, 'there was a certain helplessness about the man which endeared him to all women and made them hate to see him suffer'; and his audacity, and determination not to occupy an unpicturesque position, go far to win for him even the sympathy of the reader:—

'"I may as well tell you," says Philip, "it is all over between Nellie and me. Don't try to look distressed. You know that you think, as everybody else does, except Meg, that she is well rid of me. At the same time if you feel disposed to admire my fortitude I don't forbid you to do so. In me, Edith, you see that sublime spectacle, a good man struggling with adversity. By a most unkind freak of fortune I have failed to establish my right to call myself Brune, and I am by no means clear that I have not lost my old name in the attempt. I return home in broken spirits to be told by Nellie that upon further consideration she finds that she never cared a brass farthing for me. I come up to London and make a hideous fiasco of my first appearance as a public singer. Ah, well: let us talk about something else. Here comes Mr. Stanniforth, looking the benevolent legislator all over. I wonder whether he could be induced to have a scheme for the sustenance of unsuccessful public singers at the national expense.'

Nothing, perhaps, in Mr. Norris's work is more life-like than the complete defeat of the excellent Colonel Hugh Kenyon, first by Mrs. Winnington and then by Philip. Colonel Kenyon finds that Margaret has been so plundered by her mother Mrs. Winnington and her *protégé* Philip, that she has been reduced to comparative poverty, and falls seriously ill. The good Colonel rushes to the rescue, and first attacks the female leech. Of the two depredators, Mrs. Winnington, who honestly believes herself to be actuated by the highest and purest motives, is more insatiable than Philip, who cynically parades his utter unscrupulousness. This is the account of the Colonel's first reverse:

'Striding into the room, Col. Kenyon beheld the foe with whom he had come to wage war prostrate upon the sofa, dishevelled as to her hair, and very red and swollen as to her eyes and nose.

'"How do you do?" said Mrs. Winnington. "I don't know why they let you come up. I am not in a state to receive visitors. I am very ill indeed."

'"Oh!" said Hugh, a good deal disconcerted; for he felt that the force of his attack must now be greatly weakened. "What is the matter with you? Gout again?"

'"I believe,"

"'I believe,' answered Mrs. Winnington impressively, 'I am about to die.'

"'Oh, I don't think so; you don't look like it at all,' said Hugh, with conspicuous lack of sympathy.

"'I do not know,' rejoined Mrs. Winnington, 'what I may look like; but I know what I feel. However, I have no wish to weary you with my complaints. I have never talked about my health, or taken care of it, as you are aware. Perhaps if I had thought less of others and more of myself, as Cardinal Wolseley said, I should not be in the condition that I am in now.'

"'I didn't know that Cardinal Wolsey had said that,' remarked Hugh; 'but to the best of my belief you have no reason to reproach yourself on that score, Mrs. Winnington. You haven't thought too much of late about Margaret, it seems to me! . . . She has been in a Nurses' Institution; and I am sorry to say that she has made herself rather seriously ill.'

"'A Nurses' Institution! you don't mean to say so! How very extraordinary poor dear Margaret is! Of course you were quite right to take her away—especially if she is going to be ill. It is nothing catching, I hope.'

"'No; you need not be afraid of going to see her.'

"'As for my going to see her,' Mrs. Winnington went on, 'I don't know how long it may be before I am able to manage that. But I will send Edith. . . .'

"'Of course you will prepare to take her abroad directly,' said he, finally.

"'I don't know about directly,' she answered. 'I meant to have gone to Homburg as soon as I was able to travel; but things have happened which may oblige me to change my plan. As for remaining a whole winter out of England that I certainly cannot do. You must remember that dear Margaret is not my only daughter, and that I cannot be always with her. I have tried to leave her as little alone as I could. But I have made some engagements for the autumn which I must fulfil. That is, if I live so long,' she added, remembering that she had just predicted her speedy dissolution.

"'In other words, rather than give up a few visits, you would leave Margaret to the tender mercies of a doctor and a lady's maid, hundreds of miles away from all her friends.'

"'What your object can be in saying rude and false things about me I can't imagine. Of course dear Margaret must have some one with her, and if she were really ill I should go to her at once. But I don't think it likely that matters are as bad as you make out. . . . However, all these matters can be discussed later; just now I do not feel up to talking any more. Will you give my best love to dear Margaret, please, and tell her that if she will come and see me I shall be so glad. Edith will go to her as soon as she has a spare moment.'

"'Very well; I will give her that message,' answered Hugh, getting up; and as he went downstairs he tried to console himself by

by reflecting that he would have probably done more harm than good if he had succeeded in picking a quarrel with Mrs. Winnington. "But the other," thought he, "is different. He is a man; I can deal with him, I think."'

In the interview with 'the other' the good Colonel is even more decisively routed. It would require too much space to record the whole incident, but this is a sample of it:

'It added fuel to the flames of his indignation to be shown into a spacious sitting-room adorned with much gilding and crimson damask, and many mirrors.

'"You have dropped into pretty comfortable quarters here," he remarked, almost before Philip had time to say, "How do you do?"

'Mr. Marescalchi, who had been lying on the sofa smoking a cigarette, resumed his recumbent attitude, and blew a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling.

'"They wouldn't be bad," he replied, "if they were not so execrably furnished. It is pain and grief to have to sit in such a gaudy room as this. But one can't have everything, and the hotel is tolerably comfortable in other respects."

'"I have no doubt it is. Tolerably expensive too, I should think."

'"Oh, of course. You can't live in a London hotel during the season for nothing; and from what I hear I should say that this was about the most ruinous establishment of the lot. Still, when one has the means, you know —"

'Hugh exploded like a bomb. "The means! Deuce take it all, Marescalchi, this is rather too good a joke! Do you think I don't know where your means come from? Are you aware, sir, that Margaret has had to pinch and screw, and put down her establishment, and reduce herself to—to positive indigence, by George! in order to provide you with the means of lying on your back on the sofa and smoking your beastly cigarettes all day?"

'"They aren't beastly, really," said Philip mildly; "they're the best I can get. Won't you try one? These are not my rooms, by the way. They are occupied by Signora Tommasini, who kindly allows me to make use of them."'

Philip having thus decidedly scored the first hit, the interview goes on until the Colonel calls Philip a wholesale robber. When he refuses to retract, Philip challenges him to a duel, and hints that he is a coward when he refuses to fight. Whereupon the Colonel threatens to 'hammer' Philip, who points out that it is not dignified to insult a man whom you know you can thrash, and then to decline to meet with pistols on more even terms. The Colonel feels bound to apologize, and retires in confusion.

We have given a long extract from 'No New Thing,' because we

we wish to give our readers a ready means of judging whether Mr. Norris cannot do work that may be compared favourably with Anthony Trollope at his best. Tom Stanniforth in this same work is a study in many ways resembling Jonathan Stubbs in 'Ayala's Angel,' one of the best conceived of Trollope's later novels. But Mr. Norris sometimes seems to forget that Mrs. Winnington, whom he naturally hates, is a lady. Like Mrs. Proudie, she is the wife of a bishop. Mrs. Jiniwin, in the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' might more fitly have addressed an old friend returned from India in the words with which Mrs. Winnington receives Hugh Kenyon:—

'"You are looking very old and worn out. I suppose India is quite fatal to health and appearance, especially in the case of officers, who always drink more than they ought to do in those hot climates, I believe. Isn't there a place called Simla where everybody goes in the summer months? I don't pretend to be well up in the geography of those regions. But from all I can make out, the vulgarity of these people is only equalled by their immorality."'

Mrs. Winnington, however, is a very vigorously drawn 'character part,' though we think the far slighter sketch of Mrs. Worsley, a more refined Mrs. Jellyby, in 'The Rogue,' shows more independent observation:—

'"I am an old woman," said Mrs. Worsley, "and my niece is young and inexperienced. So long as she lives under my roof I must hold myself responsible for her, and I can't sanction her associating with miscreants."

'"Is her brother a miscreant?"

'"Now, Mr. Kennedy, if you fancy you are going to draw me into specific accusations you will be disappointed. I have had actions for libel and actions for slander brought against me before now in the course of my public duties, and I know pretty well what the ridiculous laws of this country are. I assert in general terms that I will not allow my niece to associate with miscreants; and I further assert that I will not allow her to meet her brother Thomas in Ladbroke Square. That much I am ready to put in writing; and if you think an action will lie, you had better bring it."'

However, if in portraying Mrs. Winnington Mr. Norris for once shows a tendency to play to the gallery, he has more than redeemed 'No New Thing' by his charming study of Margaret Stanniforth, who, though not young nor beautiful, seems to us to rank next to Jeanne de Mersac among his heroines. Colonel Kenyon in a few touching words gives the keynote of the whole story:—

'"All that you have thought of, Margaret, has been to please those whom you have loved; and they have made use of you, and turned

turned their backs on you when they could make use of you no longer. That is no new thing, I suppose."'

In pointing to certain resemblances in method between Mr. Norris and Anthony Trollope, we are far from suggesting any real community of view as to the aim and the limits of the novelist's art. Indeed, we would confidently trace the genesis of Mr. Norris's fiction to a much higher source, and regard him as the literary descendant and heir of that marvellous girl, who wooed to an absorbing interest in the quiet tenour of life, as it enacted itself under her own rustic and home-keeping eyes, a generation blunted and deafened by the 'Big Bow-wow'* of Mrs. Radcliffe, Godwin, Beckford, and 'Monk' Lewis. In the hands of Jane Austen the life of average humanity, swept by no violent gusts of passion, upheaved by no volcanoes of exceptional experience, came for the first time under artistic treatment. The great Master who originated the art of criticism has taught us that Poetry—that is, dramatic and epic Poetry—is more philosophical than History. The latter only puts before us the things which have happened, and these may, in many instances, be exceptions to the general rules which regulate the sequence of events in human life; but Poetry presents us with things as they ought to be, with the examples of the regular operation of cause and effect in human things. It is in the same way that novels like those of Miss Austen and those which we are now considering are a source, not only of amusement, but of instruction. They constitute artificial experience, and teach a lesson which none but the dullest can fail to learn: while it is only the highly organized few, who can turn to profitable use the rough teachings of actual experience,

> 'qui ferre incommoda vitæ
> nec iucture iugum vita didicere magistra.'

Such works do not deal in fiends and angels. Instead of the splendours and horrors of an imaginary world, they show us an accurate picture of what is going on around us; and, if the schemers and villains do not succeed so completely as some do in real life, at all events they are not overwhelmed by

* 'Read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of "Pride and Prejudice." That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary common-place things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!'—*Diary of* Sir Walter Scott.

such

such signal judgments as outrage all sense of probability. But such works must be pictures, not photographs; and must appeal to us as artistic, not merely as accurate. A photograph of Dutch boors drinking could hardly be a source of real pleasure, though a picture of the same scene may be very delightful. It is in this that the art of Anthony Trollope falls below that of Miss Austen and Mr. Norris. There is nothing elevating or even improving in fiction which presents us with characters which are never on a higher or larger scale than ourselves, of a more generous or loftier cast than the persons we meets at a dinner party or in a club smoking-room. The types of character should be presented to us in such a way as to stimulate our imagination, and kindle our admiration and love. Miss Austen's Anne Elliot and Catherine Morland, Mr. Norris's Jeanne de Mersac, Margaret Stanniforth, St. Luc, and Dick Herbert, are perfectly natural and life-like. We can almost hear them talking. But they have an ideal of human conduct and aspiration, which, though sometimes far—very far in the case of St. Luc—from conventional, is yet, in its effect on the reader, noble, and elevating. And such lessons may be conveyed conversely by the treatment of natures in themselves more or less ignoble. Let him that is without egotism study George Meredith's dissection of Sir Willoughby Patterne, and he will perceive how subtle is the enemy from whose assaults he thought himself secure. This is really the difference between the art of Sophocles and Euripides; Sophocles admitted reality only within the limits which dramatic art as conceived by him justified, Euripides sacrificed everything to reality—Sophocles painted, Euripides photographed.*

It is not easy to analyse the plot of any of Mr. Norris's novels. We cannot complain of a lack of interesting incident, and the stories are all well told, fascinating us we scarce know why, but we feel sure that he is more at home in the delineation of character. Adrian Vidal, who is a *littérateur*, says that the publisher ought to provide plots for the novelist, and asks where is the plot in 'Tristram Shandy'? We might put the same question with regard to 'Vanity Fair.' However, it is theoretically true that a story ought to be a story, and plots we

* This is the real meaning of the words ascribed to Sophocles, αὐτὸς μὲν οἵους δεῖ ποιεῖ, Εὐριπίδης δὲ οἷοί εἰσιν. The antithesis to be supplied [illegible] is ποιεῖ, not εἶναι. The meaning of οἵους δεῖ ποιεῖν is 'as art demands' [illegible] is absurdly untrue to say that Sophocles described men as they ought to be no dramatic poetry would be possible under such conditions. Beings whose actions were all morally perfect would not afford materials for a tale.

must

must have. Those of Mr. Norris are for the most part slight, and are quite subservient to the delineation of character and the dramatization of society. In 'The Bachelor's Blunder' more than in any other work he calls in the aid of incident; but we rather deplored the attempted murder, which tended to spoil a book full of delicate characterization. The episode leaves a sense of incongruity as displeasing as the similar experiment made by Anthony Trollope in 'Phineas Redux.' A more characteristic example of his method is to be found in his first really ambitious work, 'Mademoiselle de Mersac,' which indeed has a good deal in common with the last, 'The Rogue.' In both the heroine represents the author's favourite type. Both would turn a deaf ear to the poet's counsel,

> 'Bid her come forth,
> Suffer herself to be desired,
> And not blush so to be admired.'

And in both the plot mainly hinges on the relation of a sister towards her brother; in the one case sisterly affection, and in the other the sense of a sister's duty, seems to drive the heroine away from the man she loves, and to force on her a marriage that she detests.

Jeanne, the orphan daughter of the Marquis de Mersac, lives in a romantic old house, near El-Biar in Algiers, with her brother Léon and the old Duchesse de Breuil, a *grande dame* who had played no inconsiderable part in the political and social history of her country till she had been shouldered aside to make room for the satellites of a new *régime*, and had retired, like her old admirer the Marquis, to the picturesque African Colony. Jeanne found in her brother's well-being the chief end of her existence. She was indifferent to all other men, save the Vicomte de St. Luc, whom she regarded almost with abhorrence as a dangerous associate for Léon. St. Luc, whose handsome face, distinguished manners, and lavish expenditure had made him a prime favourite in Paris society, at last ruins himself by betting on the Grand Prix, and retires to Algiers. Here the irresistible Vicomte for the first time loves, and for the first time is repelled. The favourite of the grand ladies of Paris fails with an inexperienced girl whose life had been passed in remote Algeria. St. Luc did not know that inexperienced girls are usually far more exacting than women of the world, and that the qualities which find favour in the eyes of the latter class seldom recommend themselves to the former. His formal and courtly homage wearies the girl, and makes interesting by its very contrast the cool self-assurance of

Barrington.

Barrington, a *dilettante* Englishman of middle age, who amuses himself by making love to this Algerian Pallas Athenè. At last the *peripeteia* of the drama is brought about by a rather original device. St. Luc, whose desire is to scare young Léon away from the gambling-table for ever, wins from him at lansquenet a sum much larger than Léon can pay. The boy solemnly forswears gambling; but when the Vicomte tears up his acknowledgment of the debt, he finds in Léon an obstinacy which completely defeats his design. Neither by argument nor by ridicule can the young man be induced to consent to look on the debt as cancelled. He must tell all to his sister, sell his property, pay his debt, and emigrate. At last St. Luc persuades him to turn the debt into a kind of a wager. He bets 255,800 francs to 10 centimes that he will marry Léon's sister. Then, if he should be so blest as to prosper in his suit—and Léon is heartily on his side—Jeanne will come to him with a dowry diminished by that sum. Léon at last agrees, on the understanding that, if St. Luc should fail, the money is still owed to him. This is the beginning of trouble. Jeanne has just discovered that she loves Barrington, who has almost asked her to be his wife. She is to meet him at a ball that very night, and then she will accept him. Her dream of love is interrupted by Léon, who begins to plead the cause of St. Luc, and who finally discloses to her his wager. The girl is indignant at having been made the stake in a game of cards, and declares she will never forgive St. Luc. She does not go to the ball, and Barrington is called away to England, where absence cools his love, and the incidents of English society bring strongly before him the disadvantages which would attend a marriage with a foreigner and a Catholic. Then Jeanne recognizes that the die is cast. The rest of her life must be spent, not with the man she loves, but with one for whom at the time she feels an absolute abhorrence. Further than this it would be a mistake to pursue the plot. On this not very strong pivot it all turns. We have to take it for granted that such a girl as Jeanne could so completely misapprehend such a man as St. Luc, and could fail to see the inherent worthlessness of Barrington; but when we have surmounted this difficulty, we have in St. Luc as noble a portrait as modern fiction affords, and we promise the reader that the *dénoûment* does not offend either against the laws of probability or against those of art.

A very similar *motif* is used, as we have said, in 'The Rogue.' But the personality of Jeanne is divided between Stella Mowbray, who has many of her strong and positive qualities,

qualities, and Gertrude Heywood, who like her is ready to sacrifice herself for her brother, Tom Heywood, the Rogue. Like all novels of character, 'The Rogue' has hardly any plot. The story is a series of episodes most ingeniously constructed to illustrate the facts, that Tom Heywood is at once weak and unscrupulous, but so original and ingenious in his *rôle* of rogue, that he deceives nearly all who know him, and sometimes comes near to deceiving himself; that Oswald Kennedy is generous and affectionate, but sceptical and distrustful, mainly of himself; that Gertrude is self-sacrificing, without being, like Jeanne de Mersac, of the stuff of which heroines are made; and that Stella Mowbray is enthusiastic and high-minded to the very brink of perversity. There is a fire at which Oswald Kennedy does all the work and Tom Heywood gets all the praise. There is a race in which Tom Heywood bets against his own mount, and loses the race so cleverly that Oswald gets into serious trouble for finding him out. Oswald can only bring himself to hint at the possibility of Tom's having done so dishonourable an act; and Tom meets his suspicions with such manly good-humoured frankness, mingled with a suggestion of how serious the consequences would be if he really felt his honour wounded, that every one recognizes in Tom the model British sportsman. There are swindling companies promoted by Tom and his friend Fisher, the American. Gertrude, who is in love with Algy Pycroft, is urged by her brother to marry Fisher, who is in possession of a secret about Tom's past life, which he threatens to disclose. One sees that the American adventurer is struggling against a generous impulse all along, and one is prepared to find that at the last he yields to his better self, and foregoes his advantage. Throughout all there is the game of cross-purposes caused by Tom's shiftiness, Oswald's irresolution, Stella's noble perversity, and Gertrude's blind devotion to her unworthy brother. Out of those materials a most fascinating novel is constructed. Stella is a girl after Mr. Norris's own heart, a female *heautontimorumenos*, who keeps on erecting obstacles between herself and the man she loves; but she is as free and wild as Horace's *latis equa trima campis*, and one has a feeling of satisfaction when she is finally tamed, and when the course of true love, which she has so industriously been damming, runs smooth at last.

The method and manner of Mr. Norris make it difficult to analyse his plots; it is easier and pleasanter to consider, how he has dealt with the main constituents of modern society.

We have said that Mr. Norris's gentlemen are gentlemen, even

en when they are villains. Lord St. Austell, in 'Adrian dal,' finds his wife burning her love-letters. His way of cepting his wife's admission that he behaved like a gentleman characteristic:—

"Burning letters?" he asked, with a glance at the shrivelled eds of paper on the hearth. "An excellent plan. There is only better as far as I know, and that is not to receive any."

"How can one help receiving letters?" asked Lady St. Austell atly.

"I'm sure I don't know—I wish to goodness I did! But your ers, I should imagine, are chiefly answers; and I can give you as ctical a piece of advice about them as 'Ask no questions, and 'll be told no lies.' Don't write rubbish to young fools, and you n't have to scorch your face till you look like a cook by burning r replies on a hot summer afternoon."

"How coarse you are!" cried Lady St. Austell indignantly. am not given to behaving in the way that you describe."

"Are you not? But I haven't asked any questions, you know, so needn't—well, you needn't answer. In point of fact, I don't the slightest curiosity about the matter. All the same, I ldn't keep such a rascally lady's maid, if I were you."

"I am not going to keep her; I have just dismissed her. Has been speaking to you?"

"Yes, she has. Bounced out at me as I was coming upstairs, and gan to pour out such a stream of venom that she positively ightened me. I told her to go to blazes."

"Did you really?" exclaimed Lady St. Austell gratefully. Thank you, Sidney; you acted like a gentleman."

"That appears to surprise you. Personally, I am not certain at it is very like a gentleman to use strong language to one's eriors; but she ought not to have bounced at me. I can't stand ng bounced at. She is a good-looking woman too," continued his dship meditatively. "Cursed with a vile temper, though, I uld think."

His gentlemen, who are not villains, are thoroughly good lows. Mainwairing, in 'Heaps of Money,' is a kind of man th whom one would like one's son to play billiards. It must remembered that Mainwairing hates Mr. Howard:—

"I say, Mainwairing," said one of the young men, after play had n going on for some few minutes, "do you know much of that low Howard you were with at the band this evening?"

"Not much," answered Mainwairing. "About as much as I know you or anybody here. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. I thought perhaps he was a friend of yours."

"Not at all," said Mainwairing.

"Well, I'll tell you what," said the young man, winking, with solemn knowingness of youth; "I wouldn't play écarté with him

him if I was you. I know something of the game, but he's one too many for me, I can tell you."

'"Mr. Howard," said Mainwairing, after making his stroke with much deliberation, "has probably been studying the game of écarté for the last forty years, more or less; you, I should say, have been at it for about four. Why on earth you should suppose that you are likely to beat him I can't see."

'"Oh, I don't want to swagger about my play," returned the young man, rather annoyed. "I'm not exactly a beginner, as it happens, but of course I can't win money out of a man who turns up the king every other deal."

'"Now look here, my boy," said Mainwairing, laying his hand upon the speaker's arm, "take my advice and don't go about saying that kind of thing, or you'll find yourself in trouble one of these days. You either mean nothing, or you mean that Mr. Howard cheats at cards. And, as one who has seen perhaps rather more of club life than you have, let me tell you that it doesn't do to make speeches of that kind in a club or anywhere else unless you have clear and positive proof to bring forward—and not always then.

'"I didn't say he cheated," blurted out the young man, growing very red and confused.

'"I certainly understood you to hint it," said Mainwaring.'

St. Luc, in 'Mademoiselle de Mersac,' and Dick Herbert, in 'A Bachelor's Blunder,' are the two noblest gentlemen that Mr. Norris has drawn. Each displays in his own way to what an extent a man who is really a man can forget and efface himself in his chivalrous devotion to a woman who misunderstands him, and who is yet a fine type of woman. St. Luc, it may be mentioned, is in every respect an Englishman as much as Dick Herbert. Unlike Thackeray's De Florac, this French Vicomte is French only in name; and the same may be said of Jeanne de Mersac, who is, perhaps, his most charming female portrait, and who is an English girl to her fingers' tips. The only fault we detect in Mr. Norris's men, as regards dramatic treatment, is that they are too clever. From Mainwairing to Oswald Kennedy they coruscate; even Bertie Cunningham, the Guardsman, cannot help putting neatly what he has to say. Barrington, in 'Mademoiselle de Mersac,' is so incapable of the least self-denial, or of even comprehending the elevated nature of either Jeanne or St. Luc, that one would hardly call him a gentleman; yet he knows so well what he ought to feel, and puts it so happily, in a word, his manners are so perfect, that if he has a defect it is that he is too gentlemanlike. 'Barrington,' says old Mr. Ashley, 'would be one of the pleasantest men in England, if he could only get out of the habit of talking to other men as though he were the Prince of Wales.' Barrington, like

ke Mrs. Winnington, succeeds in deceiving even himself. hilip, in 'No New Thing,' and Tom Heywood, in 'The ogue,' aim only at deceiving others, though the Rogue feels tter when he confesses (to himself) his unworthiness:

'Marvellous, indeed, are the love and fidelity of good women. Too en, alas! lavished, as Tom confessed to himself with a humility ich made him feel better, upon unworthy objects.'

Mr. Norris's honest men have not undergone much change. ainwairing is of the same type as Oswald Kennedy. But his gues have improved immensely, and never was there a better gue in fiction than he who gives its name to Mr. Norris's last vel. Lady Hester, who has committed herself to the opinion at Tom is a rogue, attempts to dissect him morally, and so leads him on to talk about himself:—

'Tom, who, to use the expression which he would have employed self, had not been born yesterday, divined Lady Hester's aim at ce, and told her no more than he felt disposed to tell. However, t information as he did impart to her was imparted in a frank d engaging style.

'"The truth is," said he, "that I am one of those luckless beings o are described as living by their wits. It has a disreputable und, has it not? And yet one would think it was rather creditable a man than otherwise that he should have wits to live by."

'"It is creditable to employ them if he has them, no doubt," said dy Hester.

'"That's what I mean. I have so far employed mine that I have en able to keep my head above water and haven't been a burden on my relations, which is more or less creditable, I suppose. The reputable part of it is that I have no regular occupation, and no come worth mentioning. Only I really don't think it's my fault, hat signifies," he continued, laughing.

'"I should think it was your misfortune," Lady Hester said. But what do people do when they have knowledge of business but sufficient capital? Don't they generally start a company and get ers to take shares in it?"

'Tom threw a quick, keen glance at the old lady, whose counteice wore an expression of guileless curiosity. "That is often ne," he replied; "and to tell you the truth I have done it myself. t I don't think I shall do it again. Companies don't always earn rofit; sometimes they smash up, and then the people who have scribed the capital get into a rage."

'"How unreasonable of them!"

'"Very; but it's the way of the world. And then, again, though certainly have some knowledge of business, I'm just the sort of low who is likely to be humbugged. I take a sanguine view of ings—I can't help it."

'"You believe in human integrity, in short. Well, I can't blame

you for that. So the chances are that you will live and die a poor man."

'Tom nodded. "I would run the risk of advising anybody to lay odds on that event. As for giving my friends any other advice about the employment of their money, experience has taught me to keep out of it. My poor old grandfather never forgave me because I dropped a thousand or two in a speculation which I thought as safe as a church, and my aunt, Mrs. Worsley, won't speak to me because she had a misfortune of the same kind. Neither of them seemed to realise that you can't have twenty per cent. and absolute security. Now you know it really won't do for me to go on making these enemies of all my belongings in that way."'

Of 'character parts,' as they are called on the stage, perhaps the best is the sage and champion bore, Mr. Flemyng, in 'Matrimony,' while Admiral Bagshawe and General Blair in the same book are very clever sketches. Nothing could be more characteristic than Mr. Flemyng's conversation at dinner:

'At the dinner-table Geneviève found herself seated next to the sage, who before long condescended to address her directly.

'"You have lived all your life abroad, Miss Gervis, I understand. Now how does England strike you, looking at it, as you must do, from a foreigner's point of view?"

'Geneviève began to think that a man who could ask so exasperatingly silly a question as this could hardly be a modern Solomon after all.

'"I am an Englishwoman, although I was brought up abroad," she answered, an answer of some kind being necessary.

'"Just so—just so. I myself am a cosmopolitan. Much as I value the privileges of a British subject, I cannot help seeing that the French have the advantage of us in some respects, the Germans in others, and the Italians, again, in others."'

Mr. Gervis in the same novel is an excellent specimen of the cultured cynic, who is generous merely to save himself the trouble of refusing. Here is the way in which he writes to his son:

'"Where did you find a manager to accept your piece? When I next go to Paris I shall be glad if you will introduce me to that person. It is always comforting to meet with a brother fool. That I am a fool is a fact which has long been patent to myself, and I observe signs of its not being altogether a secret to others. But in order to remove any lingering scepticism that may exist upon the point, I have just ordered £80 to be paid in to your bankers."'

However, the refined and liberal cynic is a person who has been rather overdone in fiction, and such seems to be the feeling of the author, who makes Geneviève say, that to make merry over

talks

fallen humanity by distributing simultaneous alms and insults is, to her mind, as sorry a sport as a gentleman could indulge in.

Another excellent character part is the feeble and gentle old Mr. Turner, the father of the detestable Hilda, in 'My Friend Jim.' Lord Bracknell is the husband of Hilda:—

'"Bracknell," continued Mr. Turner, "is, I am persuaded, both kind-hearted and well-meaning, and would not hurt my feelings for the world; but his habitual companions are—well, not precisely congenial to me, and he has contracted from associating with them a tendency to use words and expressions which, though possibly uttered in what I may call almost an innocent spirit, are such as I might find it my duty as a clergyman to protest against. Dear Hilda thinks—and I quite agree with her—that all risk of unpleasantness should be avoided, and therefore she has kindly secured rooms for me in a very well-conducted hotel. I must remember, however, to tell them that eggs don't agree with me. Unfortunately they seem unable to give me anything else."

'Now I very well knew that Bracknell might use language fit to make a bargee's hair stand on end before the reverend gentleman would dare to uplift his voice in rebuke.'

The heroines of Mr. Norris represent in common a very marked type of character. We refer only to the heroines whom he himself admires, and holds up for the admiration of the reader, Jeanne de Mersac, Linda Howard, Margaret Stanniforth, Maud Dennison, Stella Mowbray; not the Nina Flemyngs and Hilda Turners, who are heroines only as constituting central figures in the story. His girls, who are intended to be charming, and who, indeed, are very charming, are all ladies; but they seem to resent violently the imputation that they are women. The slightest hint that they might in any circumstances inspire tender feelings in a man—still more the horrid imputation that they could possibly entertain such a feeling for a man—is enough to lash them into a frenzy. When Lieschen ventures to hint at the obvious fact, that Mainwairing is in love with her mistress, Linda cuts her short with

'"You had better go back to your work now, Lieschen. If Christine were not so fond of gossiping she would not forget her commissions so often as she does."'

Stella Mowbray is shockingly rude to Oswald Kennedy when she meets him for the first time, apparently for no reason but because he is a young man in a position to marry. When her friend Mrs. Farnaby wants to know what the young man was like, whom she had met during her morning ride,

'Stella Mowbray's grey eyes flashed, and her nostrils dilated. "I wish," she exclaimed, "you could possibly be convinced that a man

is not invariably and necessarily a being to be flirted with or married."'

Just before she accepts Oswald, this is the way in which she speaks to him,

'"Thank you, Mr. Kennedy; you have said a good many disagreeable things to me before now, and some of them may have been deserved—at any rate I have always noticed that you seem to say them with perfect sincerity. But I should not have thought that even you had so low an opinion of me as to think that I would marry that man."'

It is a pity that all his most attractive girls are so possessed by that 'fierce virginity' which George Eliot ascribes to Gwendolen in 'Daniel Deronda.' When Stella finally surrenders she speaks of her effrontery in proposing to Oswald:

'"I am sure we shall be a very quarrelsome couple," Stella exclaimed at length.

'"I am sure we shall be no such thing," returned Oswald, confidently.

'"Oh, you won't quarrel; that is the worst of you. You will always be in the right, and will take an indulgent view of my absurd ways of going on, and you will find me an unfailing source of amusement. I foresee that mine will be a trying life, and that I shall yet have reason to repent of my effrontery in proposing to you after you had quite made up your mind to let me go."'

Mr. Norris's heroines are not disposed to admit the existence of love on the girl's part before an avowal on the man's. Here is the end of a very subtle proposal scene (one can guess how it was that Beatrice could not get at her watch):—

'"Tell me truly, Beatrice," says Brian, in 'Major and Minor,' "when did you first begin to care for me?"

'"I don't know," replied Beatrice. "I can't get at my watch. I suppose about ten minutes ago."'

This rabid virginality is perhaps exaggerated. But how delightful is the type presented, when one thinks of Charles Reade's girls!—

'"Lucy, I think you want a good cry."

'"Julia, I d-d-d-do.'

'"Then come, Lucy, and have it on my shoulder."

'"Julia, come cuddle me quick."'

Such is the portentous type of English girl which Charles Reade presented to us, and—*infandum!*—she still attracts a certain class. She has ruined that decidedly clever tale, 'Mr. Barnes

rnes of New York,' in the person of Enid Anstruther, who as quite pleasing until the author in an evil hour bethought m of Charles Reade's girls. It should be remembered, to add the horrors of Charles Reade's *gynæceum*, that these creatures ho display such revolting femininity, have as a rule just ntended single-handed against several burglars, baffled a ew of pirates, or performed some other ultra-masculine and mpossible feat. When a novelist has in view the ultimate oduction of his book as a drama, he can hardly avoid address-g even his novel to the pit and gallery. The modern stage ems to demand these

'Fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.'

'The spectacle of a woman who really does not want to get arried is a novel and refreshing one,' says the cynical arrington in 'Mademoiselle de Mersac.' If this is so, it is s fault of society, and girls are none the worse if they make e best of society and its unfair and oppressive code. Mr. orris's favourite heroines have a violent objection to be sup-sed to be desirous of the married state, even a violent objection enter it, which is a quite different thing.

'Whenever I have loved a woman,' says Alfred de Musset, have told her of it; whenever I have ceased to love her I ve also told her of it; believing that in such matters there is thing to be ashamed of except falsehood.' Such is the ench conception of a young man's duty to a girl, and such ems to have been the view of at least one German, Goethe. arrington looks at the situation from the French point of ew; indeed he resembles a Frenchman more than Jeanne sembles a Frenchwoman. The sound English sentiment on e matter finds expression in the mouth of Barrington's actical English friend, on the receipt of the letter in which e former glorifies his love's middle-aged dream: 'making ve is very good fun, as everybody knows; but, hang it all! a man don't mean anything by it, its deuced hard lines on e girl.'

It is strange that none of Mr. Norris's tales have been drama-ed. Many of his heroines supply the very *rôle* most fitted Mrs. Kendal. Any one who has seen that admirable actress 'The Queen's Shilling' or the 'Scrap of Paper' will recognize w perfectly she could play Linda Howard, or Stella Mowbray, Mrs. Herbert. Here is a scene for Mrs. Kendal from 'The chelor's Blunder.' Mr. and Mrs. Herbert are really in love th each other; but Herbert, who is no longer young, does not lieve that he has engaged her affections, and is content to wait

wait till love may come. He carefully abstains from seeming to look for any signs of love from his wife till he may have won it, and she naturally mistakes his reasonableness for coldness. Dick is careful to avoid playing the part of the lover. To do so would seem to him unpardonable audacity. This is the scene:—

'There must be something very wrong about cats who refuse fish, Lord Mayors who do not care to accept a baronetcy, and women who have no love for jewels. She opened the velvet cases, giving utterance to little cries of delight, as, one after another, the glittering clusters and sprays of diamonds revealed themselves. "Oh Dick," she exclaimed, "how lovely! Why did you not tell me I was going to have all these lovely things?"

'"Because I wanted to have the pleasure of seeing you look as you are looking now," he answered.

'With a sudden twinge of compunction she jumped up, pushed back her chair and laid both her hands upon her husband's arm, looking up into his face.

'"Dick," she said, "am I generally very horrid? Am I cross and impatient without any reason?"

'He replied with that terrible truthfulness of his, "Well, you are rather sometimes."

'Possibly this may not have been the rejoinder that Hope anticipated or desired; for it did not seem to please her much, and her face grew graver. Presently, however, she smiled again, and remarked with apparent inconsequence,

'"Well, at any rate you must have been thinking a little about me when you ordered this pendant, because here are two H's intertwined and an anchor, which I suppose stands for Hope, and what is that knot at the top, Dick?"

'"It's—it's a sort of bowline," said Dick, departing for once from the path of strict veracity. . . . Hope's eyes glistened as she looked up at him.

'"Dick," she said with a tremulous little laugh, "do you know that you are very funny? I am not sure that I can quite make you out; but—but I think I rather like you."'

Pathos Mr. Norris uses sparingly, but with great judgment. He makes no attempt at all to touch the feelings by the death of Margaret Stanniforth, who though very lovable is not beautiful, and is no longer young. And it must be remembered that Mr. Norris's heroines look plain when they are plain, unlike those of Rhoda Broughton, who, we are often assured, are downright ugly; yet, fortunately for them, it so happens that when any one, especially the hero, chances to direct his full orbs upon them, they look, though they by no means are, inexpressibly lovely. Their greenish eyes glow with the soft fire

fire of deep violet, and their vivid tresses with the iridescent hues of amber sunlight. But Mr. Norris's heroines are not so lucky. When they are plain, they look plain, a fact in nature which our experience tends only too certainly to convert into a law. The death of Margaret was therefore perhaps not the fittest occasion for an appeal to the feelings, which respond most readily to the theme of

'O, snatch'd away in beauty's bloom!'

But the short death scene in 'Mademoiselle de Mersac' is deeply pathetic, by reason of the artistic contrast between death and the abundant strength and blooming girlhood which he indicates rather than describes in Jeanne, as skilfully as George Eliot makes us feel the glowing youth and rich sensuousness of Maggie Tulliver. This highly artistic faculty is well illustrated by the incident with the gazelle, of which Barrington (whose character is a very subtle study) writes to his friend,

'If ever you meet a beautiful girl with strong wrists, take my advice and buy a gazelle—or if you can't get a gazelle, perhaps a billy goat might do. Encourage the beast to charge at her, and teach her to catch him neatly by the horns when he is going full tilt. It will be worth ten times the money you have paid for him to see the picture the girl will make as she holds the struggling brute in a perfectly firm grasp, but without any unbecoming exertion.'

The death of poor little vulgar, loving Fanny in 'No New Thing' is also touching; and truly touching is the scene where M. de Fontvielle consigns Jeanne de Mersac to the care of Mr. Ashley, whose comic agony lest the demonstrative Frenchman should embrace him heightens by contrast the sadness of the simple old man's leave-taking: 'I think,' says Mr. Ashley at last, 'if you'll excuse me a minute, I'll just run and buy a paper.' It is, however, in 'My Friend Jim' that Mr. Norris has put forth his best powers in this department of artistic effect. When the Marquis of Staines revisits the Eton playing-fields and spends a long summer day in the scenes of his boyhood, the feelings of the broken-down old worldling are analysed with a pathos which Thackeray could hardly have used more delicately. But by far his most touching scene is the death of little Lord Sunning, who is thrown from his pony in Rotten Row, having been allowed to stray by the selfish negligence of his mother, the detestable Hilda. We will conclude with this deeply pathetic passage:—

'The poor little man was lying flat on his back where they had laid him. His cheeks were as white as marble, and his features were pinched and sharp; but of all the crowd of faces which I saw confusedly

confusedly as I entered, his was the most cheerful. Sunning had his dog, a little blue Skye, on the bed beside him. He held out his left hand to me, for his right arm was crushed and powerless, and smiled. We had been friends, more so than I have had any occasion to mention in the course of this narrative, and I think he was glad to see me. He wished me to have the dog, he said, and I was to take him away with me, please, because he would not lie still much longer, "and he hasn't had his walk to-day." . . . His eyes kept wandering from one member of the group to another, but always rested longest on his father, whose broad shoulders were turned towards me, and whose elbow I touched at last, feeling sure that the boy wanted to speak to him. Bracknell wheeled round hastily, and dropped on his knees beside the bed.

'"Yes, my boy," he said; "what is it?"

'"Father," whispered Sunning, "you won't have Sheila shot, will you? I don't want Sheila to be shot."

'His eyes grew very large and piteous, and there was a quiver about the corners of his mouth. No doubt he had had some experience of his father's passionate nature, and feared that in a fit of unreasoning fury he might take vengeance on the irresponsible cause of his son's death. But Bracknell said gruffly, "No, my boy; nobody shall harm her. I'll swear that."

'Sunning gave a little sigh of relief, looked curiously at his father for a moment, and then turned his head towards Lord Staines, who was sitting on the other side of the bed, in a kind of nerveless stupor.

'"Never mind, gran," he said; "it does not hurt. And then you're so awfully old, gran—you'll come soon."

'After a time he beckoned to me, and put the dog in my arms. "Good-bye, Bluey," he whispered. The dog licked his face, and he patted its rough head, and then for the first time two great tears welled up into his eyes and flowed over. I bent over him and kissed him, and then I picked up the dog and went away. I had no right to intrude upon the scene which I knew was at hand, and besides, to tell the truth, I could not bear it any longer.'

Surely we have here a worthy successor to Thackeray and Sterne. The scene where Colonel Newcome says *Adieu* is certainly a more ambitious piece of description, and perhaps higher as a work of art; but neither it nor the classical death of Le Fevre is more fully penetrated with the spirit of true pathos than the piece we have quoted, nor as free from any approach to artificiality of sentiment. Indeed, for the combination of high literary qualities which Mr. Norris possesses—a pure, refined, and scholarly style, unaffected pathos, gentle cynicism, quiet strokes of humour, and stimulating *aperçus* of society—we must go back to the most eminent of his predecessors. We do not find in any of his contemporaries the same characteristics united in the same degree.

Art.

ART. VII.—1. *Reports of Committees of Inquiry into Public Offices.* 1848–1860.
2. *Report on Civil Service Organization.* 1853.
3. *Orders in Council of 4th June,* 1870, *and 19th August,* 1871, *Establishing the System of Open Competition.*
4. *First and Second Reports of Civil Service Inquiry Commission.* 1874 *and* 1875.
5. *Order in Council of 12th February,* 1876, *constituting a Lower Division of the Civil Service.*
6. *First and Second Reports of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the Civil Establishments of the different Offices of State at home and abroad.* 1887 *and* 1888.

IF any proof of the importance which necessarily attaches to the proper organization of the Civil Service were required, it would be found in the list of documents which we have placed at the head of this Article. The enormous increase of the functions of government; the ever-widening range of operations over which it exercises control; the multiplication of the statutory provisions under which it acts upon our complex social economy; all these have made it a matter of ever-deepening importance, that the details of this delicate and complicated machinery should be in the hands of an able, a trustworthy, and an energetic body of men. But other causes, of a different kind, have also contributed to increase the interest felt in the constitution of the Civil Service. Democratic institutions are rapidly changing the whole tone of Parliament and the character of the men who, by obtaining commanding influence there, must be expected to occupy the great political offices of State. These are no longer confined as they formerly were, more or less exclusively, to a narrow class in which the traditions of government were strong, whose training in public life was begun in their earliest years, and was, indeed, an inheritance. The new type of statesman is represented, more and more every day, by those who have acquired influence amongst large masses of the people, and are little affected by traditions which embody the principles of a ruling caste. Their influence must be obtained by other means, and their experiences have generally lain in other spheres. The qualities which they bring with them when they enter upon high office may have their own value; but they are little fitted to teach them to appreciate the delicate machinery with which they have to deal. They are slow to perceive how narrow, after all, are the limits of their power; they overlook dangers which may arise from unwary generalship; they naturally hope for much from the free and energetic

energetic popular influences of which they believe themselves to be the exponents, and are impatient of restraint. Lastly, without any conscious bias, they may be unduly inclined to introduce into public administration the tactics of the caucus and of the electioneering manager. Some, indeed, of these features of modern political life are rather tendencies looming in the near future, than things actually realized. Even when they operate in their full strength, we are not disposed to lament them unduly, or to deny that they may supplant many opposite tendencies to narrowness, timidity, and routine. But unquestionably they impose a new responsibility on the permanent servants of the State. When presiding, in the autumn of last year, at the annual dinner of the Civil Service, Mr. Goschen did well to remind his audience, that they were receiving a new master, whose aims and moods it was their duty to learn, and to whose legitimate desires they must accommodate themselves without friction. We believe that the democracy will find that it has no good reason to complain, that the traditions of the English Civil Service are as pure, its *personnel* as capable, and its sense of duty as strong as are those of any other service in the world. But it is evident that the task of adjusting itself to new relations will require tact, discrimination, and a high sense of duty. For the purpose, then, of providing for the smooth and at the same time the free exercise of all the complicated functions of state administration, working over so vast a sphere as ours, we require a Civil Service not only able, energetic, and trustworthy, but also tactful, foreseeing, and independent.

It is perhaps a matter of some regret that, to the ordinary public, any scheme of re-organization for the Civil Service, any inquiry into its conditions and rules, should so often wear the appearance, on the one hand, of a concession to the discontent of a class, or, on the other, of an investigation into abuses which popular rumour readily accepts and inevitably exaggerates. We prefer now to deal with the question on an altogether different basis. If there is serious ground for discontent amongst the Civil Service, we should be glad to see it removed: but we fancy that the official class would occupy a singular position amongst the professions if many of its members did not continue to find some ground for discontent. If there are real abuses, if sinecures still linger on, for which no good defence can be made, by all means let them disappear. But we gravely doubt whether there is any ground for discontent amongst civil servants, or any ground for distrust on the part of the public, so serious as to demand investigation on a very large

large scale. Supervision, if really on the alert, and administration, if really vigorous, ought to be sufficient to deal with both. We wish to deal with the question on broader grounds, and with a more important object in view. Personal interests are apt to assume undue importance, and we wish to keep them in the background. Is the Civil Service, as a whole, after repeated attempts at reform, organized in such a way as to give us confidence that it can meet the new and delicate work that is accumulating upon it? Can it, as a body, be expected to maintain the fundamental principles of administration, and yet adapt itself readily to the times, to maintain confidence in its independence, and yet avoid offending the disposition of its new master? To enable it to do so, what elements in its present constitution must we be careful to preserve, and what modifications does it behove us to introduce? These are the questions to which we wish now to direct attention.

It would involve an inquiry of much interest, but considerable difficulty, were we to endeavour to trace with any completeness the history of the Civil Service. The subject, however important, has not been attractive to historians, who have preferred to follow the more dramatic aspects of political affairs; and the influence of the permanent servants of the Crown in moulding our institutions has not been sufficiently recognized to occupy much space in any contemporary record of events. We can only conjecture it by watching certain indications of under-currents, which give us some idea of the course which matters were taking. For a great part of our history the operations of Government were on a very limited range. The careful supervision of local government; the elaborate inspectorial functions of the central executive; the administration of laws relating to trade; the working of the great machine of colonial government; the conduct of intricate schemes of registration; the vast and complicated system for the regular collection of the revenue and the audit of public accounts; the administration of the Education Acts; all these, as we are only too apt to forget, either did not exist at all, or only existed in embryo, a few generations ago. Even the collection of the revenue, regulated by no strict and uniform method, seems very largely to have been in the hands of private contractors. The operations of the Mint were not seldom entrusted to private hands. The spending departments, whose operations were on what we should consider a limited scale, audited their own accounts, so far as details were concerned. Difficulties of communication, and the distance of the provinces from the centre, prevented anything like effective central control. Much of the

administration

administration was in the hands of the Court, and was transacted by men more or less in the position of Court officials. Even when intricate affairs rendered necessary the employment of experienced and trained men of business for the performance of detailed duties, the subordinates of these men were apparently employed by the men themselves, responsible only to them, and remunerated from funds placed at their disposal for the purpose. The superior officials were, as it happened, either men of sufficient astuteness to cover their political bias, and make themselves acceptable to successive administrations; or they bound up their interests with those of their political chiefs, made the most of their offices while they held them, and fell with the fall of these chiefs. Even Samuel Pepys, as Secretary of the Admiralty, acute and wary as he was, did not manage to keep himself free from the political vortex. Erasmus Lewis, the trusted official who supplied Harley's lack of industry, fell with the fall of his patron, absolutely beyond recall. At times the official, after having for years carried out the schemes of others, emerged from departmental obscurity into the position of ministerial responsibility, for which a parliamentary position was not always deemed an essential qualification. The nominal official might, in other cases, be a political or literary hanger-on, to whom office was a sinecure, while he arranged with a substitute to perform the duties of his post.

As the operations of Government increased, the band of those employed to carry out the details grew in number; but their selection, their remuneration, and the terms of their tenure remained unfixed and arbitrary. The result was confusion, the absence of any defined professional status or tradition; and, as an almost certain consequence, wide-spread corruption. Patronage was openly abused; political partizanship was almost the only recommendation to employment; civil servants were despised; and they took the revenge which lay most ready to their hands.

But numerous as were the abuses, we believe that the very necessity of the case was working a change before the reconstruction which began some forty or fifty years ago. Patronage was still the only method of selection, and political partizanship the only means of securing a post. But already the principle of permanency was established, and a pension fund was granted. The legal rights and status of the servants of the State were recognised: administrative traditions were established; and Ministers found themselves surrounded by a band of men, not always energetic or inventive, but self-respecting, capable, and experienced. Even when our Civil Service was at

numbers and sphere of operations were too its want of organization and its pliability to ation the vast public injury which now calls so l Service reform in the United States. Before in in earnest, the service already had become its best traditions had been established, some nglish public servants had joined its ranks.

when some re-organization of the Civil Service mperatively necessary was an ominous one. It by Sir Charles Trevelyan, then the head per- the Treasury, who himself took a leading part es of investigations which paved the way for

ary period of 1848,' he says (in giving evidence in shake, and created a disposition to put our house of the consequences was a remarkable series of public offices, which lasted for five years, culmi- ganization Report. . . . We inquired into a large establishments . . . and we found, as we went on, nd circumstances pointing to the same remedies, every department; so that, when we came to make t, we had arrived at an ample induction, and our large, and we had gone with such detail into the ent establishments, that the conclusions arrived at re the necessary logical inference of what had

tion Report here referred to was drawn up in harles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote. were sweeping and yet simple. No charge of on could be brought against the service. It able men, and it had coped fairly with con- ed work. But it was a slough of despond. It iefly, not from the vigorous, the ambitious, and t from those 'whom indolence of temperament irmities rendered unfit for active exertions.' ng a camp into which young men of ambition nd where they sought to take an active part in the most stimulating of employment—public s largely filled by men who saw before them f advancement, took the most routine view of looked upon their posts as havens of rest from secure against the storms, and without share in of the world of comp[illegible]n, with its struggles, [illegible] pointment [illegible] 'the complaints,' [illegible] official delays, [illegible] official

official evasions of difficulty, and official indisposition to improvement.' Hence the Tite Barnacles and the Circumlocution Offices of the novelist, which the public accepted as so true to life, and the tradition of which is yet far from dead in the public estimation.

These admitted defects had only to be stated in order to show in what direction reform should work. The narrow barriers of a secluded caste must be broken down. The ordinary incentives to exertion must be provided. Not only the entry to the service, but advancement to its higher posts, must be thrown open to talent and industry. The members of the service must be severely tried before appointment, and must be made to feel that their future depends on their own exertions, and on the talents they can bring to their work. They must no longer feel themselves cut adrift from the rest of their fellows, separated from the usual experience of life, secure from the worst consequences of indolence, and debarred from the highest incentives to energetic work.

But the question remained, how were these objects to be attained? A vast proportion of the work of public offices consists of routine, which makes no great demand on intelligence, and which requires, even for its thoroughly efficient performance, only habits of order, method, and application. If it were necessary, in order to provide able men for the higher posts, to attract able men to enter the service by every open door, the country would soon have a surfeit of able men, doomed to disappointment, fretting away their energies, and marring their efficiency, even for routine duties, by constant discontent. Unsatisfied ambition, pining for work to which it felt itself equal, but to which it could only in a few rare cases attain, would render it necessary either to provide salaries on a lavish scale, or to face chronic grumbling, which the servant would be apt to vent upon his employer. On the other hand, there were obvious objections to appointing men of inexperience, however able, over the heads of those to whom, however inferior in talents, they would necessarily be indebted for initiation into the mysteries of official routine, which always assume an exaggerated importance in the eyes of those who are fitted for no higher duties. Again, to let all enter by the same portal, and trust to later trial alone to sift the select from the weaklings, would not only be hazardous, but would certainly give rise to much heart-burning.

One plan alone remained, which commended itself to the Organization Committee. The service must be divided into *different* classes. In both, the entrance salary might be much the

the same. But in the lower grade that salary would rise by slow degrees, and to a moderate amount, representing only the increased experience of its members in orderly and methodical routine. In the higher grade the salaries should rise more rapidly, work of increased responsibility should be placed early within the grasp of its members, and differences of ability should soon be marked by the rapidity or slowness of promotion to higher posts. In both grades alike, selection by patronage must give place to selection by merit.

As was to be expected in the case of so sweeping a change, there were not wanting those who were shocked by such a proposal. There were certain obvious objections to it. Merit, it was said, as tried by intellectual tests, furnished no proof of character. Ambitious and intriguing men, restrained by none of the unwritten traditions of the service, would earn places in it by the superficial test of examination. Having once gained a footing there, they would be restrained by no sense of obligation, but would feel that they had earned a freehold, which was theirs by right, and which it behoved them to turn to their own best advantage. The high character, the strict honour, the social position, the rigid restraints of the service would disappear, and instead of men actuated solely by these, would come a bustling crowd, keen on the advancement of themselves to the detriment of their neighbours, springing from a social grade which was ignorant of official restraint, and acting upon the conviction, that noisy fussiness was more likely to succeed than self-effacing industry.

For the present it is enough to say, that these objections did not prevail, and that the bold proposal of the Commission, to open all posts to competitive examination, was soon adopted in principle, and spread rapidly over several branches of the service. The change was a popular one; it coincided with the general opinion of the time; and, as a still more efficacious reason for adopting it, it relieved Ministers of an almost intolerable burden. To satisfy claimants for patronage; to sift and select from amongst a numerous crowd of unknown applicants; to reconcile private cupidity, and to reward political obligations, while at the same time preserving a decent respect for public interests, was becoming every day a more galling trial. None, we suspect, welcomed the change more heartily than those whom it relieved of such an irksome duty, even at the expense of a little patronage which enhanced their personal importance in a narrow circle, and which gained for them a little exceptional gratitude, to be weighed against the ill-will of a crowd of rejected applicants.

But

But after proposing a free and self-operating system for the selection of civil servants, and after recommending a broad distinction between different grades of public work, the Commission further desired to consolidate the service. Previously, each office formed a little family coterie in itself. Its rules, its traditions, its scales of salary, its distribution of business duties, were based on its own peculiar system, which it protected very jealously against outside interference. Certain offices had attained a position of exceptional advantage, which was justified by no special duties which they performed. Others found themselves set aside as belonging to a lower class, and even their most responsible officers were only held in secondary estimation. This not only led to unfairness, but it lessened the elasticity of the service, and narrowed the experience of its members. A thorough command of petty details, however valuable, may be purchased too dearly at the cost of readiness, wide knowledge, and adaptability to various functions. It was absolutely necessary to weld the service together, and to break down narrow traditions by bringing in new blood, and by appointing men whose larger experiences might try these traditions by the test of general business practice.

Another evil, which the Commissioners denounced, had grown up, by no formal rule, but rather from indolence. Promotion, in general, proceeded merely by seniority. No Minister was prepared to face the irritation which he was certain to excite, by boldly setting aside this custom, and seeking only to find the fittest man for the vacant post. Such a selection, if it pleased one man, turned all his fellows into malcontents. Seniority had the advantage of working automatically, and relieved the Minister of responsibility. At times, indeed, it brought an unfit man very nearly to the top of an office; and, if he could not without serious inconvenience be put into the highest post, it was easy to reward some prominent political adherent who might be brought from the outside, and whose appointment was not so distasteful to the older officials as would have been the promotion of a junior of conspicuous merit. And the system was so thoroughly understood that it prevented the likelihood of any such conspicuous merit being found in ranks, where all hope was shut off by the prevalence of a mechanical system. To any change, the ready objection was made, that promotion by merit would be arbitrary, and would amount merely to the substitution of patronage for seniority. Favouritism would be encouraged, and personal likes and dislikes would give rise to bitter and sometimes well-founded charges of injustice. An absence of self-assertion might prevent

substantial merit from obtaining its just reward; and opportunities might give to some an advantage which of faithful labour might fail to earn for others. These ons were not overlooked by Sir Charles Trevelyan and fford Northcote; and they proposed various safeguards any abuse. But, on the whole, they unhesitatingly pro- d that merit, carefully ascertained and rigidly tested, was healthy principle of promotion than seniority; not only ound, in view of public interests, but more just to civil s themselves.

e then, to sum up, were their chief recommendations: olidation of the Civil Service, which might permit of rs from one office to another to meet the requirements lic business; a clear line of demarcation between posts of sibility and those of routine; a selection by competitive ation; and promotion, not by seniority, but by merit.

next twenty years were occupied with a gradual attempt ize, in practice, these recommendations. During these as Sir Stafford Northcote, then Chancellor of the quer, wrote in 1875, "the Civil Service was in the e.' First came, in 1855, the appointment, by Order in l, of the Civil Service Commissioners, the body forc- ed by the Organization Report of 1853, who were to e all persons proposed for appointment, and the posses- a certificate from whom was made, by the Superannuation 1859, a necessary condition for all ordinary situations in il Service. Considerable as this change was, however, ely carried out the full intentions of the Report, and its ion was for some time, confined to a limited scale. Each ment was allowed to fix its own scale of examination: ad of the department then nominated two or three ates for each vacancy; and from amongst these candidates n who gained most marks in the examination conducted Civil Service Commissioners received the appointment. lan had certain obvious advantages, in its combination of a n upon special recommendation with the test of a limited tition. In practice, on the whole, it worked well; but it defect, fatal in popular judgment, of halting between two ns. The head of the department could, by manipulating ection of nominees, virtually secure the post for his own ate; and, even where he refrained from doing so, young talent felt the service closed to them unless they had ce enough to secure a previous nomination. Public n did not approve this halting-place in the process of . At length, by the Orders in Council of 4th June,

1870, and 19th August, 1871, the principle of unrestricted competitive examination was applied to the service for all situations except those specially exempted by the Treasury, under powers conferred by sec. 4 of the Superannuation Act of 1859.

For the next three or four years there were, broadly, four grades in the Civil Service to which the principle of grading, as recommended by the Organization Report, was now applied. First came the Writers, about whose grievances we have heard so much in recent years, whose names were placed on a register, after a very moderate examination, and who were then eligible for such temporary employment as might be required in the various offices. Next came two grades of the permanent service, whose appointments were obtained by some sort of competitive examination. Lastly came the staff appointments, exempted from examination, and recruited either from the clerks in the department, or from the outside. Between those appointed in the lower and in the higher grade of competition there was an impassable barrier. But it was left to each department to decide whether it would recruit its ranks by the lower or the higher examination. If it chose the lower, then its few staff appointments were generally filled from the outside; if it chose the higher, then it was only too likely to crowd its ranks with men superior to the work for which they were required, who lost hope and energy when they found their prospects of anything but routine occupation and humble pay to be remote, if not absolutely non-existent. The fact was, that the most important part of the re-organization, that of consolidating the service, ascertaining the needs of each department in respect of higher and of mechanical work, and recruiting the whole service with a sufficient number of men, who could be employed where their special qualifications were required, was not yet carried out; and, as a consequence, the new regulations, being applied on no general scale, were unsuited to the needs of public business, and often unfair in their operation.

It was thus found, after a very short experience, that further reform was necessary; and it is curious to notice, that one of the first acts of Sir Stafford Northcote, when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1874, was to appoint what is known, from its Chairman, as the Playfair Commission, to carry on the work in the initiation of which he had borne so conspicuous a part in 1853. The new Commission consisted of six members of the Civil Service, with only two members of Parliament, and its field of inquiry was limited to strictly practical questions of administration. How to select Civil

Servants.

Servants; how to transfer them from one office to another according to changing circumstances; and how to grade the service as a whole: these were the points to which the attention of the Commission was to be directed. There were two problems which Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote had seen not only to be of paramount importance, but to be intimately connected with one another, when they reported in 1853. These were, the original selection of the Civil Servants, and the grading of the service as a whole. Again these two problems came to the front. But in the interval they had ripened in a very different degree. Naturally, the principle of original selection had most interest for the public. Within twenty years it had passed from strict patronage to a system of absolutely open competition. The advocates of reform had carried the day. Its results had now to be tested. On the other hand, the question of internal organization had advanced but little. It can never rouse more than a languid curiosity in the public. It affects the personal interests of a very limited class; and its bearing on the efficient discharge of public business can scarcely be apparent without careful inquiry. We do not hesitate, however, to say that of the two problems this is infinitely the more important. But it was now scarcely any nearer to a settlement than it had been in 1853. Each office remained, to a great extent, a law to itself, and placed its own standard on its work. There had been, no doubt, an attempt to classify the entrants into two grades, under Regulations I. and II. of the recent Orders in Council. But this classification did not really answer to the requirements of the service, and its application to different offices was a matter of hap-hazard.

Sir Lyon Playfair's Commission thus began in May, 1874, with very clear aims, and with the experience of twenty years, crowded with experiments, to guide them; and they proceeded with their work so rapidly that, before the end of the year, they had presented their first Report, embodying the main principles upon which they unanimously agreed that selection and reorganization should proceed. This rapidity was, of course, due largely to the fact, that the Commission was chiefly composed of men thoroughly experienced in the practical requirements of the service. Familiar with details of general organization, they had little to do but to test their operation in a few cases, to examine into a few typical instances of alleged injustice or abuse, and to compare and tabulate the views which they could scarcely have failed to form regarding the service in which their lives had been spent.

First of all, they passed judgment on the system of open com-

 petition,

petition, which the recent Orders in Council had so largely extended. They admitted that it had brought able candidates into the field. They had no wish to revert to the old system of patronage, even had the state of public opinion permitted such reversion. But they could not pronounce entirely in favour of the new system, so far as it had gone. It had a tendency, they thought, to introduce a sort of relation between the Civil Servant and the State, which was not altogether good. In this opinion we may perhaps conclude, that the Commissioners embodied rather the fears which their own experience suggested as probable, than any actual results of the new rules, which could hardly as yet have been apparent. They further doubted whether examination could be an effectual test of a man's real and permanent capacity for the business of life. Here, also, we may presume, they expressed rather their opinion on an abstract question, than a judgment based upon facts, which could scarcely have been justified by an experience of two or three years of the new system. But they stood upon firmer ground in showing that the system was not adapted to the requirements of the public service. It continued to recognize four classes, to each one of which, in its existing form, there were strong objections. At the bottom stood the Temporary Writers, selected upon a very humble test, without any personal interest in the body to which they were attached, and certain to become more and more discontented, according as experience and natural capacity gave them a stronger hold upon the work on which they were engaged, but engaged only on a temporary footing. Next came the two broadly distinguished grades, those appointed under Regulation I. and Regulation II. respectively, both admitted by competitive examination, retaining permanently, as a result of that examination, a distinct status, but overlapping one another so far as actual work was concerned, not only in different offices, but often within the same department. These two classes of men had been pushed into the service, before any well-considered plan for defining the duties of each class had been devised, much less applied in practice to the Civil Service as a whole. Lastly, there came the staff appointments, to which the higher duties were allotted, and which tended to increase in number, and to be recruited more and more from the outside, according as the inferior classes were employed, sometimes promiscuously, in mechanical and intellectual work. The two classes, who had entered equally by competition, and found themselves engaged in practically identical work, would naturally forget the original distinction, conceive extravagant claims, and become an unfit body from which to select the officers to

which

whom the really responsible work of the service was to be entrusted.

The first question, therefore, to which this Commission addressed itself was how to apply some general principle of organization to the whole service, according to which those selected might be classified in a way which corresponded more nearly to the actual work to be done. The next was to adapt the original selection more closely to the requirements of the service, by introducing certain modifications in the system of open competition.

With a view to this, it was necessary to abandon the former scheme, of dividing all work into mechanical and intellectual, and of supposing that all offices alike could classify their business into these two divisions in anything like similar proportions. The differences in public offices are infinite. One office has to discharge an enormous amount of business, the vast majority of which is purely routine, making no demand upon high intelligence or education. But to direct that routine, and to settle the principles upon which it is to be conducted, it may be necessary to have a few men of the highest intelligence and organizing power, upon the efficiency and judgment of whom issues of immense importance may depend. In another office the routine work may be small, and the business may be such as to demand men of intelligence and tact throughout almost every grade, without calling for the highest administrative power on the part of any officer. Instances of the first kind of organization may readily be found in the great spending or revenue departments, or in such an office as the Post Office, where the highest officials preside over a vast and well-drilled army, from whom nothing more than industry and regularity are demanded, while they must themselves perform duties very closely analogous, but on a vastly larger scale, to those discharged by the highly paid and carefully selected managing directors of the larger railway companies. Instances of the second kind of office are to be found in those departments which deal constantly with intricate details, which demand professional or literary attainment, and which are thrown into constant relations with local bodies, the management of which requires personal tact, readiness, caution, and skill, although comparatively few transactions on a large and commanding scale fall within their province.

It was clear that no satisfactory organization of the service, as a whole, could be made, which did not apply a princi[illegible] classification suitable to all offices, and capable of [illegible] uniform adaptation to the kind of work per[illegible] men at first by two classes of competitiv[illegible]

throw them promiscuously into the general work of a depar- ment, was to proceed in the wrong direction. The Commissio desired to preserve the double mode of entry; but they desire also to provide a general organization which should correspo to that double entry.

This they proposed to do by a broader division of Civil Servants into the Upper and Lower Division, each with its own system of promotion and rewards. 'The division of labour is,' they say, 'as experience shows, beset with difficulties. It is nevertheless, in our opinion, the key of the position.' To bring all men alike to work for years indiscriminately at routine and mechanical labour, from which some may, and some may not, emerge, is neither for the good of the service nor fair to the men. Officials, even of marked capacity, soon rust from inactivity, and descend to the level of the work they are required to do. 'Separate the great mass of routine labour from the comparatively small residuum of intellectual work; appoint your men with a view to the exact work they have to perform: organize that work, so that their employment may answer to the conditions of their appointment; institute a system of rewards, suited to exceptional industry or energy in the lower as well as in the higher grade; but let the work of the better men be directed, from the first, towards their training for responsible positions.' These, briefly stated, are the main propositions of the Commission, so far as organization is concerned. It does not follow that the whole of the Lower Division, any more than the whole of the Higher, must be on an equal level. To both must be given the incitement of possible reward; but the rewards must be suited to each class. The Higher Class have the prospect of responsible duties, and possibly high position, which will require them not to have slackened the intellectual activity that first gained them their posts. But within the Lower Division differences soon appear. Some men show qualities of trustworthiness, of readiness, of power to supervise branches of the work which quickly separate them from their fellows. Such qualities must have their reward; and this the Commission proposed to meet by instituting what they called Duty Pay, to be attached to particular posts, and to be added to the regular service pay. The barrier between the Lower and Higher Division they would preserve, as one not to be broken except in special circumstances, before which it is evident that all ordinary rules will now and then have to give way. But, to prevent this barrier from giving rise to any just discontent, they proposed this system of Duty Pay posts. They foresaw the danger that men might be attracted into the Lower Division who were really

really capable of higher work, and who might conceive themselves afterwards unjustly treated. It was for this reason that they thought it necessary that the limits of their prospects, as well as the sphere of their work, should be distinctly defined to the candidates from the outset, so that no unfair hopes might be excited, and that they might have themselves only to blame if they accepted a post below their deserts. The scheme of Duty Pay should be arranged, not to reward work of a higher kind to which a Lower Division clerk might occasionally be assigned; but solely to reward exceptional industry or exceptional responsibility within the sphere of work properly belonging to his class.

Such an organization clearly offered other advantages. So long as clerks were appointed, nominally, in two classes (as under the regulations then existing), but found themselves upon their appointment entrusted with duties varying infinitely according to the office to which they were assigned, and so long as the only distinction between the two classes was that derived from the memory of the examination they had passed, and was in no way reflected in the character of the work on which they were employed, it was almost inevitable that extravagant salaries should be paid to meet not unfounded hopes. No uniform scale of salaries existed in the different offices; in one office, a man appointed after the lower examination found himself rapidly advanced, while in another the successful competitor in the higher grade found himself with the very poorest prospects. Each office was apt to exaggerate its requirements and to multiply unduly the number of highly paid posts. But the uniform classification of offices would admit of uniform scale of payment; and the Commission saw a prospect of effecting great economy, by fixing a well-understood scale, both for the Lower and the Higher Division, to prevail over the whole service.

Further, they hoped that their proposal would add enormously to the elasticity of the service. A man entering on the Lower or Higher Division in one office could without unfairness be transferred to another office, according as circumstances required. No wrong could be done to him, as the scale of pay would be uniform throughout the offices, and the character of the work, although it might differ in kind, could not greatly vary in degree, of difficulty.

By their proposals, the Commission thus hoped to realize three ends: the fair satisfaction of all entering the service, the most economical arrangement consistent with efficiency, and the greater elasticity and adaptability of the service to changing requirements.

requirements. There remained the question of the manner of selecting those who entered.

As regards this, the Commission was not favourable to the unrestricted competition established by the recent Orders in Council. In connection with the Lower Division—which was in many respects the keystone of the system at which this Commission aimed—the difficulty did not appear great. The examination must naturally be only of moderate difficulty. It was to be competitive, and on its results a list of persons eligible for vacancies would be drawn up, from which the heads of departments might, with the sanction of the Civil Service Commission, select the men who might appear most suitable for their purpose. Other things being equal, a department is naturally inclined to take the man highest on the list; and even those who did not secure appointments at first would be retained on the list, and might eventually obtain appointments with prospects as good as those of the posts which at first fell vacant. But for the higher grade the difficulties were greater. The duties to be discharged varied widely in different offices, and no one examination seemed likely to furnish a very satisfactory test. It was scarcely possible, the Commissioners thought, even to group any considerable number of offices together, and have an examination in common. The only method which they could suggest was a combination of selection and competition. Candidates should first be sifted by a preliminary qualifying examination. Thereafter those who had passed this test should be subjected to a much more severe examination, and those who attained a certain standard therein should be placed upon an *alphabetical* list. Those who secured a place on this list should then be at liberty to enter for a sort of honours examination in special subjects, and their attainments therein should be registered. From this list the heads of departments would then be at liberty to select men for vacancies that might occur, but no one should have an indefeasible claim to appointment, and after a certain number of years, if not appointed, their names were to disappear from the list. Very great freedom of selection would thus be secured, while no one who had not reached a very high standard could be selected on grounds merely of personal influence or favour. A man would owe his place on the list, and eligibility for employment, to his own capacity and industry; he would owe his ultimate selection to the choice of those under whom he was to serve, who naturally have the strongest motive to secure good men as their subordinates. Once appointed, a man would be sure of a moderate competence, which, it was hoped, would, with the advantages of

certainty and of entering the State service, be sufficient to ract a fair number of men of such energy, capacity, and eral education as are attracted by the other professions, ere moderate success is less certain, though the possible zes are much larger.

The scheme thus presented, whatever its defects in certain rections, was undoubtedly well devised and bold. It was the t real attempt to organize the service, as a whole, on a basis ich might be consistently applied in all departments. The ation of a Lower Division, with uniform service pay, and slight differentiation in the shape of Duty Pay, to discharge routine work which constituted the great bulk of the busi- ss of every department, was no small gain. It broke down artificial barriers which separated one office from another, d which permitted each office to consider that its own ditional methods of transacting routine, of recording facts, registering correspondence, of tabulating statistics, were tters of national importance, which required special training d long experience, and acquaintance with which rendered a n's services necessarily of value. It put an end to much of discontent which was caused, when men saw their compeers uring advantages denied to them, because of the lucky acci- nt of belonging to a particular establishment. The Duty Pay s a skilful method of giving an incentive to industry at a inimum cost. It was clearly the view of Sir Lyon Playfair and colleagues, that men of moderate social position, prospects, d education, would be attracted to these posts, and that the ate would be making an extravagant bargain if it sought to ain, for the greater part of the work, any more expensive ticle. All things considered, the inducements offered to the ss of men whom it was intended to secure were at least equal those to which they might aspire in commercial life.

Their plan for the superior grade was analogous to this. The n selected would have a fairly uniform prospect before them, d would feel that they belonged to a certain grade in the vice, with no despicable prospects within its own limits, and th a possible hope of rising to the higher staff posts. In e, it was hoped, the work might be so arranged as to appor- n off their functions from those below and those above them each office. They would enter the service, not merely as ccessful competitors in a preliminary examination, but also th such a sense of obligation for their ultimate selection as uld render them more amenable to discipline. They would subject to probation; and, above all, their promotion was to pend solely on merit, and not on seniority. Lastly, although they

they might occasionally rise to the highest posts, they were to have no absolute claim to these posts, which might at any time be filled by selection from the outside.

The first objection which the proposals had to meet was that they were reactionary, so far as competition was concerned. At that time the full tide of public approval of this principle had not in any degree spent itself. The scheme seemed to reflect a certain social line of demarcation which was unpopular. Above the Lower Division, it was said, all was to be given over to patronage and privilege. The qualifying examination would be moulded by the needs of the great public schools and the universities, which were the training places of the well-to-do. The sons of the rich would secure a place on the list, side by side with the poorer man of talent; the superiority of the latter would be obliterated by the alphabetical arrangement; and, his personal influence being small, the posts would fall to those who would naturally stand below him in the competition. These were some of the criticisms which greeted the report. Sir Stafford Northcote feared 'that the proposals involved a reactionary (or seemingly reactionary) change'; and his colleague of former days, Sir Charles Trevelyan, was loud and decided in his denunciation of a scheme which seemed to undo the system which he had advocated in 1853, and which he had seen finally adopted in 1870.

This is scarcely the place to enter upon a discussion of the principle of competition, whether as applied to public appointments or to school or university prizes. But those who felt some misgivings amidst the popular applause which, scarcely a score of years ago, hailed that principle as the means of regenerating society and infusing new life and vigour into the educational world, may be forgiven if they look with something of cynical amusement upon the earnestness with which the opposite crusade is now being preached. No one, judging calmly, could ever suppose, even when the tide was running most strongly in their favour, that competitive examinations could ever prove an infallible test of business capacity, depending, as this does, upon a thousand subtle qualities which no competition could by possibility test. It required no extraordinary foresight to see, that the preparation for competition would become a business by itself, often conducted on ignoble lines, and infallibly demoralizing both teacher and taught. It was inevitable that the prizes offered to successful competition should attract the cupidity of those who had no ardent love of knowledge for its own sake, and that the selfish pursuit of these prizes would *result in* a certain degradation of higher education. The results which

which Sir Lyon Playfair's Commission, composed of practical and experienced men, reported to have arisen from competition in the public service, were precisely those which its opponents had at first anticipated. But moderate men, who had indulged in no fanciful hopes, were, as a consequence, least disappointed. They foresaw that the evils would, to a certain extent, work their own cure. In the first place, the art of examination naturally became more perfect. A skilful and experienced examiner knows well how to detect superficiality, how to perplex the index-learner, how to baffle the crammer; we should, indeed, not be far wrong in saying that the name of 'crammer' has survived what it described. No one familiar with the work done in some of the better establishments, where education is necessarily to a large extent made subservient to immediate necessities, would recognize any connection between them and the now antiquated business of burdening weak brains with a little undigested knowledge, consisting of a few tabulated facts and dates. These institutions are now manned by men of high accomplishment; the teaching is largely in the hands of distinguished university men; no half-knowledge is willingly permitted; and the training differs from that of the university lecture-room only in being more methodical, more searching, more systematic, and in being followed by an audience who know that their future career depends upon their attention and their exertions. Undoubtedly such institutions want the free life, the healthy moral training, the vigorous independence, of our public schools. But they do for the slower and duller lad what the schools can, by very necessity, do only for the vigorous. We are glad to know that the schools are, with growing success, learning to hold their own in such competitions; but that they can do so is due in no small measure to the rivalry of the so-called 'crammer,' and to the new stimulus which that has given them.

So, again, it might have been foreseen that knowledge, acquired by severe exertion, breeds a love of itself. A man may begin to study with no motive but advancement, and probably in nine cases out of ten, if we judged human nature strictly, this has been and ever will be the case. But as knowledge comes, it stimulates curiosity, it engenders new faculties, it ripens higher tastes; so that the man, first stirred to energy by a healthy rivalry or a definite object to be gained, in the end enlarges the range of human attainment, and helps his fellows tenfold more even than he has benefited himself. When competitive examinations were new, the methods of training were unstudied: superficial knowledge seemed likely to ensure success:

success: and the competitors, uncertain how they should meet the strain, were tempted to a feverish absorbing of scrappy and second-hand information. But now every legitimate help and guidance are given; a man may know exactly what is expected of him; and all the faculties of memory, of readiness, of steady nerve, of self-confidence—exactly those faculties which, in general, secure success in life—are brought into play. We confess that, had we been asked, when competition was first preached as an infallible means of social regeneration, whether the method then proposed would have enabled any one to foretell the future success in life of those whom it ranked most highly, we should have been disposed to give a negative reply. But let any one who has been familiar, for the last five-and-twenty years, with any system of competition on a large scale, look back on the results of his experience. Will he not be compelled to own that, on the whole, the successful competitors have maintained their place in the race, and have shown that they had staying powers?

But it is precisely those, who hoped too much from competition, and who resented any modification of its operation, who now swell the chorus of reaction. We confess that, except in so far as it embodies truisms, which any man of common judgment would have predicted, we find ourselves absolutely at variance with the now famous Protest, which, with its miscellaneous crowd of adherents, stirred some curiosity a few months ago. Probably many of those who signed it are now conscious that they committed themselves to propositions which no experience supports. We decline to admit, that the life of our universities is ignoble because it involves a healthy rivalry, that knowledge is defective because it is systematic, that the health of our boys is ruined by such training as develops accuracy, attention, and method, and that we are on the eve of an intellectual collapse because we take careful stock of the intellectual acquirements of our young men. Forebodings like these carry their own refutation. But the reaction, such as it is, may teach one thing—moderation in the pursuit of panaceas. Competition has its defects, like any other system. It must be modified according to the circumstances of its application. It is a good help and servant in organizing society and distributing the advantages of life; it must not be allowed to become a master, or to supersede our judgment. Competition is more useful, after all, for what it rejects than for what it selects. If the scholarships at our endowed schools and universities do not always fall to the best, they at least do not fall to the worst. They no longer *perform* the most cruel of mistaken kindnesses, by keeping boys occupied

occupied for the most valuable years of their lives over studies for which a competitive examination at the outset would prove them to be unfit. Surely any one who knows our universities could point to instances of a life wasted because a scholarship, given for poverty instead of merit, detained some dull youth for years over the vain attempt to acquire a high education, and then left him stranded at the end, his chances of a humbler and more practical opening in life gone beyond the hope of recal.

We have indulged in this digression, because it was naturally suggested by the discussion of the Orders in Council of 1870 and 1871, and by the recommendations of the Playfair Commission in regard to some modification of the extreme application of the competitive principle. For the time the popular voice was against this modification, which it condemned as reactionary. The scheme of the Orders in Council has continued, and an increased number of able young men have entered the higher as well as the lower ranks of the Civil Service by strict competition, without nomination. Ostensibly, the element of selection has disappeared; but we may be permitted to conjecture, that practical experience has made it necessary to attain the same end in a somewhat different way. Original appointments are assigned strictly in the order settled by competition. But the system of transfers from one office to another has perhaps modified that Order to a greater extent than is believed, and has probably worked for public advantage by placing men according to their value as tested by practical capacity—not always identical with their value as tested by examination.

So far, the Playfair Commission did not see their views prevail; and we are disposed to doubt, also, whether their recommendations in regard to the Upper—or as it would more properly be called—the Intermediate, branch, of the service, were as carefully considered or as well devised as those for the Lower. This intermediate class had always existed, and had formed, indeed, a large proportion of the service. But the Commission attempted to define, and perhaps to strengthen, its position. For this so-called Upper Division they proposed salaries rising to 400*l.* or 600*l.* a year, with a remote and uncertain prospect of advancement to the Higher or Staff posts. We are not surprised to find, that Sir Stafford Northcote had misgivings as to this. The prospects here indicated are scarcely sufficient to induce first-rate men to join. The best men of t
Division would often be capable of filling post
this so-called Upper, but really Intermediat

discontent would certainly be caused, if they found themselves excluded by men only slightly their superiors, who had originally passed a somewhat higher examination. Besides, there is undoubtedly a very great difficulty in establishing any uniform requirement, or any uniform reward for the work of a somewhat superior kind in different offices. Routine work can easily be measured, and must, in almost all cases, be of much the same value. But the intermediate officer will, in one department, have to share the confidence of his chief, to use his own judgment, to act in delicate or intricate matters without reference to his superiors; in another, he may be called on to do little more than superintend the routine work of the Low—er Division. It is impossible to force all the intermediate varieties between these two extremes into one procrustean bed, and to suppose that, by a uniform offer of 600*l.* after so many years' service, you will secure men fitted equally for all such posts. Like Sir Stafford Northcote, we entirely disagree with the suggestion, that 'recourse may, if necessary, be had to the outer world' in order to fill up the higher posts. Occasionally, no doubt, such recourse may be justified, and this is likely to be most frequent if you fail to attract the best men by the ordinary prospects of the service. But to establish this as a recognized and ordinary method of filling such posts is to strike the most serious blow at the efficiency of the service, by taking away the few prizes which, as every professional man knows, are inducements, whose strength is out of all proportion to their number or their cost, to make men enter upon the career by which they may be attained.

To this extent we differ from the conclusions of the Playfair Commission. We consider that they were inclined unduly to extend an intermediate class, which was scarcely sufficiently distinguished from the Lower Division, and to which, on the other hand, they were not prepared to entrust the highest duties of the service. But it is to the other part of their recommendation that most importance attaches. Their proposal for a Lower Division, uniform in pay, and, as far as possible, uniform in service, was adopted. By Order in Council of February 12th, 1876, such a Division was appointed, the uniform scale of salary to range from 80*l.* to 200*l.* a year, Duty Pay of a maximum of 100*l.* a year being attached to certain posts. The adoption of such a scheme over the whole service was necessarily a work of time: but for the next ten years the re-organization proceeded with fair speed. It very soon appeared that this scale of salary, combined with the recognized advantages of security *and independence*, was quite sufficient to attract men of the

class

as wanted; and the results have certainly justified the boldness of the proposal. Those who have tried the new system by practical experience will be ready to admit, that the clerks of the Lower Division have, during the ten or twelve years of their existence, been drawn from a constantly improving stock, and that there is no reason to fear that the enormous mass of routine work, which has its own great public importance, will not be discharged by them with skill, accuracy, and business-like method; and that the more responsible members of the Civil Service will not find in them a class of trustworthy and competent subordinates.

But experience also showed that the work of re-organization was not complete. An uneasy feeling prevailed that the Civil Service, as a whole, was under-worked and overpaid. To the great mass of the public, the popular conception of a Civil Servant is a man who pretends to be constantly occupied in work of a high intellectual grade, but who is more often either idle or employed on routine. A public office must necessarily be manned, to a considerable degree, for an emergency. The public will not brook delay, and hurried or scamped work would be even more dangerous in its results here than it would be in private business. However much it is to be desired, we fear it will not always be found that a man, whose aspirations are bounded by subordinate, however interesting, work, and by a salary of 600*l.*, will be ready to show unbounded energy, intellectual versatility, and ungrudging industry, whenever a special call arises. A narrow ambition and limited prospects deaden the energies even of the best; and probably, from men of mediocrity, it is scarcely profitable to demand too much. The natural tendency has thus been to multiply the number of intermediate men, and to make up for the want of incitements to special energy by moderating the demands upon that energy. This intermediate grade, which the public supposes to be the class typical of the Civil Service, has thus been dragged into a prominence which it deserves neither by numbers nor by importance. The type bears its characteristics on the surface, open to our inspection. It ranges from the plodding, somewhat timid, but methodical and cautious *chef de bureau*, whose social surroundings, early education, and narrow range of work all combine to keep him, intellectually, the slave of routine, to the somewhat cynical *flâneur* of the club, competent perhaps for more arduous work and higher ambitions, but content to limit his aims in order to secure a certain indolent comfort and avoidance of undue strain. We do not wish to suggest, that such men are without their value, or that their

their self-repression, although the result of training and acquired taste, rather than a severely formed standard of public duty, is not to a great extent beneficial to the State. Whatever its foundation, such self-abnegation is a quality that posterity may find reason to estimate highly when it is lost.

But, be that as it may, the class has typified the Civil Service far too exclusively. A society ever increasing in strain, in restlessness, in competition, has judged, with natural severity, qualities so unlike its own, and has supposed that public offices are havens of rest where such qualities find a privileged ease and security. The mass of the more humble workers, ordinary, diligent, disciplined, and now organized with increased system and method, has been overlooked; the real centre of the whole, the moving and guiding power of the Service, in its highest officers, is still more completely ignored. Our public men and statesmen judge differently; but, after all, their judgment in no way affects that of the mass of popular opinion. Nor is it greatly to be regretted, that the Civil Service should feel itself to be the subject of severe, even if somewhat unjust, criticism. Popular opinion, in many points erroneous, and prone to exaggeration, nevertheless seldom fails to put its finger upon some really weak point.

And it may be just in this intermediate and apparently typical class, that reform is most necessary. As to this, we must look to the reports of the latest Commission on Civil Service Organization.

Once more an effort towards further reform came with the return of a Conservative Administration to power. In September, 1886, a new Commission was appointed; and it differed considerably, both in its composition and in the range of its reference, from that over which Sir Lyon Playfair presided in 1874. The latter had consisted chiefly of members of the permanent Civil Service. The Commission of 1886 consists almost entirely of members of the two Houses of Parliament. It was appointed, not, like the earlier Commission, for certain specific objects, which practical experience had shown to be necessary, but rather to meet a public demand for a complete enquiry into the conditions under which public business was discharged. The aim was to institute a thorough comparison between employment in private service and employment in the service of the State; and it was felt, rightly or wrongly, that the widest basis of comparison should be instituted, and that preconceived views should not be allowed to prevail. Under the new conditions of political life, based upon rapidly developing democratic principles, it seemed expedient to build up our public

public service on strictly commercial conditions of supply and demand; and it was perhaps well to guard against any suspicion that the criticism, now to be passed upon the service, should be guided to any extent by those who might represent the interests of the official class. The reference to the Commission was as wide in range as its composition was representative; the whole conditions of public employment, the organization of departments, the system of responsibility and control, the terms of pension, the distinction between different classes, not in the United Kingdom only, but abroad, were to be brought under review. The Commission has now sat for two years and a half; it has issued two very bulky reports; but it is not surprising that it should still be in the midst of its labours, and that it has been able to touch only a small part of the vast range of its enquiries.

The first Report dealt almost entirely with the great spending departments, the War Office and the Admiralty. The discussion of the questions, which arise in connection with this, is not possible within the limits of an article dealing with the Civil Service generally. The proportion and the relations between professional and non-professional assistance in these departments form in themselves a problem of the greatest difficulty and importance. But it does not properly belong to the organization of the Civil Service; it is really to be decided in the light of national security, of political and constitutional principle, and of financial administration. The mere fact, that such questions arise immediately in any discussion of the two great arms of national defence, separates the question of Civil Service organization from a review of these two departments. This first Report, as a consequence, deals with questions which interest these offices alone; and, important as they are, they would involve us in a prolonged enquiry, for which this is not the place. So far, however, as the organization of the purely Civil branch of our military and naval system is concerned, we do not consider that it offers any peculiar difficulty, or requires any lengthy discussion. The clerical work of these offices must be largely matter of routine. The skilled advice must be largely professional. The responsibility must be almost entirely ministerial. The general question of Civil Service organization touches them only as regards clerical work and its supervision, and as regards financial control; and in respect of these, except in their bulk and in the enormous pecuniary interests involved, the War Office and the Admiralty ought to present no special features.

We pass, therefore, to the Second Report, presented in September last,

last, which follows in the footsteps of the Playfair Commission, and deals with the general organization of the Civil Service. It begins by referring to the labours of its immediate predecessor. The scheme of the Lower Division, which that predecessor had recommended, it finds to have been fairly tried during the twelve years that have elapsed since the Order in Council of 1870; and on the whole the Report appears to pronounce the results to have been good. The complete prevalence of the system has indeed been hindered by the cost of re-organization, which its adoption would have involved; but, so far as it has been adopted, it has attracted a valuable class of officers into the service, fully competent for the work which it was intended that they should discharge. It may, indeed, be owing to a temporary depression in the employment market that a class of men, higher than it was sought to reach, have become competitors for entry into the ranks of the Lower Division; and no one, whose acquaintance with the Civil Service extends far back, can fail to be struck by the fact that this Division is an improvement, both as regards social status, education, and industry, over the lower *employés* of former days. But this very excellence has its bad results. What was at first an acceptable post may become a drudgery, as life goes on and faculties develop, and as a man proves himself fit for better things; and discontent, thus engendered, produces deterioration. The remedy is to be found in developing this class of Civil Service by allotting to it a large proportion of those intermediate posts which the Playfair Commission tried to fence off too rigidly. The hard-and-fast line of demarcation is not justified by any sound reasons. The man who will be attracted by an eventual 400*l.* or 600*l.* salary is not of a much higher class than the man who, entering on much the same financial scale, is limited to an eventual 250*l.* or 300*l.* The difference in education and in talents is not so great as to balance marked superiority in acquired experience and official tact, which the requirements of the service may develop. Nor is the work of that intermediate class so difficult, as a rule, that it requires capacities higher than those that are to be found in the Lower Division. This, we take it, is the reasoning of the Report; and the inference based upon it is, that the intermediate or Upper Division, as distinguished from the Staff appointments, should be greatly diminished, and that it should be recruited mainly from the best of those who belong to the Lower Division. It is perhaps well that difficulties of reorganization prevented the full adoption of the scheme of the Playfair Commission which related to the Upper Division; and that this intermediate class received

no

no considerable extension between the dates of their Repor and of that of last year. We believe that the popular instinct, which condemns that class, is not without foundation; and we agree with the present Commission in pronouncing, as we understand them to do, against its existence as a separate grade. As soon as we attempt to define its position and fence it off from the best of those below it, we find that its duties are so indeterminate that they are apt to depend more upon the faculties of the individual than the requirements of the service. Its separation from the more humble class of work will quite as often be an excuse for indolence as the result of engrossment in other duties; while the man in this class who is fit for really responsible work, demanding high intellectual capacity, will rarely feel that he has a sufficient range for his energies within the limits of his grade.

To this rank of the service the Commission would therefore apply the pruning-hook with some severity; and they would open what is left to the best of the Lower Division. That Division would no longer, under their proposals, enter with a certainty of advancement to a salary even as high as is secured to it at present. It would be subjected to strict and careful tests of capacity at various stages; the lines of demarcation could only be overpassed by decided merit; but eventually the picked men might rise to posts analogous to those now known as the First Division, which in general imply not so much different work as the power of supervision and control which any capable man will acquire by actual service. The Commission propose to effect a saving by diminishing the certain prospects of the Lower Division, and by abolishing Duty Pay; but they would compensate the clerks of this Division by opening to them the possibility of promotion, solely on grounds of merit, to posts which now belong to another class.

On the whole, we are inclined to agree with the recommendation. Duty Pay had undoubted advantages. It allotted rewards according to actual work, and not according to routine promotion. Discipline could be enforced by its withdrawal, where dismissal or degradation would be too severe a penalty. But, with the fusion of the Lower Division and the intermediate grade, Duty Pay necessarily disappears. The arrangement created by this fusion will probably, when fully developed, correspond very fairly with the requirements of public business. The proposal will afford encouragement to a large and deserving class. It is in accordance with what we believe to be the public wish, and will, undoubtedly, curtail that type of the Civil Service which has been most open to public criticism. And, as we under-

stand the proposals, the prospect of possible promotion into this intermediate class as a substitute for Duty Pay would be fairly satisfactory to the Lower Division, if the desire of the Commission, that merit alone and not seniority should decide promotion, be allowed to prevail. On the whole, we think that the greater consolidation and simplicity of arrangement, which will thus be gained, are in favour of the scheme; and that the distinction of class, which it will abolish, is of little real value, if we confine our views simply to the range of public work which has to be performed by the two classes which it is proposed to fuse.

But there is another aspect of the question, which we must not overlook. Beyond these two classes, there come the really responsible members of the Civil Service; and it is upon the constitution of this grade that the public interest chiefly hinges. Financially, it is, indeed, of comparatively little importance. The number of men who hold in their hands the working of the constitutional machine, who learn its delicate adjustments, and who can bend it in any particular direction—upon whose readiness, and resource, and loyalty so much depends—must always be very small, and the cost of their services must be comparatively trifling. We might double the salary of every permanent head of a department with scarcely any noticeable effect upon the budget—at far less expense than we would add 5*l.* a year to the pay of the humblest class of clerks. But, as a part of our constitution, the class of which we speak has an enormous importance; and its character must depend very largely upon the source from which it is drawn. It is here that the intermediate or Upper Division, which it is proposed to curtail, if not absolutely to abolish, may exercise, and has exercised, a powerful influence. It is true that this Division has not always, within its own range, duties of an exacting kind. But it has formed a source, of a special kind, from which the higher branches might be recruited. The intermediate Division, indeed, inevitably tended to fall into two separate channels: those who, not rising beyond their class, became less profitable servants than their official inferiors, and those who found the class a means of rising to something higher. The very process of selection left a residuum that was not undeserving of somewhat severe criticism. But the class as a whole, nevertheless, served a good purpose. It was a good school of promotion. The Upper Division Civil Servant, who desired to rise, had to form and realize for himself a conception of his duties, corresponding to his position, which a more indolent man never thought of. He had to prove his capacity by slow degrees; to learn

yet

very completely the intricacies of the official machine; to make himself useful by readiness and tact; and, when promotion came, it found him imbued with official loyalty, and indebted to those whom he had to serve for the recognition of his merits.

For this class, it will clearly be necessary—and this the Commission recognize, as it has, indeed, been recognized practically by many of the departments—to substitute some other as a source from which the higher officials are to be drawn. The barrier between the private and the non-commissioned officer is to be withdrawn; but, just in proportion, the division between the non-commissioned officer and the full officer will assuredly become greater. The higher official grade will be narrowed, and rightly narrowed, to the smallest limit. The responsibility falling upon this narrow grade will be the best guarantee against its neglect of duty, and will effectually prevent it from falling back upon the lower work of any inferior class. It will be exposed to severe criticism, and will be surrounded by a large band of subordinates, well organized, well disciplined, methodical, but possessing none of those capabilities of affording counsel, advice, and criticism, which many men of the former intermediate class, who would rather refuse than pursue high official responsibility for themselves, were quite capable of giving. Probably a large part of the public still honestly believe that a high post in the Civil Service brings with it nominal duties, untroubled repose, and ample salary—all secure from anxiety, and independent of outside criticism. If the reality already corresponds little with the picture, still less will it do so in the near future. The State exacts full value for her pay from those upon whom the permanent responsibility for the working of the machine rests; and she is not likely to be less imperious in her demands hereafter. But all the more important is the question, whence this higher class is to be recruited; and this leads us to consider what the Commission proposes as to this.

Briefly, as we understand them, their proposals may be described as follows. It will be necessary to have one means of entrance to the service, which will command the very best class of men for the most responsible posts. The age for such entrance should not be too low, as it will be well to secure men who have had the benefit of the highest education, and in some cases men who have had experience of other duties. Many who now join the Bar do so with little expectation that they will attain a lucrative practice; but such men have often had, in their apprenticeship to the legal profession,

fession, the very training which makes them most useful public servants. They have learned something of the practice of the profession, which probably develops most effectively intellectual capacity; they have tested themselves in the competition of outside work; and, if an entrance into the higher branches of the Civil Service were considered as a legitimate aim towards which such training might tend, we believe that many men would be attracted who might hope eventually to gain a fair legal practice for themselves, but who would readily exchange these distant and uncertain hopes for the security and fair competence, which the higher posts of the service would offer. Such men, chosen usually by competitive examination, but also occasionally on grounds of recognized merit, and for actual work done, would form a nursery for the higher and more responsible offices. Once appointed, they would immediately enter upon their probation in higher work. At every stage in their career they would have opportunities of showing their readiness and capacity for meeting emergencies, and for dealing with the more difficult work of the office in its earlier stages. They would be required to show the mental aptitude, which their literary or legal training had given them, by mastering the system upon which the routine and clerical work of the office was conducted; and such aptitude is proved by nothing better than by the power of grasping the principles of such work, without becoming too submissive to its routine methods. At the same time, they would be employed in digesting and arranging the details that cluster round every difficult question, and in presenting these in the most clear and logical form for the consideration of their superior officers. From the first they would be impressed with the sense of responsibility, which prevents a man from considering himself only as one part of a complicated and automatic machine. They would be the members of a small and carefully selected class; and, as such, their promotion would not be unduly delayed. Much of the ultimate value of an officer depends upon his being quickly thrown upon his own resources, and many able men are made useless because responsibility is delayed so long that, when it comes, it finds them timid and uninventive from habit. For this class of men the Commission recommend an initial salary of 200*l.* a year; and, if promotion is to be sufficiently rapid, we are disposed to think that this is quite sufficient. In the lowest grade of this select class the salary may rise to 500*l.*; but, before this maximum had been reached by stages of 20*l.* a year, the officer should either have been found unfit for his work, or should have risen to the higher grades

grades of 800*l.* or 1000*l.* a year, with the prospect, for a very few, of rising to the highest posts.

A class so recruited will undoubtedly command a very large proportion of men who would succeed in the open professions. It might be well to increase the inducements, as might be done at very little cost, by adding a small number of prizes to the service, more valuable than any now open to it, and more nearly on a level with those which prove so attractive elsewhere. For the proper discharge of the highest and most delicate duties of the public service, it is difficult to say why talents of the exceptional kind which find a field for themselves in the other learned professions should not occasionally be required. It is not likely that these will be available if 2000*l.* a year is the high-water mark of Government pay. The creation of a few such prizes, however, is a matter of small financial importance, and the general question of organization can be considered quite apart from it. As we understand them, the main proposals of the Commission resolve themselves into the practical abolition of a separate intermediate Division; the arrangement of the Lower Division on a sliding scale, with very moderate salaries for those who could not prove their fitness for special work, and a prospect of fair competence for those who were capable of exercising supervision; while the really responsible posts would be held by a comparatively small number, selected with care from amongst the most promising young men of their day, trained from the first for the duties that are to fall upon them, and with prospects of rapid promotion, as a result of special capacity, to posts of which the remuneration would enable them to maintain a fair social status amongst the best professional classes.

On the whole, we agree with these recommendations. The success of any re-organization must largely depend upon the balance maintained between the different offices; and the evidence taken by the Commission affords abundant proof of the harm done, and the discontent caused, by the present unsatisfactory control in the hands of the Treasury. In place of this, the Commission propose a special tribunal composed of representatives of different offices. Agreeing with them as to the urgent necessity for some change, we hesitate to accept this proposal, and would prefer a controlling body with powers more directly delegated by Parliament. But, in general, their proposals seem to us adapted to the requirements of public business, and based upon the sound commercial principles, which must inevitably prevail in any organization which is to satisfy the public mind, on grounds of economy and efficiency.

The

The success of the scheme will rest mainly on the character of the higher class. The older class of Civil Servants, of sound education, fair capacity, considerable leisure, and salaries not large but sufficiently generous, will undoubtedly pass away: and with them perhaps much of the typical character of the service. Their place will be taken largely by a clerical staff, organized on the principles which prevail in private commercial establishments. But the real guidance of the whole system will be in the hands of a few men, of alert intelligence, with every motive to energy, looking only to their own efforts for advancement, and keenly alive to the importance of grasping the principles of administration, as a means of securing influence and reward for themselves. We do not conceal from ourselves the dangers that are involved in the change. We have no wish, indeed, to anticipate that the integrity, the high honour, the conscientious and unbiassed service, which have hitherto been the pride and distinction of English public servants, will disappear from their traditions. But it would be wilful blindness to overlook the fact, that the conditions of that service will be revolutionized. The ever-increasing intricacy of public work, the vastly extending range of State interference, must inevitably add to the power entrusted to the permanent Civil Service. Its ranks will, in increasing proportion, be filled by men who will have every motive of ambition and love of influence to strengthen their hold. Many of the unwritten traditions of the service must undoubtedly be shaken; and the bond between the political and permanent head of a department, which is now almost invariably, with whatever change of ministry, one based on loyal, cordial, and self-forgetful service on the one side, and of complete confidence and ready recognition on the other, may be severely strained. How thoroughly good the relations now are, it is scarcely necessary to say. An Englishman, we are convinced, might now with truth appropriate the words of a recent French writer, speaking of a large class of the Civil Servants of his country, who have proved a rock of strength amidst her recent troubles:

'Je suis convaincu que nous avons, dans notre administration, une foule d'hommes probes, laborieux, éclairés, supérieurs même, à qui il n'a manqué qu'une occasion pour briller au premier rang. N'avons-nous pas vu, tout dernièrement, un ministère, ne sachant à quel homme politique confier le ministère des affaires étrangères, y élever un directeur dont le nom n'avait jamais fait aucun bruit au dehors? On plaisanta d'abord de ce choix, qui paraissait n'avoir rien de très reluisant. A l'usure, on s'aperçut bientôt que M. Flourens était au courant de toutes les questions, qu'il avait le sens très-droit, beaucoup

coup de tact et de décision. C'était lui sans doute qui, avant d'être en nom ministre des affaires étrangères, l'avait été sous le couvert de nombre d'hommes politiques plus en dehors, plus brillants, qui ne s'en étaient pas vantés.'

Promotion such as fell to M. Flourens is scarcely possible to our political habits, and would probably not be within the range of the ambition of our permanent officials, although we may recall the fact, that the present Secretary of State for the Colonies served for some time under his own permanent Under-secretary. But, without such public proof, probably most of those who have filled our political offices would be ready to acknowledge the high value of the assistance that the permanent officials have quietly rendered, with a loyalty and self-abnegation not less than that which the French writer extols. We fervently hope that these qualities may endure in the future. But it is idle to forget the force of circumstances which may make for change, and the results to which they may not impossibly lead. We can conceive no more suicidal error, and no graver public calamity, than the adoption of any political bias by our Civil Servants. No attack, however ungenerous, no grudging recognition of merit, no violence of political extremists should, for one moment, tempt them to introduce any flavour of partizanship into their public work. Such grievous dereliction of duty could only have one result. Successive changes of government must, in such a case, inevitably lead to a change in the permanent service; the canker, which is eating into the soundness of American political life, and which has baffled the resolution and resources of one administration after another, must seize upon our own administrative conditions: the cry of 'the spoils for the victors' must surely arise; and the very smallest of its dire results will be the break in the career of thousands of men, who will suffer for the indiscreet and noisy fervour of a few. We trust that such a result is far distant; but we cannot hide from ourselves the fact, that a Civil Service, recruited largely from those prone to self-assertion, and apt to arrogate to themselves a public position, may render it more likely to befall. And there is another temptation to which our Civil Service will be exposed, and against which it behoves them to be on their guard. Loyalty to responsible Ministers may be exchanged for subservience to political representatives. Hobbies that are pushed by influential members may find a ready ear, and a powerful assistance, from the permanent official. Relations between the permanent service and the popular representatives may become unduly close, while those between the same service and the representatives of the Crown may become more

more weak. Let no ardent advocate of parliamentary control fancy that such unconstitutional interference with executive authority will promote popular theories of Government, or do aught else than maim the integrity of public life; let no self-seeking Civil Servant believe that reliance upon such dishonest association will promote the interests of his class, or do aught else than undermine public confidence.

We would fain hope that both these dangers—that of political partizanship, and that of postponing the loyalty due to responsible Ministers to the favour which may be acquired amongst parliamentary representatives—may be successfully resisted. But circumstances are undoubtedly tending to break down traditions, to alter the demands made by the public on their servants, to increase the powers entrusted to permanent officials, to change the character of the men, to diminish their loyalty to successive Ministries, to intensify their motives of personal ambition, perhaps to weaken their personal obligation to the State. The responsibility resting upon those public men who have lately shown themselves prone to drag the personality of Civil Servants into the arena of debate, and to make their action the subject of rancorous criticism, and a weapon of party warfare, can scarcely be exaggerated. Nothing is more fitted to tempt the permanent officials to offend against a rule than to find it broken as regards themselves. We trust they may continue to resist that temptation.

But we cannot prevent the change that is taking place by refusing to recognize it, and we are ready, therefore, to accept boldly, and even to welcome, any re-organization which may base the Civil Service upon sound commercial principles.

'The Civil Service at present was in the position of an establishment that had changed its master. The old public had been superseded by a new public. The new master was more particular in many ways, and he entreated Civil Servants to adapt themselves to the ways of the new master. They should not think that the new master was somewhat fussy, and on their part they should not be too touchy and too sensitive. They should not treat the desire for reform which was abroad as a hostile attack on their privileges, and as if it ought to be resented with extreme sensitiveness. The permanent Civil Servants should be a kind of anchor on which the public might depend, and they should not allow any misgivings to arise between them and their new master. Satisfy him that there was among them the same desire for reform as he had, but let the great Civil Service be a steadying and loyal force in the nation.

Art.

Art. VIII.—1. *The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, based on contemporary documents; together with his Letters now first collected.* By Edward Edwards. 2 vols. London, 1868.

2. *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, 1552-1618. By James Augustus St. John. 2 vols. London, 1868.

3. *Lives of Raleigh.* By Louise Creighton, London, 1877; by Edmund Gosse, London, 1886; and others.

4. *The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh, now first collected.* By Sir Egerton Brydges, K.J. Private Press of Lee Priory, 1813.

5. *Poems by Sir H. Wotton, Sir W. Raleigh, and others.* Edited by J. Hannah, M.A. London, 1845.

6. *The Courtly Poets from Raleigh to Montrose.* Edited by J. Hannah, D.C.L., Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond (late Archdeacon of Lewes). London, 1870.

THE ambition which once stirred the great intelligence of Gibbon has induced a multitude of both earlier and later writers to offer Lives of Raleigh to the public. The series begins with the meritorious biography of Oldys, published more than one hundred and fifty years ago (1736), as a preface to his edition of Raleigh's 'History of the World;' an excellent example of the best and most workmanlike method of that age. Among recent Lives, those of Mr. Edwards and Mr. St. John, which have come out in the same year, have the merit of presenting us with the results of original researches into the mass of MS. treasures which have been lately laid open to the historical student in great public and private libraries. Many briefer compilers have been successful in giving us fair and readable representations of Raleigh's full and chequered life. And even slighter than the biographies are the admirable summaries of the pleas that can be urged in his favour or against him, at the most decisive turning-points in his career, which we owe to the 'History' of Mr. S. R. Gardiner, and the 'Letters and Life of Lord Bacon,' by Mr. J. Spedding.

But one remarkable defect can be traced in most of the more recent biographies; though at an earlier time, and to the extent of their limited materials, Oldys, Birch (1751), and Cayley (1805), had done their best to avoid it. While hunting up every scrap of correspondence which could be brought to bear on their subject, his later biographies, with rare exceptions, have omitted the whole factor of his poetry in judging of his life. Some of them seem to have been scarcely aware of its existence; few, if any, have realized its extent and character.

In

In a great measure this can be accounted for by a circumstance which has proved little less than a literary calamity. The only complete edition of Raleigh's Works (Oxford, 8 vols., 1829) was put together in so careless and uncritical a fashion, that the Poems, with but few unimportant additions, were a mere reprint of the unsifted farrago, which Sir Egerton Brydges caused to be printed at the Lee Priory Press in 1813–14. That unfortunate collection was both imperfect and redundant; imperfect, as containing, even with the additions of the Oxford reprint, not more than about 470 really authenticated verses, out of about 1557 verses to which Raleigh's claim has now been more or less completely established; redundant, because the Editor had swept into his net a shoal of *adespota*, on the purely imaginary evidence of the signature *Ignoto*, which can be proved (in spite of Warton's unlucky assertion to the contrary) to have meant no more than just exactly what it says, viz. that the Editor of 'England's Helicon' and other early Miscellanies did not know the names of the authors of the poems to which they annexed that signature.* Efforts have been made from time to time to correct this evil, and the existence of the larger mass of poetry has been fully recognized of late by Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. Gosse. But with the majority of writers, small detached articles and publications have little chance against the evidence of so-called 'Complete Editions' in possession of the field. The result has been that the very best of Raleigh's recent biographers, with one exception, have either neglected his poems altogether, or have drawn their illustrations from pieces, of which there is not a scrap of evidence to prove him the author. Yet competent critics will scarcely dissent from Mr. Saintsbury's judgment, that Raleigh's 'works in verse, unequal as they are, occasionally touch the loftiest summits of poetry.'†

If we give two or three instances of the neglect that we complain of, it is simply to prove the existence of the fact, and to justify ourselves for trying to remove it, as far as we can. It has unluckily happened that the inaccuracies have often been as bad as the omissions. Thus the most exact of our recent historians (we will mention no names) accepts the unauthorized and false description of Raleigh's strange little poem called his 'Pilgrimage,' as having been written, like half-a-dozen things besides, 'the night before his death,' *i.e.* in October, 1618; though internal evidence would at once have

* The evidences as to the authorship of pieces in 'England's Helicon' are well summed-up in Mr. A. H. Bullen's preface to his reprint of that Miscellany, 1887.

† Saintsbury's 'History of Elizabethan Literature,' 1887, p. 212.

suggested

suggested that it must have been written in 1603, an inference which has lately been confirmed by the discovery, that it was printed as early as 1604. A massive monumental epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney (died 1586), which was printed anonymously in 1593, and again with Spenser's 'Astrophel' in 1595, was quoted expressly under Raleigh's name at a still earlier date (doubtless from a MS. copy) by Sir J. Harington in 1591; and the claim was recognized a little later by Drummond of Hawthornden. Attention has been frequently called to this unimpeachable evidence since the publication of Malone's Shakspeare by Boswell in 1821. Yet two of the most learned recent editors of Spenser's poem still assure us, that the author of that epitaph is unknown. One more example will suffice: a few years ago a leading authority on early English poetry 'discovered' an anonymous copy of one of Raleigh's most familiar pieces in a well-known Harleian MS., and sent it off to 'Notes and Queries' as a new-found treasure.

We may look at Raleigh's character from many sides. He was at once soldier and sailor, adventurer, administrator, courtier, and historian; but to his earlier contemporaries he was above all things a poet. For the proof of this it is not necessary to rely merely on the quaint commendations of Puttenham, Meres, and Bolton, when we ought to know him best as the 'summer's nightingale' of Spenser, who praises and describes his poetry in some of the finest of his lofty lines. Regretting that so much of that poetry is irretrievably lost: regretting that so much more is buried beyond all chance of identification among the scattered fragments of the Elizabethan age; we hope to prove, that enough remains to throw a vivid and instructive light upon his character, and to bring out many of its details into clearer aspects. Even now we possess little more than a scanty gleaning from a golden harvest; not more, as we have said, than about 1557 lines, of which not quite all have been proved to be genuine. But it shall be our endeavour to show, that these 1557 verses contain a great deal that is remarkable for high and characteristic merit, such as we ought not to be willing to let die.

The watershed of Raleigh's fortunes may be fixed in the year 1592. By that time he had received all the most important of his lucrative and influential appointments. The manor of Sherborne, his 'Fortune's Fold,' was granted to him in October 1591. But he had then been for some time a wealthy monopolist and patentee. He was also Captain of the Guard, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, with other offices; the possessor of large estates in Ireland; the holder

holder of great and undefined rights of colonization beyond the Western seas. His prosperity, though not unchecked, had been advancing in the main, in spite of the occasional interruption of a passing cloud. But from that year, his progress was little more than a continuous struggle. His great sin about his marriage was never forgiven by the Queen. The strain and effort lasted amidst new jealousies during the remainder of her reign. It became harder and more hopeless, when he was confronted with open enemies, under the timid and suspicious administration of James. We might naturally expect to find some difference in his poetry, as it falls before or after that eventful year. In point of fact, however, his earliest poems are quite as sombre as his latest. It is difficult to find in them any traces of the buoyancy of youth.

The writer who is commonly quoted as Puttenham declared in 1589 that 'for ditty and amorous ode,' he found Raleigh's 'vein most lofty, insolent, and passionate.' In 1598, Francis Meres reckoned him among those who were 'most passionate among us to bewail and bemoan the perplexities of love.' These terms would be not unsuitable for somewhat melancholy poems. And in fact it is remarkable, that we cannot identify him as the known author of more than one or two of those exquisite lyrics, which were freely passed about in MS. in the days of Elizabeth; were then gathered into such delightful miscellanies as 'England's Helicon'; or were set to music in the song-books from which Mr. A. H. Bullen has lately gathered the contents of three charming volumes. His early poems, so far as we can identify them, are rather grave and sententious than lightsome; and even when they bear, as they often profess to do, on the passion of love, they never lose their sombre and didactic character.

The earliest extant of his dated poems is the grave and measured 'censure' (=judgment), in commendation of George Gascoigne's 'Steel Glass,' prefixed to that piece in 1576, as by 'Walter Rawely of the Middle Temple:'

'Sweet were the sauce would please each kind of taste.'

It consists of three six-lined stanzas, of which the following is the central:—

'Though sundry minds in sundry sort do deem,
Yet worthiest wights yield praise for every pain;
But envious brains do nought, or light, esteem
Such stately steps as they cannot attain;
For whoso reaps renown above the rest
With heaps of hate shall surely be oppressed.'

A remarkable

remarkable anticipation at the very outset of the troubles his life! There is a second piece belonging to the same , of the same length and character, the authority for which, ever, is not so decisive, though the internal evidence is g in his favour; a piece in the 'Paradise of Dainty ices (1576), which in at least one edition bears the ature 'W. R.,' though in other editions it is signed with r initials.* It is entitled 'No pleasure without pain,' and ins:—

'Sweet were the joys that both might like and last.'

following is the third of the three stanzas:—

'What life were love, if love were free from pain?
But, oh! that pain with pleasure matched should meet!
Why did the course of nature so ordain
That sugared sour must sauce the bitter sweet?
Which sour from sweet might any means remove,
What hap, what heaven, what life's were like to love!'

e lines would certainly fall under Meres's description of poetry, as bewailing and bemoaning 'the perplexities of ' We may connect with them a third piece of exactly the dimensions, entitled, 'The Excuse; written by Sir ter Raleigh in his younger years.' The evidence of enticity is in this case unimpeachable; for besides that ars Raleigh's full signature in several MS. copies, the ng couplet was expressly cited by Puttenham in 1589 art of 'a most excellent ditty written by Sir Walter igh.'† This piece deserves to be quoted at length:—

'Calling to mind, my *eyes* went long about
To cause my heart for to forsake my breast,
All in a rage I sought to pull them out,
As who had been such traitors to my rest:
What could they say to win again my grace?
Forsooth, that they had seen my mistress' face.

'Another time, my *heart* I called to mind,
Thinking that he this woe on me had brought,
Because that he to love his force resigned,
When of such wars my fancy never thought:
What could he say when I would him have slain?
That he was hers, and had forgone my chain.

---

* Mr J. P. Collier's 'Bibliographical Catalogue, vol. i. p. 245, and also print of the 'Paradise of Dainty Devices.'
† 'Arte of Poesie,' p. 211, Arber's reprint.

'At

'At last, when I perceived both eyes and heart
Excuse themselves, as guiltless of my ill,
I found *myself* the cause of all my smart,
And told myself that I myself would kill:
Yet when I saw myself to you was true,
I loved myself, because myself loved you.'

This eighteen-lined construction seems to have been a favourite form with Raleigh, as at least two other such pieces can be ascribed to him on good authority:—

'Like hermit poor in pensive place obscure:'

and

'Many desire, but few or none deserve.'

But his lamentations over love's 'perplexities' may perhaps appear to us to be more ponderous than 'passionate;' and there is no temptation to linger among these rather heavy-footed verses. It is remarkable that one character runs through them all. They were evidently written without the pressure of the spur, which roused him to give rapidity and forceful directness to some later poems. They bear witness to a temper which was rather melancholy than lightsome; as though his early character had been disciplined by the grave sense of responsibility which he had learnt in Ireland, in France, and in other scenes of serious action. But there are two at least * among his (presumably) early poems which move with a much lighter spring. One is the well-known reply to Marlowe's 'Come live with me and be my love,' which was 'made,' says honest Izaak Walton, 'by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days:'

'If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.'

But even these bright verses are a message of melancholy. He characteristically throws cold water on the buoyancy of sanguine youth, by reminding the shepherd of the near approach of winter, and the transitory character of his pastoral delights:—

'All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

'But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;

* We might add one other if we could be sure that Raleigh wrote it—
'Shepherd, what's love? I pray thee tell.'

Then

Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.'

The other piece referred to is 'The Silent Lover':—

'Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
That sues for no compassion.'

The whole piece has a marvellously modern look about it, especially the well-known stanza, which has sometimes been ascribed to a far later writer:

'Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty:
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.'

It is certainly difficult to ascribe these lines to the same heavy hand which wrote some of his other earlier pieces; yet it is characteristic that in older copies they are often found to be prefaced by six longer lines, written in his most sententious manner, beginning—

'Passions are likened best to floods and streams.'

Three other pieces of this early period claim our attention. (1.) The grandest of his shorter compositions is the sonnet, 'A vision upon this conceit of the Faery Queen;' appended to the first three books of Spenser's great poem published in 1590:—

'Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and, passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair love and fairer virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen,
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended, in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce;
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.'

(2.) The stateliest of these early poems is the epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney, referred to above:

'To praise thy life or wail thy worthy death.'

Let us quote a few excellent and characteristic lines:—

'And I, that in thy time and living state
Did only praise thy virtues in my thought,
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
With words and tears now wail thy timeless fate.

'Drawn was thy race aright from princely line;
Nor less than such, by gifts that nature gave,
The common mother that all creatures have,
Doth virtue shew, and princely lineage shine.

'A king gave thee thy name; a kingly mind,—
That God thee gave; who found it now too dear
For this base world, and hath resumed it near
To sit in skies, and sort with powers divine.

'Kent thy birth-days, and Oxford held thy youth;
The heavens made haste, and stayed nor years nor time;
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime;
Thy will, thy words; thy words the seals of truth.

'Great gifts and wisdom rare employed thee thence,
To treat from kings with those more great than kings;
Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence.'

(3.) The most condensed piece is the 'Poesy to prove affection is not love,' which was first printed, we believe, in Davison's 'Poetical Rhapsody,' 1602; and of which Archbishop Trench writes,* that the poem 'is abundantly worthy of him; there have been seldom profounder thoughts more perfectly expressed than in the fourth and fifth stanzas;' which we annex in willing deference to the judgment of so sound a critic:—

'Desire himself runs out of breath,
And, getting, doth but gain his death;
Desire nor reason hath nor rest,
And, blind, doth seldom choose the best:
Desire attained is not desire,
But as the cinders of the fire.

'As ships in ports desired are drowned,
As fruit, once ripe, then falls to ground,
As flies that seek for flames are brought
To cinders by the flames they sought;
So fond desire when it attains,
The life expires, the woe remains.'

But it is time that we should turn to what we may call the 'Cynthia cycle,' and try to ascertain how much we know about

* 'Household Book of English Poetry,' p. 397, 3rd ed.

that

poem, and how much light our knowledge throws on
igh's character.

f the passing clouds which chequered the years of his
perity, the one which drove him to Ireland in some sort
isgrace in 1589 must certainly be regarded as a 'blessing
isguise.' We know nothing of its causes, except that a
mporary letter tells us that 'my Lord of Essex chased'
'from the Court, and confined him into Ireland.'* But it
o his famous visit to Spenser at Kilcolman, and the lines, in
h the greater poet records what happened at their meeting,
the most authentic statement of his poetical position up to
time.

penser tells us, then, that in the summer of 1589, Raleigh
already finished a considerable poem, called 'Cynthia, the
y of the Sea,' the object of which was to sing the praises of
Queen. Spenser describes the music and melody of the
position in the sonnet addressed to Raleigh, which he
nded to the first Three Books of the 'Faery Queen' in
0:—

'To thee, that art the summer's nightingale,
Thy sovereign goddess's most dear delight,
Why do I send this rustic madrigal,
That may thy tuneful ear unseason quite?
Thou only fit this argument to write
In whose high thoughts pleasure hath built her bower,
And dainty love learned sweetly to indite.
My rhymes I know unsavoury and sour,
To taste the streams that, like a golden shower,
Flow from thy fruitful head of thy love's praise;
Fitter, perhaps, to thunder martial stower,
When so thee list thy lofty muse to raise:
Yet, till that thou thy poem wilt make known,
Let thy fair Cynthia's praises be thus rudely shown.'

gain, in the Introduction to the Third Book of the 'Faery
en,' he refers to

'That sweet verse, with nectar sprinkled,
In which a gracious servant pictured
His Cynthia, his heaven's fairest light.'

in not less exalted language does he speak of it elsewhere.
subject and general character of the poem is unfolded with
precision in 'Colin Clout's come home again,' of which the
ication to Raleigh is dated in December 1591, though the
was not published till 1596. He describes how 'a strange
herd,' styling himself 'the Shepherd of the Ocean,' found

* Edwards' 'Life, &c.,' vol. i. p. 119.

him out as he was sitting 'under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar,' 'amongst the coolly shade of the green alleys by the Mulla's shore.' And he goes on to describe the poem that he 'piped' in response to some of Spenser's own: —

> 'His song was all a lamentable lay
> Of great unkindness and of usage hard,
> Of Cynthia, the Lady of the Sea,
> Which from her presence faultless him debarred.'

Of the original poem which is thus circumstantially described, it is not known that we possess a single verified fragment, though perhaps, as Oldys suggested (p. liv), we may find scraps in such lines as Puttenham quotes (p. 208), as 'written by Sir Walter Raleigh of his greatest mistress in most excellent verses': —

> 'In vain, mine eyes, in vain you waste your tears;
> In vain my sighs, the smokes of my despairs;
> In vain you search the earth and heavens above;
> In vain ye seek; for fortune keeps my love.'

The following sonnet clearly belongs in subject to the Cynthia cycle, but it is framed too artificially to have formed a portion of a longer poem: —

'Farewell to the Court.

> 'Like truthless dreams, so are my joys expired,
> And past return are all my dandled days,
> My love misled, and fancy quite retired;
> Of all which past, the sorrow only stays.
> My lost delights, now clean from sight of land,
> Have left me all alone in unknown ways,
> My mind to woe, my life in fortune's hand;
> Of all which past, the sorrow only stays.
> As in a country strange without companion,
> I only wail the wrong of death's delays,
> Whose sweet spring spent, whose summer well-nigh done:
> Of all which past, the sorrow only stays;
> Whom care forewarns, ere age and winter cold,
> To haste me hence, to find my fortune's fold.'

The keynote of these verses lingered ever in his memory. In the Hatfield fragment he quotes the words expressly: —

> '"Of all which past, the sorrow only stays:"
> So wrote I once and my mishap foretold,
> My mind still feeling sorrowful success.'

And it occurs again some years later in prose in his 'History of the World' (p. 20, ed. Oldys): 'The last and seventh (age

scribed) to Saturn, wherein our days are sad and overcast, in which we find by dear and lamentable experience, and the loss which can never be repaired, that of all our vain tions and affections past, the sorrow only abideth.'

We turn now to the Hatfield fragment, where we stand on r ground. This important poem consists of about 520 lines, tten on 15 folio pages, exclusive of 2 pages of prefatory matter; whole alleged by good judges to be in Raleigh's hand. The portion is headed. 'The 21st and last booke of the an to Scinthia.' At its close is written: 'The end of the kes of the Ocean's love to Scinthia, and the beginning of 22 book, entreatinge of sorrow.' This last piece contains 21 lines in 7 stanzas of 3 lines each. The chief poem on in the MS., nearly like 'Colin Clout,' without division tanzas; but falls naturally into stanzas of 4 lines each, as printed.

is important to settle, if we can, the date of this composi- and its relation to the poem which Raleigh read to ser at Kilcolman in 1589. And first we think it must be itted that the Editor of 1870 was misled by Mr. C. J. art's catalogue of the Cecil MSS. to choose the less pro- e of the two alternatives which he lays before his readers on vi by ascribing the poem to the commencement of Raleigh's Imprisonment in 1603. On the other hand, we can scarcely bt that Mr. E. Gosse carries the date too far back when he nds the main poem as 'a canto, almost complete, of the Epic of 1589.'* It is far more probable that this twenty- book was a distinct and later performance, and ought to be bed to the time of Raleigh's disgrace and short imprison- t in connexion with his marriage in 1592. It has been gested, with great probability, that the MS. was then given to Robert Cecil to lay before the Queen; which would account our finding it at Hatfield.† The whole spirit of the piece, pendent of the express words of the introductory verses, thes of a more serious and threatening calamity than the entional sorrows over which he was lamenting at Kilcol- . The only date he gives would be consistent with this ment: '—

> 'Twelve years entire I wasted in this war,
> Twelve years of my most happy younger days.'

is not easy to work out the exact chronology of his Court

* 'Life of Raleigh,' p. 46.
† See a convincing argument in favour of the date 1592 in the 'North British ew' for July, 1870, No. civ., pp. 543–4.

favour;

favour; but it would be not unreasonable to date it from about 1580 (before his first Irish campaign) to 1592. The titles which we have quoted seem clearly descriptive of a separate and additional poem, though it is startling to note that, if we take them literally, the twenty books of the lost poem would consist of not less than 10,000 lines. Be that as it may, the history of the two poems seems distinct and plain; and the simplest inference from the evidence is this, that the longer poem, which we have lost, and the shorter one, now happily recovered, differed in date and character and circumstance, though not in subject, and were only mechanically connected by the title. The longer one was read to Spenser in 1589. The shorter one was probably written in the Tower between June and September 1592, and then fell into the hands of Cecil. Some preliminary verses which are prefixed to the MS. would be quite consistent with their purely supplementary character:—

> 'If Cynthia be a Queen, a princess, and supreme,
> *Keep these among the rest*, or say it was a dream.'

Another of the preliminary pieces distinctly describes him as writing from prison, and there is no evidence to interfere with the natural conclusion, that these pieces belong to the same date as the main poem, and were brought along with it to Hatfield.*

Passing from these subordinate questions, we proceed to give some account of the contents of the '21st book of Cynthia.' The language throughout is sombre, grave, and dignified. There is not a trace of the absurd affectation of passion which is recorded in some contemporary correspondence. He begins by setting forth his sorrow:—

> 'If to the living were my muse addressed,
> Or did my mind her own spirit still inhold,
> Were not my living passion so repressed
> As to the dead,† the dead did these unfold,
>
> 'Some sweeter words, some more becoming verse,
> Should witness my mishap in higher kind;
> But my love's wounds, my fancy in the hearse,
> The idea but resting of a wasted mind,
>
> 'The blossoms fallen, the sap gone from the tree,
> The broken monuments of my great desires,
> From these so lost what may the affections be?
> What heat in cinders of extinguished fires?'

* His language is perfectly consistent with (but less hysterical than that of) his well-known letter from the Tower to Cecil in July, 1592; Edwards, vol. i. p. 51.

† [illegible] 'As though to the dead.'

'All

'All in the shade, even in the fair sun days,
Under these healthless trees I sit alone,
Where joyful birds sing neither lovely lays,
Nor Philomen recounts her direful moan.

'No feeding flocks, no shepherd's company,
That might renew my dolorous conceit,
While happy then, while love and fantasy
Confined my thoughts on that fair flock to wait;

'No pleasing streams fast to the ocean wending,
The messengers sometimes of my great woe;
But all on earth, as from the cold storms bending,
Shrink from my thoughts in high heavens or below.'

'Oh, princely form, my fancy's adornment,
Divine conceit, my pains' acceptance!
Oh, all in one! oh, heaven on earth transparent,
The seat of joys and love's abundance;' &c.

The comparative roughness of the last of the above stanzas, when he begins to be a little more 'passionate,' is one proof among many that the poem had not yet received its final corrections; which makes it all the more likely that the whole had been hastily sent in, probably, as suggested above, for the temporary purpose of shortening his imprisonment. Yet the verse moves on, with a steady step, through one passage after another of much biographical interest, with a sort of stately beauty:—

'To seek new worlds, for gold, for praise, for glory,
To try desire, to try love severed far,
When I was gone, she sent her memory,
More strong than were ten thousand ships of war,

'To call me back, to leave great honour's thought,
To leave my friends, my fortune, my attempt;
To leave the purpose I so long had sought,
And hold both cares and comfort in contempt.

'Such heat in ice, such fire in frost remained,
Such trust in doubt, such comfort in despair,
Which like the gentle lamb, though lately weaned,
Plays with the dug, though finds no comfort there.

'But as a body violently slain
Retaineth warmth although the spirit be gone,
And by a power in nature moves again
Till it be laid below the fatal stone;

'Or as the earth, even in cold winter days,
Left for a time by her life-giving sun,
Doth by the power remaining of his rays
Produce some green, though not as it hath done;

'Or

'Or as a wheel, forced by the falling stream,
Although the course be turned some other way,
Doth for a time go round upon the beam,
Till, wanting strength to move, it stands at stay;
'So my forsaken heart, my withered mind,—
Widow of all the joys it once possessed,
My hopes clean out of sight with forced wind,
To kingdoms strange, to lands far-off addressed,
'Alone, forsaken, friendless, on the shore
With many wounds, with death's cold pangs embraced,
Writes in the dust, as one that could no more,
Whom love, and time, and fortune, had defaced.'

Those who are well acquainted with Raleigh's biography will easily supply the comment on many of the above passages. A few lines lower down, he gives us a remarkable anticipation of the great labour which he undertook at a later date in the Tower, his 'History of the World;' as if, in the fading evening,

'We should begin by such a parting light
To write the story of all ages past,
And end the same before the approaching night.'

In Spenser's letter to Raleigh he explains that in some places (as we all know), he describes Elizabeth as Belphœbe, 'fashioning her name according to your own excellent conceit of Cynthia, Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.' His words seem to imply, that the term Belphœbe was *not* used in the 'Cynthia' that Raleigh had read to him. But it occurs twice in this twenty-first book, and supplies another proof of its independence:—

'Belphœbe's course is now observed no more.'
'A queen she was to me, no more Belphœbe;
A lion then, no more a milk-white dove.'

A few more stanzas will exhaust our limits:—

'With youth is dead the hope of love's return,
Who looks not back to hear our after-cries:
Where he is not, he laughs at those that mourn;
Whence he is gone, he scorns the mind that dies.
'When he is absent, he believes no words;
When reason speaks, he, careless, stops his ears;
Whom he hath left he never grace affords,
But bathes his wings in our lamenting tears.'

'This did that nature's wonder, virtue's choice,
The only paragon of time's begetting,
Divine in words, angelical in voice,
That spring of joys, that flower of love's own setting,

'Th

'The idea remaining of those golden ages,
That beauty, braving heavens and earth embalming,
Which after worthless worlds but play on stages,
Such didst thou her *long since describe.*'

Another proof that we are dealing with a distinct and supplementary poem:—

'Oh, love! (the more my woe) to it thou art

'Even as the moisture in each plant that grows;
Even as the sun unto the frozen ground;
Even as the sweetness to the incarnate rose;
Even as the centre in each perfect round.'

'To seek for moisture in the Arabian sand
Is but a loss of labour and of rest.'

'On Sestus' shore, Leander's late resort,
Hero hath left no lamp to guide her love.'

'Thus home I draw, as death's long night draws on;
Yet every foot, old thoughts turn back mine eyes:
Constraint me guides, as old age draws a stone
Against the hill, which over-weighty lies

'For feeble arms or wasted strength to move:
My steps are backward, gazing on my loss,
My mind's affection and my soul's sole love,
Not mixed with fancy's chaff or fortune's dross.

'To God I leave it, who first gave it me,
And I her gave, and she returned again,
As it was hers: so let His mercies be
Of my last comforts the essential mean.

'But be it so or not, the effects are past;
Her love hath end; my woe must ever last.'

These closing lines are singularly sombre and melancholy have been written by a high-spirited man of only forty, with still beating strongly in his veins; but they are thoroughly completely characteristic of Raleigh. He is a remarkable ample of the gloom which often waits on the sanguine and peful, and no subject ever seems to rouse him to such flights shadowed eloquence as the contemplation of death. . St. John (i. 26) is inclined to ascribe to him the horship of a paper written as early as 1577, in which we d the striking phrase:—'The wings of man's life are med with the feathers of death.' Near the beginning of his listory of the World '(I. ii. 5), he describes how we 'pass on h many sighs, groans, and sad thoughts, and in the end, by the

the workmanship of death, finish the sorrowful business of a wretched life; towards which we always travel both sleeping and waking; neither have those beloved companions of honour and riches any power at all to hold us any one day, by the glorious promise of entertainments; but by what crooked path soever we walk, the same leadeth on directly to the house of death, whose doors lie open at all hours and to all persons. For this tide of man's life, after it once turneth and declineth, ever runneth with a perpetual ebb and falling stream, but never floweth again; our leaf once fallen springeth no more neither doth the sun or the summer adorn us again with the garments of new leaves and flowers.' And the great History closes with that invocation of death, beginning, 'O eloquent, just, and mighty death,' which is probably better known than any other piece of Raleigh's writings, as one of the most faultless passages of prose in the English language. Whoever may have helped him in his long journey through the arid deserts of great portions of the 'History,' there can be no doubt that we owe passages like these to Raleigh's hand alone.

It is consistent with the habitual tenour of his writings that several of his minor poems bear the same character, and have been ascribed to 'the night before his death' by the officiousness of foolish transcribers who seem to have existed for the misguidance of unwary editors.* There is no doubt that the legend is partly true of one small poem eight lines long.† The rest all belong to earlier periods in his history.

Three times his life and liberty were in special danger. Three times he rose to the height of this great argument, in language well adapted to his circumstances and years.

1. The first piece must be again ascribed to the time, or near about the time, of his imprisonment in 1592, as it can be traced to a MS. copy dated not long after that period;‡ though it is not known to have been printed before 1608. It seems to have attracted an unusual amount of contemporary notice. It was copied, enlarged, answered, and vilified; and later critics have recognized some writers as claimants to the authorship who have only served it as gypsies are said to serve the children

* Thus besides the pieces given above, a MS. in the Edinburgh University Library describes 'Like hermit poor' — which was in print in 1[illegible] as 'Walter Raleye's last Elgie'; and a couplet in his 'Remains' is headed, 'Sir W. Raleigh on the snuff of a candle the night before he died.'

† Six of the eight lines are now known to be taken from an earlier poem, printed for the first time by Mr. A. H. Bullen in 'Speculum Amantis,' 1[illegible].

‡ For proofs of dates, &c., it is sufficient to refer to the notes appended to the several pieces in 'Courtly Poets.'

they

they have stolen. It is Raleigh's work beyond a doubt. His name is affixed in several good MSS. It is expressly mentioned in replies, ('make answer that *rude Rawly* no stomach can digest,)' and the whole of the controversy which it plainly aroused assumes in every part of it that Raleigh was the author. The longer poem which we have just been considering repeats the tones of his more meditative mood. In this piece there flash forth the keen and piercing shafts of his more haughty temper. The genuine copies consist of thirteen stanzas; but as the piece is well known, a selection must suffice us:—

1. 'Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant:
Fear not to touch the best;
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

2. 'Say to the Court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

3. 'Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action;
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong, but by a faction:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

6. 'Tell zeal it wants devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

7. 'Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favour how it falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

13. 'And when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab the soul can kill.'

2. The second piece is generally entitled 'Sir Walter Raleigh's Pilgrimage.' It was printed anonymously in 1604, at the close of Scoloker's *Daiphantus*, as 'the passionate man's pilgrimage, supposed to be written by one at the point of death.'* The evidence in favour of Raleigh's authorship is amply sufficient; and the strange harshness of some phrases gives point and sting to his retort to the cruel injustice which he had received from lawyers, and especially from 'the King's Attorney' at his Winchester trial in 1603. In this case, too, an extract must suffice.

* Reprinted by Dr. Grosart in 1880, and in Arber's 'English Garner,' vol. vii. p. 419, 1883.

'Give

'Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

'And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral and pearly bowers.
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And He hath angels* but no fees.
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
Against our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads His death, and then we live.'

3. Then came long years of weary imprisonment; then the strange sad flash of energy in his last disastrous voyage; and then, at last, the end. In this case we may at once acquiesce in the correctness of the following title: 'Sir Walter Raleigh's verses, found in his Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster:'—

'Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.'

No one has ever doubted the authenticity of this solemn close. It soon became widely current, and besides several printed copies, it recurs again and again in the scattered MSS. reviewed in the successive Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission. It forms an essential feature in our recollections of that last impressive night and morning, when, as Mr. Spedding says, 'Never was death by the public executioner so completely

* A play on the word 'angel,' as meaning also a coin.

cheated

cheated of its victory.'* In words that Mr. Spedding quotes from a contemporary letter, 'it seems that he knew better how to die than to live.'

There are several bye-paths of Raleigh's poetry on which we have no room to enter; such as the courtly and ceremonious tributes he could pay to other friends besides Spenser, such as Sir A. Ciorges and W. Lithgow. Nor do we desire to dwell on the acrid sarcasm which he could infuse into an Epitaph, as in the cases of Leicester and Salisbury. The former, says Mr. Palgrave, is in Raleigh's 'most atrabilious vein.'† Of the latter, King James is said to have remarked that it came 'from so smart a pen, that he hoped the author would die before him.' We trust, however, that we have given sufficient reasons to establish our contention, that his poetry brings out a vivid picture of the man, displaying much of his power, and marred by comparatively little of his weakness. The representative specimens which we have cited seem to us to prove, that he might have taken a high rank among English poets, and even claimed a subordinate seat on the same throne with Spenser, if he had not been lowered and distracted by the meaner struggles of his life. The result of his less happy lot has been, that he is generally regarded, in a literary aspect, as only one of the less-important ornaments of the greatest age of English literature; the age when strength was putting on the garb of cultivation, and the grace of form was adjusting itself to the development of thought. But 'of this age,' says Mr. Gardiner, 'of its faults and vices, as well as of its heroism, he was the most complete representative;'‡ and his life gains fresh light from the closer study of his poetry. We can trace in it the proud isolation, as of 'one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,' the sombre magnificence, the haughty scorn, the acrid temper, which contributed to make him at one time 'simply the most unpopular man in England.'§ We can see and admire the masterful power and the resentment against injustice with which he confronted his assailants, till his unpopularity was changed to triumph. We regret his adulation of the Queen, in which he far out-topped the other flatterers of the reign. We note the abiding melancholy, which darkened even his youth with the shadow of the future; and we reverence the lofty spirit, combined at last, we trust, with simple faith, which carried him over many a wave of trouble, and strengthened him to close his stormy career with the calm of a dignified and Christian death.

* 'Letters and Life of Lord Bacon,' vol. vi. p. 373.
† In Grosart's 'Spenser,' vol. iv. p. lxi.
‡ Mr. S. R. Gardiner, 'History,' &c., vol. ii. p. 370. § Ibid. vol. i. p. 88.

Art. IX. — 1. *John Wycliffe and his English Precursors.* By Professor Lechler. Translated by Professor Lorimer. London, 1884.

2. *Wiclif's Place in History.* By Professor Montagu Burrows. London, 1882.

3. *John Wiclif; his Doctrine and Work.* By Chr. Wordsworth, D.D., late Bishop of Lincoln. London, 1884.

4. *John Wiclif: his Life, Times, and Teaching.* By the Rev. Canon Pennington, M.A. London, 1884.

5. *Life of Wycliffe.* In 2 vols. *John de Wycliffe, a Monograph.* By the Rev. R. Vaughan, D.D. London, 1831, 1853.

6. *Life of Wiclif.* By the Rev. C. W. Le Bas. London, 1832.

7. *Fasciculi Zizaniorum Magistri Johannis Wyclif.* Edited by Professor Shirley. London, 1858.

8. *A Catalogue of the Original Works of John Wyclif.* By Professor Shirley. Oxford, 1865.

9. *The Polemical Works of Wyclif.* 2 vols. *The Tractatus de Civili Dominio Liber Primus, the De Ecclesia, the Speculum Ecclesiæ Militantis, the De Benedicta Incarnatione, the De Compositione Hominis.* Edited by the Wyclif Society. London, 1883, 1885, 1886, 1887.

10. *Select English Works of John Wycliffe.* Edited by Thomas Arnold, M.A. In 3 vols. Oxford, 1869, 1871.

11. *The English Works of Wyclif hitherto unprinted.* Edited for the Early English Text Society by F. D. Matthew. London, 1880.

12. *Joannis Wiclif Trialogus, cum Supplemento Trialogi.* Edidit Gotthardus Lechler. Oxonii, 1869.

THE interest still attaching to the life and labours of Wiclif is shown by the numerous works published within the last few years. Wiclif has frequently been misunderstood; and those inclined to do him justice have not always been in a position to form a correct estimate of his character and work. They have formed their estimate of him from the works of his opponents or from works incorrectly attributed to him; they have judged him by the language of the Scholastic Philosophy, well understood in his day, but now obscure; by 'Articles' unfairly taken from his writings by Synods or Councils; or they have had at their service very small portions of his own works; they have neglected to compare one work with another; the dates of many of his writings have been, till lately, uncertain; and attention has not been given to his progressive

gressive development. Dr. James, who wrote his 'Apology' in 1608, Dr. Vaughan and Mr. Le Bas, the authors of the 'Life of Wiclif;' Chancellor Massingberd in his 'History of the Reformation;' Dean Milman in his 'History of Latin Christianity;' Dean Hook, who has erred in following the Church historian Milner, are for one or other of these reasons, or from the want of information obtained since their time, no longer trustworthy authorities on the subject.*

The late Professor Shirley, of Oxford, contributed to our knowledge of Wiclif by a catalogue of his works which he has ascertained to be genuine, with the dates of the years when some of them were written, as well as by an introduction to the 'Fasciculi Zizaniorum,' or 'John Wiclif's Tares,' a collection of documents, the work of T. Netter, of Walden, Wiclif's opponent. The 'Select English Works' have been printed by the University Press at Oxford, and have been edited by Mr. T. Arnold; and other English works, omitted by Arnold, have been published by Mr. F. Matthew for the Early English Text Society. A foreigner, Dr. Lechler, has also written a 'Life,' the result chiefly of an examination of the unpublished Latin manuscripts at Vienna. After the death of Anne of Bohemia, the wife of Richard II., these manuscripts were taken by her followers to that country, where they aided the Hussite movement, in the fifteenth century. A German Professor, wishing to revive this interest in Germany, is said to be engaged on a translation of Canon Pennington's 'Life of Wiclif' into German, a book that the Empress Frederick of Germany has placed in the hands of the gentleman charged with the religious instruction of her family. The manuscripts were afterwards kept in the Bohemian monasteries, until the abolition of these about a hundred years ago by Joseph II. They were then transferred to the Imperial Library at Vienna. Professor Lorimer produced out of Dr. Lechler's work just so much as comprises the biography of Wiclif and his predecessors in England, and enriched it with valuable notes. The Wyclif Society has been founded for the purpose of removing from England the disgrace of having left in manuscript the most important works of her great early Reformer.† One of the most valuable of these is the 'Summa in Theologia,'

* 'Wiclif's Place in History,' by Professor Burrows, pp. 3-4, 24-35, an instructive and interesting work, where we find an excellent sketch of Wiclif's biographers.

† We strongly urge the claims of this Society to the support which it needs for the completion of its work. The secretary is J. W. Middlemore, Esq., General Post Office, London, and the publishers are Trübner & Co.

contain

containing his Theory of Dominion, without which we cannot fully understand his position.

Leland, our only authority in the matter, gives two accounts of the origin and birth-place of Wiclif. He says that he was born at Spreswell, or Ipreswell, a good mile from Richmond in Yorkshire, and again that he 'derived his origin'—'*originem duxit*'—from the village of Wycliffe, ten miles distant from Richmond. After much research it seems that Wiclif was born a few years before 1324 at Hipswell (evidently the modern name for Ipreswell), and that he derived his origin from, or was a member of, the family of the Wycliffes of Wycliffe, who had been settled in the parish from the Norman conquest. Leland's two accounts thus seem to be reconciled.*

We have no information as to Wiclif's early education, nor as to the exact time when he went to the University of Oxford. Dr. Lechler, assuming him to have been born in 1320, thinks that, unlike many of his contemporaries, who were mere boys when they entered Oxford, he could not have gone to it earlier than 1335, at the age of 15; because his parents would imagine that, on account of the great distance of Wycliffe from the University, and the danger of travelling in those days, he would pass for ever from their control. They would, therefore, wait till they had prepared him by proper teaching, to withstand the temptations of the University.

The common idea hitherto has been that Wiclif went first to Queen's College, that afterwards he was admitted to Merton, that from Merton he proceeded to Balliol, where he became Master in 1361, and that then he became Warden of Canterbury Hall. But his connection with three of these colleges has been disputed. The only point on which all are agreed is that he became Master of Balliol. If he went to Oxford in 1335, he could not have become a member of Queen's; for it was not founded till 1340. Besides, an examination of the bursar's rolls at Queen's College shows that no trace of his residence at Queen's is to be found till 1363, when he occupied rooms in the college. He continued to reside in Oxford in various years from 1363 to 1380.

We should like to know the influences at Oxford which served to mould his character and to develop his abilities. Mr. Anstey in his work, 'Munimenta Academica,' enables us to a certain extent to trace them. He would be obliged to attend lectures. He must at first have dispensed with books, for they

* Lewis's 'Life of Wiclif,' Oxford, 1820, first published in 1720, is still occasionally useful. He is wrong, however, in placing Wiclif's birth in 1324.

were

were a costly luxury. He would afterwards repeat what he had learnt. He would, in his third year, attend in the schools for the purpose of taking part in the public disputations. The course of study, through which he had to pass, consisted of logic, rhetoric, grammar, and arithmetic. At the end of four years came the 'determination,' or the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. This name took its rise from the supreme importance attached to the science of logic and to disputations in those days, the candidate being expected to determine certain questions which were submitted to him. The studies for the degree of Master of Arts, which might be taken in three years from the degree of Bachelor of Arts, were geometry, astronomy, music, and natural, moral, and metaphysical philosophy. But they did not include a knowledge of Greek. We come to this conclusion from the frequent mistakes in the writing of Greek words to be found in Wiclif's works. We have no certain evidence as to his instructors in theology. He followed the course prescribed by the University, and attended, first of all, lectures on the Bible, and afterwards on the Scholastic Philosophy. So great was the importance attached to the latter, that Bachelors and Doctors of Theology were required to give lectures, first on the Sentences of Peter the Lombard, and afterwards on Holy Scripture.

Wiclif was the last giant among the Schoolmen. He associated, however, the study of the Scriptures so closely with the study of the Scholastic Philosophy, that he was known as the 'Evangelical Doctor.' We see in this preference for Holy Scripture the cause of his subsequent doctrinal development. The study of the Scholastic Philosophy would also, by developing his intellectual powers, prepare him for his future work as the Reformer of the Church. We must remember, likewise, in connection with this part of our subject, the high honour conferred on the successful students of the Scholastic Philosophy. A general returning, crowned with laurels from some well-fought battle-field, was not received with greater honour than the student who came off victorious from the combat in the Schools. Wiclif would thus, as the most distinguished student of that philosophy, gain great influence with his contemporaries, when he came forward to oppose first the abuses, and then the dogmas, of the Church of Rome.

Dr. Lechler conjectures, that Wiclif went to Balliol because it was founded by the noble family of Balliol, of Barnard Castle, not far from Wiclif's birth-place; and because two Fellows of Balliol were presented to the parish by John Wycliffe of Wycliffe as patron. If this supposition is correct, we might

suppose that his residence at it had been continuous, if we had not been confronted with an entry at Merton in 1356, that John Wiclif was steward of the week, which implies that he was, as Dr. Shirley states, a Fellow of considerable standing. Dr. Lorimer gives us the information from a memorandum among the archives, that Wiclif was certainly Master of Balliol in May, 1360.*

After the completion of his academical course he remained at Oxford, engaged in the unostentatious discharge of University duties. From several passages of his writings, we gather that he gave lectures with great success on logic and philosophy. We cannot go into this part of his work, till all his philosophical treatises have been printed. At present we have before us only the 'De Compositione Hominis,' lately published by the Wyclif Society, consisting probably of lectures given before the University in 1360, which were written down by some scholar who heard them. This work could not have been much interrupted after his appointment to the living of Fillingham in 1361, when he resigned the Mastership of Balliol, for we find from an entry in the episcopal register at Lincoln in 1368, that the Bishop gave him leave of absence from his parish for two years, that he might devote himself to his studies at Oxford. Some time between 1367 and 1374 he became Doctor of Theology, and could, if he pleased, open a hall and give lectures to as many as chose to come to him.

A few dates and names, obtained from parchment rolls with some difficulty, and statements made by himself and others, with the inferences from them, alone enable us to trace him during this period. An inference may be fairly drawn from the following statement of Walsingham, the Chronicler of St. Albans, under the year 1377.

'About the same time arose in the University of Oxford, a certain Northernman, called Master John Wiclif.'

A division into 'nations' prevailed during the middle ages in the Universities of Europe. In Oxford the division was into the Northern and Southern 'nations.' The Northern 'nation' included generally the Scots and those who lived in the North of England, and the Southern 'nation' the Irish, the Welsh, and those who lived in the South of England. So fierce was the antagonism between the parties that they often disturbed the public peace by their bloody fights in the streets. On one occasion, as Wood informs us, on the election of a Chancellor,

* Lorimer's note to Lechler, vol i., p. 186 (First Edition).

the

the Southern party forced their way into St. Mary's Church, kicking and cudgelling, and severely wounding those of the Northern party opposed to the Chancellor from Merton College whom the former party had selected.* These fights do not represent mere frays or disputes of young men after a carouse, but important religious or political principles. We find that the resistance to the Papacy came from the Northern party; while the Southern party were its supporters. Wiclif, as a Northernman, had made common cause with the Northern party, and had thus become animated with that spirit which led him to stand forward in defence of civil and religious liberty and independence.

Wiclif was supposed for many centuries to have been the Warden of Canterbury Hall, and to have been dismissed from it by Archbishop Langham in favour of the monks. But in 1841, Mr. Courthope made the discovery, that a John Wyclyve was the Vicar of Mayfield, in Sussex, from 1361 to 1380. Now, as it was certain that the Reformer was never Vicar of Mayfield, and that the Vicar of Mayfield was never Master of Balliol, the question arose whether the Vicar might not have been the Fellow of Merton, and the Warden of Canterbury Hall. A controversy on the subject was carried on for some time, in which the late Professor Shirley took a prominent part. He wrote a long note in 'Fasciculi Zizaniorum,' in which he endeavours to prove that Wyclyve of Mayfield was the Fellow of Merton, and the Warden of Canterbury Hall. Dean Hook, following him, wrote in his 'Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury':—'Canterbury Hall has a place in history from its connection with the great Reformer, John Wiclif, a notion which is now exploded.' He added in a note, 'I assume it as a fact, now admitted by all who have examined the subject, that the Warden of Canterbury Hall is a distinct person from the great Reformer.'† A strong argument against that view is supplied by the 'Chronicon Angliæ,' one of the original chronicles of the period, in the series of chronicles and memorials of Great Britain and Ireland in the middle ages, brought out under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. 'It contains,' as Mr. Thompson of the British Museum, who discovered and edited it in 1874, states, 'an important detailed history of the close of Edward III.'s and the beginning of Richard II.'s reign, which is now printed for the first time, and has hitherto been considered lost.' In it occurs the following passage:—

* Wood's 'History and Antiquities of Oxford,' vol. i. p. 448.
† Hook's 'Lives of the Archbishops,' vol. iv. p. 158.

'The Duke (John of Gaunt) had taken to his party a certain false theologian, a real fighter against God, who for many years in the Schools, in all his acts, had opposed the Church, *because he was justly deprived by the Archbishop of Canterbury of a certain benefice in the University of Oxford, of which he was unjustly the incumbent.*'

Dean Hook thought that this charge ought to be disproved, because, as he says, the disproof 'frees the Reformer from the suspicion that his violence against Rome originated in personal feelings.' We think that too much importance has been attached to the charge. We shall find that all his changes of opinion were the result of conscientious conviction. The light slowly and steadily increased in brightness.

Wiclif resided in Canterbury Hall from 1365 to 1367. His ejection in the latter year marks the commencement of a new era in his life. He had made a high reputation as a schoolman. But, if he had confined his attention to the scholastic philosophy and similar subjects, he would have shared the fate of John de Ganduno, Marsilius of Padua, and others, who have long been forgotten by the world. We have seen that his intellectual powers had now been developed. He was thus prepared for the work of the years from 1366 to 1378, which we may call the political period of his life, and for the work of the last six years of his life, which served to prepare the way for the emancipation of his fellow-countrymen from their spiritual thraldom.

His political career is one step in that progressive development which had been to some extent overlooked before Dr Lechler called attention to it. If we are right in supposing the party contests between the Northern and Southern 'nations' to have a deeper meaning than the world commonly imagine, we may find in them a germ of his patriotic ardour. That ardour appears strongly in many of his unpublished works among the Vienna manuscripts. We had known indeed from the publication of Lewis's 'Life' in 1720, that Wiclif had made the law of England a subject of study, in addition to the canon and Roman law. In the 'De Civili Dominio,' published in 1885 by the Wyclif Society, he distinctly preferred the English law to the canon law. When the unpublished manuscripts are before us, we shall see that he was quite familiar with the invasions of England by Britons, Saxons, and Normans; that he often speaks of Augustine, 'the Apostle of the English'; that he often refers to the later Archbishops of Canterbury, especially Thomas à Becket; that he frequently speaks of our kings, as Edward the Confessor, and John; and that he mentions Magna Charta, to which, as he writes in the 'De Civili Dominio,'

Dominio' (ii. c. 5), monarch and nobles must render absolute obedience. We shall see too that he does not take the interest of a mere student in these subjects; but of one who was full of zeal for the civil and religious liberties of his fellow-countrymen; of one who must have witnessed with pleasure the establishment of the rights of Parliament in the reign of Edward III., and the development of our Constitution of King, Lords, and Commons.

Wiclif was born a few years before the beginning of the reign of Edward III., and he died seven years after its close. During many years of this reign, England was at the zenith of her glory. The victories of Crécy and of Poictiers, and the exploits of the Black Prince, have shed an imperishable glory upon her arms. In consequence of the treaty of Bretigny, concluded in 1360, one-third of the kingdom of France had been ceded to England. The existence of this kingdom within a kingdom was very galling to the pride of the French. The King of France determined to exert every effort to cast off the hated yoke. He, therefore, asked the Pope, who resided at Avignon, and who was a mere tool in his hands, to demand the payment of the arrears of tribute, which John had imposed on England when he knelt in abject submission at the feet of the imperious Pandulph. Edward had never allowed it to be paid. The Pope now demanded the arrears. The demand was ill-timed. The patriotic feeling of England rose very strongly against a French Pope. The result was that, in 1366, the Parliament in spirited language refused to impose on England this badge of an ignominious bondage.

The occasion was important, as it was the means of bringing Wiclif forward on the political stage. An unknown doctor of theology had challenged him to show, that the King had not forfeited the kingdom because he had not fulfilled the condition on which it was held. Wiclif, in his reply, does not seem to give an opinion on the subject, but refers his opponent to the opinion given by seven peers in the Council of Temporal Lords. We cannot deny that, at first view, there is some ground for the assertion of Dr. Lechler, that Wiclif heard these speeches as a member of Parliament.* In one of the Vienna manuscripts, the 'De Ecclesia,' lately printed, he remarks that the Bishop of Rochester had told him under great excitement, in open sitting of Parliament, that the propositions which he had set forth in controversy had been condemned in the Papal Court. He here refers to a Parliament held in 1376; but, if Wiclif

* Lechler's 'Life,' pp. 130-133.

were

were a member of this Parliament, he may have been a member of the Parliament of 1366. The fact that his name does not occur in the list of Magistri, summoned to any Parliament during this period, seems to settle the point of actual membership. He may, however, have been summoned to attend the King's Council in 1376, when the Bishop of Rochester made this attack upon him. It is also quite possible that he may have attended Parliament on special occasions.

Dr. Lechler and Dr. Shirley accept the substance of the speeches of the seven lords, given in the tract, as an exact representation of the arguments on the occasion, and Dr. Shirley calls it 'the earliest instance of a report of a Parliamentary debate.'* But this seems doubtful, especially as some of the sentiments are exclusively Wiclifian. We find here expressed the opinion of Wiclif, that the Pope may fall into mortal sin, which only men of the boldest minds had begun to entertain, that voluntary poverty is incumbent on the clergy; that 'it is the duty of the Pope to be a prominent follower of Christ, and that, as Christ refused to be a possessor of worldly dominion, the Pope is bound to make the same refusal.' We see then the use of this tract, in enabling us to discover his progressive development. While, therefore, we do not deny, that some speeches may have formed the groundwork of this tract, we must at the same time maintain, that Wiclif made them the vehicle of opinions, which he was not bold enough to express in the early part of his career.

We have, in the history of the last two years of the reign of Edward III., a great confusion of religious and political interests. The Parliament opposes John of Gaunt, the son of Edward III., who agrees with Wiclif in condemning the corruptions and abuses of the Church, and in advocating the exclusion of ecclesiastics from all share in the administration of public affairs. The opposition to the Church had for a time been successful. All ecclesiastical property had been hitherto regarded as sacred. But in 1371, a heavy tax was laid by Parliament on all lands which had passed into mortmain since the twentieth year of Edward I. Wiclif in a passage from a sermon in the 'De Civili Dominio,' preached before the University of Oxford, which Dr. Shirley assigns to 1371, expresses his approval of the course taken by Parliament.† But it was obvious that there was no protection for the Commons as long as William of Wykeham, and other Bishops,

* 'Fascic. Zizan.,' p. 19.

† Lechler's 'Life,' p. 135; and 'Fascic. Zizan.,' p. xxi.

swayed

swayed the destinies of the country as Ministers of State. The King listened to the prayer of Parliament, and dismissed the ecclesiastics. The movement was, however, premature. The laity were scarcely as yet fit for the highest offices. In five years, the Bishop of St. David's became the clerical chancellor.

This failure did not improve the position of affairs. The Papal exactions and appropriation of livings continued. But these reforms might wait till the leading men in this country had done a duty of paramount importance. The evils which were the subject of complaint were the profuse expenditure of the Court, the usurious loans obtained from private persons, and other scandalous financial transactions. The infamous Alice Perrers, the King's mistress, was also by unlawful means obtaining enormous wealth. Now John of Gaunt, in order that he might hold the reins of power by her means, had given his sanction to this corruption and profuse expenditure. He was unpopular also on account of his disastrous failure in France, through his incapacity. A magnificent English army, after a marauding march through France, had perished from famine on the bleak and desolate mountains of Auvergne, and all the conquests of England in France but Calais had been wrested from her. Another cause of the feeling against him is to be found in the devoted attachment of the nation to the Prince of Wales. The latter had gratified their passion for military glory. He was remarkable also for his affability and courtesy. The people felt, from the progress of his disorder, that they would soon be called on to bend in anguish over his tomb. But they knew that his son ought to ascend the throne of his ancestors. Now John of Gaunt was credited with the design of depriving him of his paternal inheritance. Hence his unpopularity.

The people and their representatives could not, therefore, associate themselves with him. The ecclesiastics under William of Wykeham placed themselves, with the consent of the King, at the head of the 'good Parliament.' The Commons, though they objected to the employment of ecclesiastics as Ministers of State, joined them because they saw that this was the only means of removing the abuses in the Court and Government. The Parliament made a vigorous attempt to repress corruption and mal-administration. Wiclif may have exercised some influence on this Parliament. We may see it in a petition presented by the Commons to the King in 1377, in which it is stated that the usurpations of the Pope are the cause of the plagues and the poverty of the kingdom. This thought often occurs in the Vienna manuscripts. But Wiclif could not heartily sympathize with

with the Parliament. He could not associate with the Bishops, because he had always opposed their wealth, pomp, and luxury —the table piled with costly viands, the jewelled mitre, and the gorgeous robe—and had advocated their exclusion from offices of State. He would gladly have secured economy in the State; but he could not forsake John of Gaunt, who was his only hope of a permanent reform in the Church.

The 'good Parliament' proved a failure. Very soon there was a change of measures and of men. After the death of the Prince of Wales, in June 1376, the Duke of Lancaster was restored to power. On the 22nd of September, Alan of Barley was sent with a writ to Oxford, to summon John Wiclif to London.* John of Gaunt hoped that Wiclif, who was a born leader of men, would aid him with the Parliament, many members of which were, like himself, opposed to the Papal claims. But it must be remembered that this was merely a political alliance. A man of unblemished character, like Wiclif, could not work heartily with a profligate and violent man like John of Gaunt. But he made common cause with him because he knew that he was a strong man, and that he could aid him in his desperate struggle with his adversaries. The Bishops saw their opportunity, and were determined to have their revenge. They would strike at John of Gaunt through Wiclif. Courtenay, Bishop of London, summoned him to appear before the Archbishop at St. Paul's Cathedral. Dr. Shirley observes:—

'How entirely the meaning of the prosecution was political may be gathered from the total omission in the articles of accusation of all matters not bearing on the question of the hour . . . . The object of the prosecution was to proclaim to the world that society was endangered by the political principles which John of Gaunt was putting in practice against the Church.' †

This explanation is, to some extent, correct. But it does not appear to contain the whole truth. The writer of the 'Chronicon Angliæ' enables us to see that Wiclif may, in defending John of Gaunt, have expressed opinions which, by a subtle casuistry, the Bishops may have tortured into heresy. He tells us, that Wiclif 'denounced the Papal power of excommunication; and asserted, that no king or secular lord could give any thing in perpetuity to the Church.' He mentions some curious facts, which are new to history. We learn from him, that Wiclif was occasionally a

* Devon, 'Issues of the Exchequer,' p. 200, quoted by Stubbs, 'Constitutional History,' vol. ii. p. 474.

† 'Fascic. Ziz.,' p. xxvii.

preacher

preacher in the pulpits of London, and that he must have spoken out as boldly in the capital of the kingdom as in the disputations in the University. He admits that Wiclif has many admirers, and he does so in the following words:—

'Many great lords of the realm, or more rightly, I should call them devils, embraced his mad doctrines, and they hardened him in his effort to blunt the sword of St. Peter, and protected him with the secular arm, lest that same sword should cut him off. He drew after him many citizens of London into the bottomless pit of error. He was an eloquent man, and pretended to look down on worldly possessions as things transitory and fleeting, in comparison with the things of eternity. He ever ran from church to church, and scattered his mad lies in the ears of very many.' *

We see then here that his influence with the Lords and the citizens explains the importance which John of Gaunt attached to his assistance. We learn also here for the first time, that the Bishops were led to take action against Wiclif, not so much by his quiet teaching at Oxford, or his judgments given to the King and Parliament, as by his eloquent sermons against the Church in the pulpits of the metropolis. This is distinctly stated as their reason for being urgent with the Archbishop on the subject.

We need not describe Wiclif's appearance with John of Gaunt at St. Paul's. We know that he escaped. But this dangerous enemy must not be left to himself. The Bishops, therefore, asked Gregory XI. to give them his powerful assistance. Five Bulls issued against the great controversialist exposed him to a danger from which it seemed impossible for him to escape. The King, the Royal Princes, the chief nobility, and the University of Oxford, were all to be employed as instruments of the vengeance of the hierarchy. That the bolt fell harmless at his feet; that the death of the old King invalidated one of the Bulls; that the University of Oxford treated another with contempt; that the citizens of London, with whom he had again become popular since their treatment of him at St. Paul's when he appeared as the ally of John of Gaunt, aided by the Princess of Wales, saved him from Archbishop Courtenay at Lambeth Palace—all these are matters of common history.

In the paper which he presented to Parliament containing his answer to the charges against him, we find a passage, which gives us the opportunity of a correct statement of his views as to endowments. 'It is lawful,' he writes, 'for kings, in cases

* 'Chronicon Angliæ,' p. 116.

limited

limited by law, to take away the temporalities from clergymen who habitually abuse them.' The expression 'in cases limited by law' shows that he does not advocate, as some have supposed, indiscriminate confiscation. We shall better understand Wiclif's feelings, if we remember that he laboured to show that endowments were held in trust for the spiritual interests of mankind; and that they are liable to forfeiture by such an abandonment of duties as would defeat the end for which they were given. He saw plainly that the obligations connected with this trust had not been fulfilled. His spirit was stirred within him, when he found that the endowments of the Church went to enrich foreign ecclesiastics; that the Pope openly sold the benefices of England to the highest bidder; and that simony, worldliness, and immorality prevailed among the clergy. Thus we see how it was that he was led to address vehement appeals to the ruling powers to cleanse the polluted sanctuary.

In referring to Wiclif's 'Theory of Dominion,' we must state that the publicists maintained that, according to the theory of the Holy Roman Empire, the monarchs of Europe were subject to the jurisdiction of the Emperor, and that to him belonged the supremacy in temporal matters, which they endeavoured to wrest from the hands of the Pope. But the Emperor was ill-fitted to bear the honour thus thrust upon him. He possessed only a nominal authority in Europe, especially since the day when the Emperor Frederick II. was beaten down in his conflict with the Pope. But some one must occupy his place as the chief lord, from whom all property and authority must be held both in England and the other countries of Europe. Wiclif, following Fitz Ralph, Archbishop of Armagh, asserted that God is the lord from whom every man holds his possessions; that He alone really has the dominion; that He assigns it or rather power, in various portions to men, which they forfeit if they fall into mortal sin; and that they are bound to render to Him dutiful service. The whole Theory is, in fact, feudal in its conception. The condition on which men hold, as it were, in fief from God, is obedience to His commandments. The ecclesiastical system has been carefully built into that feudal frame-work. Thus Wiclif settles the old dispute between the Pope and Emperor, by abolishing both as the fountain of jurisdiction.

This Theory is thus stated in one of his works[*]:—

'God is and has dominion over all. Each man is bounden in his degree to serve God; and if he does not render this service, he is no lord of goods of true title, for he that standeth in grace is the true

[*] 'Select English Works,' vol. iii. p. 88.

lord

lord of things, and whoever faileth by default of grace, he falleth short of the right title of that which he occupieth, and maketh himself unnt to have the gifts of God.'

We might easily bring forward passage after passage from his writings, showing that this Theory did not in his own estimation affect the legal possession of property, and that he asserts the duty of obedience even to wicked rulers. That duty of obedience is expressed in the apparently irreverent phrase, 'God must obey the devil.' He is using the exaggerated language of the Schools, and means that, as Christ ministered to Judas Iscariot when Satan had taken possession of Him, as He submitted Himself to Satan on the mount of temptation, so we must submit to those rulers whose moral conduct we strongly condemn. He asserts the same duties as to property and obedience in the following passage in his tract, 'Of Servants and Lords': 'Some men slander poor priests with this error, that servants or tenants may lawfully withhold rents or service from their lords when their lords are openly wicked in their living.' In answer, it is stated that 'Men are charged of God by Peter and Paul to be thus subject to wicked lords, and that Christ and His Apostles paid tribute even to heathen emperors.' Similar passages may be found in the treatise on 'Seven Deadly Sins,' and in 'Great Sentence of Curse Expounded.'

We think, then, that it is clear that Wiclif did not intend to use this Theory for the disintegration of society. In bringing it forward, we believe that he was animated by the highest and purest patriotism. He and other men of thoughtful minds were becoming deeply impressed with the conviction, that a great principle was at stake. His object was to oppose, as strongly as possible, the claim of the Pope to exercise supreme control in the body politic. The matter has been well stated by Dr. Shirley in the 'Fasciculi Zizaniorum':—

'The doctrine of the Reformer was that the sovereignty thus claimed had never been delegated to any man; that God had allotted only portions of dominion, particular fiefs, so to speak, to each. And if any one were to be held to be Christ's vicar upon earth—a term which he did not refuse to apply to the Pope—the title was equally applicable to the temporal as to the spiritual chief. The King was the minister, the vicar of God in things temporal, and was, therefore, as much bound by his office to see that temporal goods were not wasted or misapplied by the clergy, as the clergy were to direct the spiritual affairs of the King . . . . One step more and the outline is complete. The Pope and the King are indeed supreme each in their department,

department, but every Christian man holds, not indeed, in chief, but yet he holds of God; and the final, irreversible appeal is therefore, to the Court, not of Rome, but of Heaven.' *

Thus then we see that his object was to remove the foundation of a false and dangerous theory. The explanation just given enables us the better to understand the position which Wiclif assumed when, as we have seen, he asserted that the badge of a degrading vassalage should not again be imposed on England; that no Italian priest should 'tithe and toll in our dominions'; and when, advancing farther than the Hohenstaufens, and his contemporary, the Emperor Lewis, the Bavarian—who contended only for the autonomy of the State in purely civil affairs—he maintained that she had a perfect right to interfere in the internal affairs of the Church, when she can render her more subservient to the high and holy purpose for which she was originally established.

At the trial at Lambeth in February, 1378, Wiclif was not charged with departing from the doctrines of the Church; he had merely denounced the usurpations and corruptions of the Papacy. His indignation had been increased by his visit to Bruges in 1374, as a member of the Commission appointed to remonstrate against the appropriation of livings by the Pope. If he had died at this time he would not have rendered those vast services which give him an overpowering claim on the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. But he was now to concentrate his attention on the dogmas of the Church of Rome. We have an intimation of the coming change in the speeches of the Lords as to the tribute; and in his defence at Lambeth, in which he assails the whole system of absolution and excommunication, and calls on the laity to exercise their private judgment in regard to the pretensions of their spiritual guides. We have been reminded of his love for Scripture at Oxford. Before 1378, as we find from his sermons among the Vienna manuscripts, he preached against the traditions of the Church, and carefully studied Holy Scripture for the explanation of his difficulties. We learn that he recognized its paramount authority in all his exhortations and instructions. We find also, from his writings, that he had an amazing knowledge of it. Thus we see the origin of his doctrinal development. He was now to make an appeal against the doctrines of the Church of Rome. For that appeal his education at Oxford and his political struggles had prepared him. He

* 'Fascic. Zizan.,' pp. lxv, lxvi.

was

was now to lead the way to that assault on the Church of Rome, on the issue of which were suspended the spiritual destinies of many millions of his fellow-countrymen.

After 1378 the energies of Wiclif were concentrated on a reformation in doctrine. No doubt this development is due primarily to the study of the Scriptures; but the schism in the Papacy was the means of directing his thoughts to the subject. He had already maintained that the Pope might fall into mortal sin, that he might err in judgment, that his office is not necessary for the ends of salvation, and that he held *jure humano* and not *jure divino*.* But he would not attack the Papacy as such in its essence. He would only resist it in its attacks on the State in matters of finance or of civil jurisdiction. He would not impugn the prerogatives of the Pope. He was very far from casting off his allegiance to him. This is justly distinguished as the first stage of his opposition to the Papacy.†

In August, 1378, the French cardinals, who were provoked by the reforming zeal of Urban VI., and were anxious to retain the Papal Court at Avignon, withdrew their allegiance from him, and elected a rival Pope, Robert of Geneva. With this step began the Papal Schism, which lasted forty years. Wiclif, with the rest of England, at first recognized Urban VI.; but at the end of 1378 he expressed his opinion that, if Urban should fall into evil ways, the Church should dispense with both Popes altogether. When Urban began to excommunicate his rival, Wiclif cast off his allegiance to him, and decided on remaining in a position of neutrality. This is distinguished as the second stage of his opposition to the Papacy.‡ He very soon found that to be neutral was an impossibility, and that he must altogether break away from the Pope. In this, the third stage of his development, he becomes more decided in his language. When he saw two Popes wandering about Europe, anathematizing one another; when he saw Bishop Spencer, of Norwich, girding on his armour, flinging wide his standard to the winds, in the name of one Pope invading the territories of those who supported the rival Pope, the cup of his indignation became full to the very brim. The Vienna manuscripts now enable us to trace him as he ascends from one to another stage of opposition to the Papacy. Thus his attacks become more intelligible. He gradually reaches the climax when he states, as we have heretofore known from the 'Supplement to the Trialogus,' that both Popes are 'monsters, incarnate devils,' that 'the Pope is

* See the 'De Veritate Sacræ Scripturæ' and the 'De Civili Dominio,' quoted by Lechler, p. 313, from the Vienna manuscripts.

† Lechler's 'Life,' pp. 312-315. ‡ Ibid. p. 316.

the

the fountain and origin of all the wickedness in the Church, and that he is very Antichrist.'

We must now refer to Wiclif's celebrated contest with the Mendicant Orders. Richard Fitz Ralph, Archbishop of Armagh, had carried on a conflict with them for many years, and had arraigned them before the Pope. The general opinion hitherto has been that Wiclif continued this conflict. Mr. Le Bas in his 'Life of Wiclif,' writes:—'Nothing seems better ascertained than the fact that, about the year 1360, he was notorious for standing foremost in that warfare which had for some time been carried on vigorously against the Mendicant Orders.' This opinion owed its origin to Anthony Wood and Lewis. Dr. Shirley was the first to discover that this must have been an error. Referring to the statement made by William Wodeford, one of Wiclif's contemporaries, that he had never interfered with them till he had been publicly assailed by them as to the Sacrament of the Altar, but had since frequently attacked them, he observes:—'Of the story which connects him with the controversies of 1360, we are unable to trace the growth; it is implicitly contradicted by contemporary authority, and receives, to say the least, no sanction whatever from the acknowledged writings of the Reformer.'* He was, however, unable, from the want of information, to do more than prove a direct negative to the tradition.

A careful examination of the Vienna manuscripts has enabled Dr. Lechler to discover the missing link in the chain of evidence. This is one of the great services which he has rendered to students of Wiclif literature. He shows us that, so far from opposing the Mendicants, Wiclif entertained, at first, a favourable opinion of them. Thus in one place he writes that he considers that the Holy Spirit had inspired St. Francis and St. Dominic with the idea of establishing their Orders, in order that they might effect a reformation in the Church. This view is corroborated by the monk of St. Albans in the 'Chronicon Angliæ,' the contemporary authority already referred to. He writes: 'He would have nothing to do with the monks-possessioners, but that he might more easily deceive the people, clave to the Orders of the Mendicants, approving their poverty, and extolling their perfection.'

We see then that, for a time, Wiclif might make common cause with the Mendicant Orders. But at length he came forward as their uncompromising antagonist. Lechler, however, does not seem to be quite right when, following Wodeford,

* 'Fasc. Ziz.,' p. xiv.

be

he writes that he did not begin the attack till he was in the thick of the conflict as to the Sacrament of the Altar. On the contrary, he made a fierce onslaught on the friars in the tract, 'De Officio Pastorali,' the date of which cannot be later than 1378. But we can have no doubt, when we find him placing their heresy on the Sacrament of the Altar in the front of his accusations, that this controversy had greatly exasperated him against them.* We think, however, that he was indignant against them chiefly because to them had been entrusted the administration of the funds for the crusade in Flanders on behalf of Urban VI., and because they were the most effective instruments of the absolutism of the Papacy. This burning indignation against them seems to be concentrated in the somewhat fanciful epithet, 'Caim,' written for Cain, which he now constantly applies to them. The word is formed from the initial letters of the four Orders, the Carmelites, Augustinians, Jacobites, and Minorites. The idea seems to be that as the blood of Abel cried against Cain from the ground, so the blood of the souls which they had murdered bears constant witness against them before the throne of Eternal Justice.

Wiclif now came forward as a Reformer in doctrine. He attacked the doctrine of Transubstantiation. With the aid of Scripture he had carefully studied the subject, especially since the Papal Schism gave him freedom of action. In the summer of 1381, he published twelve short theses on it in the Schools at Oxford. He at once roused opposition in the University. The officers of the Chancellor were sent to him with a mandate to desist from instruction in it. They found him propounding his views in the lecture-room of the beautiful Augustinian monastery. Wadham College stands on its site. Wiclif at once declared that neither the Chancellor nor his colleagues could refute his propositions. He appealed to King Richard. John of Gaunt came down to Oxford, and told him that the King could not listen to his appeal. Wiclif, however, presented an undaunted front to the adversary. He could no longer speak on the subject in Oxford, but he could educate the public. He published his tract called the 'Wicket,' expressed in strong nervous English, which had a rapid circulation over England; and his celebrated confession, the 'De Sacramento Altaris.' He proudly ends the last with these memorable words: 'I believe that in the end the truth will conquer.'

The publication of these theses at Oxford was the commencement of that great religious revolt, which, though checked for

* 'Trialogus' (Lechler's edition), iv. c. 34.

a time,

a time, broke out with increased violence in the sixteenth century, and robbed the Pope of one province after another of his spiritual empire. It has been compared to the nailing up of Luther's theses against Indulgences to the church door at Wittenberg. But Wiclif at this time occupied a more difficult and dangerous position than Luther. Frederick of Saxony was a far more effective defender than John of Gaunt. The former carried off Luther from his adversaries, and buried him in the Wartburg, in the gloomy recesses of the forests of Thuringia. John of Gaunt was quite willing to support Wiclif when he made his attack on the wealth, pomp, and luxury of the clergy, but he would not support him in his attack on the dogmas of the Church of Rome. A gradual preparation had been made in Germany through the ages for the attack on dogma. From father to son the sacred fire had been transmitted. Tauler, Gerard Groote, and the Brothers of Common Life, Thomas a Kempis, John of Wesel, John Wessel, and others, including, as we shall see, Wiclif, had prepared the way for Luther by leading men from a reliance on outward observances to the inward and spiritual life; and by asserting, that the intercession of the Virgin and saints is of no use to the unrepentant sinner. Erasmus, too, prepared the way for Luther by an improved version of the Greek Testament, and by a better translation into Latin; by pouring the shafts of ridicule on the monks and clergy, and by attacking the dogmas of the Papacy in his graver works. In Luther's time many were to be found in all lands who lifted up their voices against the corruptions of the Papacy. But no one had prepared the way for Wiclif's attack on the doctrines of the Church in England. He owed his views to the prayerful study of the Holy Scriptures, and of the writings of the best of the early Fathers of the Church, especially St. Augustine. William of Ockham, Richard Fitz Ralph, Archbishop of Armagh, and especially Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, had lifted up their voices against the Mendicants, or one or more of the following abuses and corruptions—the temporal power of the Popes, the simony, the usury, the venality, the worldliness, the vices and crimes of the Court and Church of Rome. But they did not assail the doctrinal system of the Papacy. Wiclif stood alone against England in arms. The people opposed him, for they shrank from doctrinal innovation. The clergy opposed him, because he denied them the power of working a miracle which placed them in their own estimation far above the highest and mightiest of this world's potentates. We admire Luther when we see him tossing the Papal Bull into the flames, and perhaps some

some think of that hero in the Greek tragedy, who declared that if the bolt of Jupiter were to fall at his feet, he would still rush into the heat and sorest part of the battle. We ought, therefore, much more to admire Wiclif, when we consider the greater dangers, the greater difficulties, which he was called on to encounter.

Soon after the memorable events just described, occurred in 1381 that terrible insurrection among the peasantry, one of the most portentous phenomena in history. It spread like a conflagration among the trees of the forest. Wiclif's enemies at once attributed it to his supposed revolutionary principles. But the absence of the accusation from the articles officially charged against Wiclif seems to us to settle the question. We may, therefore, believe Wiclif when he calls it, in his treatise 'De Blasphemia,' 'a lamentable conflict,' and must attribute the rebellion to the determination of the people to shake off the yoke of the oppressor, and to obtain the liberty which was their inalienable birth-right.

William Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury, was one of those who had a strong dislike for Wiclif. He summoned a Council in the Convent of the Blackfriars, near Ludgate, on May 19, 1382, for the purpose of condemning him. An earthquake which interrupted the proceedings terrified every one but Courtenay, who, with ready wit, exclaimed that the earth was purging itself from noxious vapours, foreshowing that the Church must purge itself from heresy. He found, however, that he must rely on the arm of the State to give effect to the decree which the Council had pronounced against Wiclif. The decree which he obtained, directing the sheriffs to imprison the heretic preachers, was nothing more than a royal ordinance to which he had persuaded the King and the House of Lords to give their assent. It was not 'assented to' by the House of Commons. Courtenay, foreseeing that for this reason a remonstrance would be made, obtained from Richard II. an ordinance or patent, giving the Bishops power to incarcerate the preachers in their own prisons.

The bolt first fell on the University of Oxford.* Robert Rugge, the Chancellor, was a strong partizan of the new opinions. He was supported by Dr. Nicholas Hereford, and by Dr. Philip Repyngdon, who had made common cause with Wiclif. Archbishop Courtenay, having heard that Philip Repyngdon was to preach at the cemetery of St. Frideswide on the Feast of Corpus Christi, and that the fear was entertained that he would allude

* 'Fascic. Zizan,' pp. 296-329.

to Wiclif's dogma, issued a commission to Peter Stokes, the Carmelite, to publish before the sermon the sentence of condemnation of Wiclif's opinions. The Chancellor was afraid to oppose Courtenay, but he adopted an effectual means of defeating his object. As he knew that Stokes was a timid man, he played on his fears. Rugge paraded the streets with a hundred men in complete armour, summoned to protect the Chief of the University, who declared himself in danger from the Friars. The consequence was that Peter did not venture to obey the Primate, and that Repyngdon delivered his sermon probably to a crowded audience.

The Chancellor, however, kept up the appearance of deference to the Archbishop's mandate. He fixed a day on which Stokes and Repyngdon should dispute in the Schools. But when Stokes was preparing to defend the existing order of things, he looked up and saw before him twelve men in complete armour. The result was that Stokes, panic-stricken, went to Lambeth that night, and told the Archbishop that he did not dare to execute his commission. The Chancellor, apprehensive of the consequences, followed him to Lambeth. He was condemned for contumacy, and was obliged to beg pardon on his knees, which was only given on condition that he should not allow any one to teach in the University the doctrines condemned by the Synod. When he was told to search the colleges and halls for suspected persons and to publish the condemnation of Wiclif's views, he said that he could only do so at the risk of his life. 'Then,' said the Archbishop, 'the University also fosters heresy.' Rugge was strongly censured on his return by the party with which he had acted. In order to regain their favour, he suspended Henry Crump from teaching, because he called the Wiclifites 'heretical Lollards.' This name, of uncertain origin, began now to be applied to them. Crump lodged a complaint against Rugge with the Archbishop. The latter immediately procured an order under the great seal, directing the Chancellor and Proctors to make an inquisition for the disciples of Wiclif and Hereford, on pain of the forfeiture of the privileges of the University. The members did not dare to resist this invasion of their privileges. They might stand out against an Archbishop, but they bowed before the 'divinity' which 'doth hedge a king.' The University suspended Hereford and Repyngdon, who appealed in vain to John of Gaunt. The end was that Repyngdon and others recanted. Hereford's recantation was deferred for several years. Thus Courtenay was successful in his crusade against Wiclifism in Oxford. But his triumph was gained at the expense of the intellectual life of the University.

nity. The Wiclifite party had studied the precious remains of ancient genius, not on account of the 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn' in the works of those masters of poetry, eloquence, and song, who have shed an undying glory on the age and country in which they lived; but that they might strengthen their intellectual powers, and be better enabled to persevere in the investigation of truth. The victorious party might have made use of the same materials for the same purpose: but they would not do so, on account of their association with those whom they had crushed. The result was intellectual imbecility throughout the University. Thus, then, Oxford suffered at the hands of Courtenay and his party, until at length, at the time of the Reformation, she broke her fetters, and once more stood in the van of the great movement against ignorance, error, and superstition.

But now Wiclif himself was called to account. In obedience to a summons he appeared before a Provincial Synod in St. Frideswide's Church, at Oxford, on November 18th, 1382. The fact of his appearance has been called in question, but Knighton is so minute in his details that it does not appear that any doubt can be entertained on the subject. Some have asserted that he delivered to the judges a retractation; but it is an historical fact, that no sentence was passed upon him requiring it. Those who pretended that he had made it, were obliged to put forth the English Confession to be found in Arnold's 'Select English Works,' in which Wiclif expresses his rejection of Transubstantiation, while affirming the real spiritual presence of Christ in the sacred elements. The note of defiance to his adversaries rings out more loudly afterwards in all his works, but especially in his celebrated 'Trialogus,' written at some time in the two years before his death. He writes: 'Oh, that all could see how Antichrist and his instruments condemn sons of the Church! Truly aware I am that the doctrine of the Gospel may for a season be trampled under foot; that it may be overpowered in high places, and even suppressed by the threatenings of Antichrist; but I am sure that it will never be extinguished, for heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.'

He went forth unscathed from that tribunal. The probability is that the Bishops who sat on it were afraid of seizing him, because they trembled before the House of Commons, the members of which they had made their enemies by the high-handed manner in which they had dispensed with their consent to a Statute of the realm. He now retired to his parish of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, to which he had been appointed

by the Crown in 1374. He had previously held, as we have stated, the living of Fillingham, in Lincolnshire, which he resigned in 1368 on his appointment to the living of Ludgarshall, in Buckinghamshire. We have no record of his work in connection with these two parishes. During the first six or seven years after his appointment, he divided his time between Lutterworth and Oxford. Afterwards his only absence from it was when he appeared at Oxford in 1382.

This town is an object of interest, because his incumbency was signalized by that higher development and by those services which have made him the benefactor of his native country. Lutterworth was for four years the scene of those Herculean labours which began in 1378. We are disposed at first to be incredulous, when we hear of work which seems beyond the limits of human ability. But modern research has confirmed the accuracy of the statement. Dr. Shirley's catalogue contains a list of ninety-six Latin works, and sixty-five English works of a devotional, theological, and philosophical character. Of those works, forming a large number in the list, in which he attacked Romish doctrine, the greater part issued from his parsonage at Lutterworth. Most of his tracts, written in terse English, designed for the instruction of the English people after he left Oxford, belong to these latest years of his life. 'It is not,' as Professor Shirley writes,

'by his translation of the Bible, remarkable as that work is, that Wiclif can be judged as a writer. It is in his original tracts that the exquisite pathos, the keen delicate irony, the manly passion of his short nervous sentences, fairly overmasters the weakness of the unformed language, and gives us English which cannot be read without a feeling of its beauty to this hour.'*

We cannot give the same praise to his Latinity. It is base even when compared with that of such of his predecessors as Ockham; there is a wide gulf between it and that of St. Thomas Aquinas. Many of his Latin works were published during the last six years of his life. We are astonished when we see work after work, tract after tract, coming forth from his parsonage, in which he inveighs against the vices and crimes of the Bishops and clergy; or discusses the duties which men owe to God or to each other; or assails the doctrines of Romanism, as he discovers them, one after another; or lashes with his thrice-knotted scourge the Mendicant brothers; or, as increasing in energy in the last year of his life, he directs his most powerful artillery

* 'Fascic. Ziz.' p. xlvi.

against

against the Papacy, and assails the Pope as 'The Master Antichrist.'*

The wonder with which we view Wiclif's indefatigable work just described is increased, when we remember that the gigantic work of translating the Bible was quite enough to occupy his energies. The learned editors of the Wiclifite versions of the Scriptures, published in 1850, the Rev. Josiah Forshall and Sir Frederick Madden, have furnished us with much valuable information in regard to this part of the subject. They were engaged on the work for twenty-two years. We learn from them that Wiclif was the first to translate the whole Bible into English; that he probably began the translation after his banishment from Oxford in 1381; that he prepared himself for this work by previous attempts at translation; that the New Testament was translated by Wiclif from the Latin of the Vulgate; that the translation of the Old Testament, also made from the Vulgate, was begun by Nicholas Hereford, and was completed by Wiclif; that the translation of the New Testament was probably finished in June, 1382, and that the translation of the whole Bible was completed in that year.

The version thus completed, was not altogether satisfactory. Several blemishes were found in it, incidental to a work of this magnitude. Wiclif, therefore, may have suggested and perhaps commenced a new version. The learned editors of the Wiclifite versions have concluded, for sufficient reasons, that John Purvey was the translator. This version appears to have been completed in 1388, four years after the death of Wiclif. The volumes, edited by Forshall and Madden, give the two versions, column by column, in the same page. So little attention was paid to the manifest differences between the two versions that the New Testament, printed by Mr. Lewis, more than a century ago, does not give us the earlier translation by Wiclif, but the revised translation by Purvey. Mr. Baber, when he reprinted this edition, repeated the mistake. The discovery of it was one of the services rendered by Forshall and Madden to Wiclifite literature.

If we would have a full sense of the benefit thus conferred on his country, we must remember the great hindrances to the successful prosecution of this work, the slow process of transcription by which copies were produced, and the enormous cost of each copy, about 40*l.* of our present money. We have just seen that his work was for a time consigned to comparative oblivion. We are now, however, able to do him full justice.

* 'Polemical Works,' vol. ii. p. 396

While

While we admit that Purvey's version is better suited than his own for general reading, we must never forget that to him pre-eminently our gratitude is due, because he originated the idea of a work of surpassing grandeur, and at length carrying it, amid great difficulties, to a successful issue, secured by means of it the spiritual emancipation of thousands of his fellow-countrymen.

But we have not yet been made acquainted with the full amount of his work. He was also constantly superintending the movements of that little band of 'poor priests' who were at this time engaged throughout the county of Leicester. This, as Dr. Shirley observes, 'was a remarkable attempt at a practical reform of the Church, which has attracted far less than it ought of the attention of his biographers.'* Oxford, and Ludgarshall, ten miles from it, were probably the cradle of this institution. He could not have sent them forth first from Lutterworth, because it appears from Courtenay's letter of May, 1382, that the system had been some time in operation.† We gather from his works that his design was not to carry on a systematic opposition to the parochial clergy. He has disavowed that design in various places, especially in the tract, 'Why Poor Priests have no Benefices.' One plain proof is that, as Dr. Shirley states, 'they were at first employed under episcopal sanction through what was then the immense diocese of Lincoln, and probably in others also.'‡ His design in creating this body was, as he informs us in one of the Vienna manuscripts referred to by Dr. Shirley, to send forth good priests, not endowed, moving from place to place, living on alms in moderation as long as they behave well.§ His object was to supply the deficiencies of those priests who, after having said mass, utterly neglected the spiritual instruction of their parishioners. These 'poor priests,' having been trained, were sent forth by Wiclif to their work. He did not, however, leave them without his powerful aid to carry on that work. He issued various tracts designed to aid them with their opponents. We find from the 'Select English Works' that he endeavoured, by publishing sermons for their use, to impress his own mind on the movement. At first they must have carried on their work from Oxford and Ludgarshall. Afterwards, when he retired to Lutterworth, Leicester became the centre of this itinerancy.

We are informed that 'their coarseness and ignorance moved the laughter or wrath of their contemporaries.' Their work was very successful. All classes, from the nobleman to the

* 'Fasciculi Zizaniorum,' p. xl.
† Ibid. p. 275.
‡ Ibid. p. xl.
§ Ibid. p. xli.

peasant,

peasant, listened with eager attention to one of Wiclif's 'poor priests' as he endeavoured to minister to them sound nourishment out of God's word. They carried on their work within the Church. The charge that they opposed constituted authority, or bishops as such, was quite unfounded. He sent forth his 'poor priests' cheered with the hope that, though he should not live to see it, they might prepare the way for the coming of a time when the moral wilderness around him should rejoice and blossom as the rose.

We are now drawing near to the close of Wiclif's career. Our description of his indefatigable energy would be incomplete, if we omitted to state that tradition informs us that, after he had been engaged in exhausting work, probably like his preachers, in his russet gown, with sandals on his feet, he might be seen in Lutterworth, in the active discharge of his duties as a parish priest. On the Sunday he would address to his flock those earnest and heart-searching sermons, preserved probably by Purvey, which have been given in full by Mr. Arnold in the 'Select Works of Wycliffe.' Dr. Lechler regards as groundless Wiclif's alleged citation to Rome by Pope Urban VI., because he can discover no evidence of it in the chronicles of the period, and because it rests, he says, entirely on an alleged letter to the Pope in reply to the summons.* He has been successful in showing that this is not a letter, and that it is not addressed to the Pope; but he has been mistaken in supposing that he was not cited to Rome. We have a distinct assertion in one of the polemical works, 'De Citationibus Frivolis,' recently published by the Wyclif Society, that he was summoned to appear before the Pope. His words are: 'Thus says a certain lame and infirm man, cited to this Court, that the royal command prevents him from going to Rome, that the King of kings plainly decrees that he should not go.'† This citation was followed in exactly a year by an attack of paralysis in his church at Lutterworth, on December 28th, 1384, and by his death on December 31st. The indefatigable work had worn out the material tabernacle.

Thus ended the career of one who has been justly described by Dean Hook as 'one of the greatest men our country has produced—as one of the very few who have left the impress of their minds, not only on their own age, but on all time.'‡ Much patient investigation has been required to enable his biographers to describe him. The first forty years of his life are involved in obscurity. Even during the last twenty years, the notices of him are so meagre that we cannot give a continuous history of him.

* Lechler's 'Life,' pp. 415, 416. † Polemical Works, vol. ii. pp. 555, 556.
‡ 'Lives of the Archbishops,' vol. iii. p. 70.

We

We have only some scanty fragments as to his appearance and influence. We learn that he had 'a spare, frail, and emaciated frame, and a conversation "most innocent," the charm of every rank.' His personal character was unimpeachable. As a man of learning, he towered head and shoulders above his contemporaries. We observe too in his works, and especially in the Latin works among the Vienna manuscripts, an earnestness and an intellectual energy which carry him fearlessly onward in the investigation of truth. He speaks as if not to expose abuses would be an act of treason against God.

We must now consider the opinions of Wiclif which connect him with the Reformation. We must also describe his development in order to form a just estimate of him as a thinker and writer. His changes of opinion are brought before us especially in his unpublished writings at Vienna. Thus he says, 'Other statements, which at one time appeared strange to me, now appear to be sound and true, and I defend them.' But this is a matter to which his biographers have not paid proper attention.* The common idea has been that, as Minerva issued forth armed from the head of Jupiter, so Wiclif stands before us, throughout his public life, a finished man, armed at all points for his conflict with the Papacy. This seems to have been the idea of his earliest biographer, John Lewis. We may add to him Mr. Milner, the author of the 'History of the Church;' who accuses Wiclif of having kept his opinions in concealment, from fear of persecution, because he does not, as on other occasions, call the Pope the proud priest of Rome, or Antichrist, in the document presented at Lambeth to the Papal Commissioners. Mr. Milner does not seem to have been aware of his development, or of the dates of some of his works. Dr. Shirley and others prove to us that the 'Trialogus,' the 'Sentence of Curse Expounded,' and other works, in which he made a fierce onslaught on the Papacy, were written during the last two or three years of his life; whereas Mr. Milner and some besides him supposed them to have been written previous to his appearance at Lambeth. The fact was that he did not express himself before 1378 as after 1381, and that he had not, in the former year, arrived at that stage of development in which he could show, by his language, his great indignation against the Papacy.

Dr. Shirley and other learned men have, by settling the works written by him with their dates, rendered a very great service to the memory of Wiclif. We are thus able, to some

* Lechler's 'Life,' pp. 222-225.

extent,

extent, to trace his progress. Take, for instance, the dogma of Transubstantiation. When we have before us all the Vienna manuscripts, many of which were written before 1370, we may, if we consider the assistance which they have already given to us, find in them the germ of his opposition to this dogma and the other dogmas of Romanism. The 'De Benedicta Incarnatione,' written about 1365, shows us that he was advancing towards his final views on the Eucharist. During the last four years of his life he was applying the whole force of his mind to the solution of an important and difficult question, and he never desisted till he had obtained a firm hold on the truth. When we compare one work with another, in that period, including the Vienna manuscripts, the only correct way of ascertaining Wiclif's opinions, we find that he gradually learnt to oppose the dogma of Transubstantiation, and to accept the real spiritual presence of Christ in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

We shall see that Wiclif was on other points in agreement with the Church of England.* He anticipated Luther in his opposition to Indulgences, for he writes in his treatise 'of Prelates,' that 'Prelates foully deceive Christian men by feigned indulgences, and rob them of their money.' Of works of supererogation, condemned in the fourteenth Article of the Church of England, he writes in the same treatise, 'As to the holy merits of saints, that they did more than was needful for their own salvation, Christ never taught this in His Gospel, nor Peter, nor Paul, nor any other apostle.' So also he opposes the worship of the Virgin in a tract on the Ave Maria, and the Invocation of Saints in the 'Trialogus.' He brought forward too, but not so prominently as Luther, the doctrine of justification by faith. He was also in exact agreement with the Church of England as to baptism, penance, absolution, and confession.

We find, in fact, that Wiclif held all the truths stated, and that he was opposed to all the Romish doctrines condemned in the articles of the Church of England, with the exception of Purgatory, on which he speaks with a very hesitating utterance. The wonder is, when we consider the short time, six years, during which he was engaged in this work, that he should have made so much progress in the investigation of truth. The probability is, when we consider that progress, that, if his life had been spared, he would have been altogether emancipated from his bondage to Romanism.

The Vienna manuscripts are of very great importance.

* Canon Pennington's 'Life of Wiclif,' pp. 250–262.

'Scientifically

'Scientifically considered, it is only the Latin works which are of value. Wiclif's philosophical and theological position can only be learned from them with certainty and thoroughness.'* Without them, we should now have traced imperfectly Wiclif's views and their development, and should have been unable to show fully that he had followed that law of slow, orderly, and healthy progress, which is one of the best tests of the reality of our Christianity.

We learn from Bishop Pecock's 'Repressor,' written about 1449, that Wiclif's followers, after his death, were divided into two parties—the precursors of the Puritans, and those of the Reformed Church of the reign of Elizabeth. Most of those who have examined carefully all his works have agreed to dissociate him from the former party. He was, however, undoubtedly the spiritual ancestor of the latter section. The 'Repressor' thus becomes a link in the chain of evidence by which we prove the continuance of Wiclif's work during the fifteenth century. We have a series of cogent proofs that his influence was permanent, and that he prepared the way for the Reformation, not only in England, but in Germany.† We can trace only indistinctly the education of the people of England in the great truths which have come before us, 'because, from fear of persecution, it was conducted in the secret chamber, or in the lonely valley among the hills, or around the pale watchfire in the bosom of some large forest.' Wiclif's influence is, however, made manifest by the continued circulation of his Bible, of which we may form some idea when we are informed that 150 manuscripts were found at the time of the preparation of the Oxford edition in 1850, and remember the search instituted for Wiclif's writings, the burning of them when they were discovered, as well as the great destruction of ancient manuscripts. We may learn the continuance of his influence also from the persecutions in the first half of the fifteenth century, during which we see the funeral pyres blazing up amid the surrounding darkness; from the reading of his books at Oxford; from a statement of Leland as to the circulation of his books, and the known circulation of his sermons in England during the fifteenth century; and from extracts given by Foxe, in his 'Acts and Monuments,' found in episcopal registers, as to persecutions for holding his opinions in the early part of the sixteenth century.

We can trace also the influence of Wiclif on the Reformation in Germany. John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, derived

* Lechler's 'Life,' p. 483.

† Canon Pennington's 'Life of Wiclif,' pp. 280-304. Professor Burrow's '*Wiclif's Place* in History,' pp. 22-23, 123-128.

his opinions from Wiclif's works, which, as we have stated, after the death of Wiclif, were circulated in Bohemia. After a sanguinary war, the object of which was to avenge the death of Huss, the Taborites, the extreme section of his followers, founded in 1457 a Church, called the Church of the United Brethren. We learn that they zealously opposed Indulgences at the beginning of the sixteenth century; and that in a confession of faith sent to King Wladislaus in 1504, advancing further than John Huss, but agreeing with their other spiritual progenitor, John Wiclif, they declared themselves against the worship of the saints, prayers for the dead, and purgatory, and that they held the doctrine of the real spiritual presence of Christ in the Eucharist.* We have evidence that, during the fifteenth century, their emissaries and adherents were in all parts of Germany, especially in Franconia; and that, about the middle of that century, their doctrines were preached with great success in Taubergunde and Wurtemberg, Basle and Strasburg.† When Luther came forward to do battle with the Church of Rome he was welcomed by a numerous body of Hussites, who had thus prepared the way for him, and who now completed their emancipation by casting in their lot with him.

We see, then, that Luther was largely indebted to Wiclif for the preparation which contributed to the success of his work. He unconsciously acknowledges his obligations to him when he says that he had studied the writings of John of Wesel, for the latter was, through the Hussites, one of Wiclif's spiritual children. While, therefore, we cherish the memory of those who burst the bands of spiritual despotism, we should never forget our debt of gratitude to Wiclif and his successors, without whose previous work, carried on partly on the world's high stage, partly in silence and obscurity, no yearning for a truer and purer service to God would have existed in the minds of many, and no way of escape might have been found, for those conscious of their slavery, from the yoke of an intolerable bondage.

---

* Gieseler's 'Ecclesiastical History,' vol. v. pp. 90, 153, 163.

† Lenfant's 'Reformers before the Reformation,' vol. i. pp. 334, 337. A reference is given to Gieseler.

ART. X.—1. *Frau von Stael, ihre Freunde und ihre Bedeutung in Politik und Literatur.* Von Lady Blennerhassett, geb. Gräfin Leyden. 3 vols. Berlin, 1888.

2. *Madame de Staël, her Friends, and her Influence in Politics and Literature.* By Lady Blennerhassett. 3 vols. London, 1889.*

ON the 14th of July, the French nation, or rather that section of the nation which the Republican Government represents, will solemnly celebrate the centenary of the taking of the Bastille. The event to be thus commemorated hardly seems in itself a very heroic achievement. It was, in fact, a gigantic street insurrection, in which the scoundreldom of a great city possessed themselves of an unprovisioned fortress, murdering the commanding officer, and some half-dozen of his little garrison. In ethical dignity and worth, it appears to be upon a level with the Gordon riots. It differs from them in the capital fact, that it was successful. It was the first decisive victory of the Parisian mob over public authority. It meant the downfall of the political and social order in France. 'It is a revolt,' poor Louis XVI. exclaimed in consternation, when the Duke of Liancourt brought him the dismal tidings. 'Sire,' replied the Duke, 'it is a Revolution.' A Revolution, indeed; or rather *the* Revolution, the most momentous which the world has ever witnessed, and which therefore we are accustomed to speak of, not inappropriately, without qualifying date or national epithet; a Revolution which is even now in progress, and of which our own century can hardly expect to see the last act. The human race was confidently assured, when it broke out, that the golden year had at last dawned for mankind in general and France in particular. The bewildered monarch of that country received through Mayor Bailly the compliments of 'a people who had conquered their king,' —'a people' who were to murder their eloquent spokesman himself a year after, with circumstances of revolting cruelty—and the promise of a statue in the character of 'The Restorer of French Liberty,' on the site of his demolished castle. The Place de la Révolution has not, however, as yet been adorned

* We quote this title-page as we find it; but we feel bound to point out that it is misleading. The work to which it is prefixed is an abridged translation from the German. That is, indeed, acknowledged in a note on the next page, which, however, does not mention that this defective English version is wholly unauthorized by Lady Blennerhassett, who has not seen one line of it. We do not propose to notice it further. In the following article we have made use of Lady Blennerhassett's own work only.

by

by that work of art. And what are we to say concerning the liberty of which it was to be the memorial? A weighty question truly, and one which, for several reasons, is just now well worthy of careful examination. To read aright the signs of the times, is the problem with which each successive generation is confronted, the ever-renewed Sphinx's riddle, not to guess which is to die. In order to obtain that political instruction which Thucydides accounted the true object of historical research, our conceptions must be not only accurate, but architectonic; not only passionless, but philosophical. It is not enough to know merely the phenomena of history; we must know what the phenomena mean; we must discern the real things themselves, not merely the shadows, which, according to the Platonic apologue, they cast as they flit across the world's stage. 'Rassemblons les faits pour nous donner des idées,' says Buffon. The dictum applies as much to political as to natural history.

And assuredly we of this closing nineteenth century may claim to have sufficiently collected the facts of the French Revolution. Sufficiently, and perhaps more than sufficiently. The literature which has grown up about that great event is exhaustive; nay, exhausting. Thirty-six years ago Professor von Sybel spoke pathetically of 'the almost incalculable number of works,' 'the enormous mass of books and pamphlets,' with which he had, more or less, to make himself acquainted before setting about the composition of his History. The mass has grown much in enormity since then, and would require a fair-sized library to itself, for its decent accommodation. There is a real danger now that in this vast accumulation of details, the great lines of historical perspective may be lost sight of. We are by no means complaining of the close examination which has been bestowed upon the original sources of the Revolutionary history; of the critical accuracy with which the texts have been examined; of the scrupulous care with which the facts have been weighed. But certainly of every new book about the Revolution which comes before us, we may well inquire, with some strictness, whether it has any sufficient reason for existing. Unquestionably the answer in the case of the work which Lady Blennerhassett has just given to the world, must be an emphatic affirmative. Her subject is the remarkable woman whom Rivarol called 'The Bacchante of the Revolution.' Lady Blennerhassett would hardly acquiesce in that description of her heroine, nor do we. Certain it is, however, that Madame de Staël is one of the most notable figures of the Revolutionary period, a personality from the careful

careful study of which much may be learnt concerning it. When we know what impression facts produced upon their contemporaries, we are better able to judge of their exact proportion, a scarcely less important matter than their historical verity. Although Madame de Staël's direct influence upon the course of events was not considerable, she belongs to history no less by her life than by her writings. To see the intellectual and political tendencies of her age as mirrored in her, is a help towards the correct appreciation of them. Lady Blennerhassett's work fills a vacant place in European literature. No adequate life of Madame de Staël has hitherto been given to the world. This book is executed with Teutonic thoroughness. Its materials have been gathered from every available source. They are congruously arranged and skilfully woven into the narrative. It must be the reader's own fault if he does not rise from the perusal of these volumes with a clear idea of what Madame de Staël was, and what her work in the world amounted to. For ourselves, indeed, we are hardly prepared to assign to her, as a literary artist, so high a place as that which her historian claims. M. Thiers would not concede to her more than the perfection of mediocrity—an estimate which, as Prince von Bismarck once grimly remarked, is far more applicable to himself. M. Caro, on the other hand, salutes her as 'l'éblouissante apparition de l'esprit français.' Possibly the two judgments are, after all, not so very irreconcilable. That, however, is a matter which we are not, just now, concerned to discuss. Our present point of view is the historical.* And, from that point of view, Lady Blennerhassett's book is certainly entitled to high commendation. She tells us in her preface, that her work is intended as a contribution of German literature to the centenary of the French Revolution. What makes it a particularly valuable contribution is that she possesses that capacity for political reflection which is so rare a gift; so especially rare among women. In what we are about to write we shall take occasion, from time to time, to refer to portions of it which appear to us especially excellent. Here we may call attention to her pages upon Necker and his statecraft, as being by far the best and completest account of the subject ever written; to her sketch of Turgot, which is also very good, although it contains less that is new—previous writers had done him substantial justice; to her most thoughtful and suggestive chapter on Rousseau, and to the very judicious contrast between French

* We have already treated of the Life and Works of Madame de Staël, in a Review of Dr. Stevens's work on the subject, which appeared in these pages in July, 1881.

and

and German views of life, drawn at the end of the first chapter of her third volume.

But now let us proceed to the inquiry before us, which perhaps we may best state thus: What has the French Revolution done for the advancement of human liberty? What has it failed to do? and what is the reason of that failure? But, at the outset, we are confronted with another question: what do we mean by human liberty? Shall we, with Mr. Herbert Spencer, take 'real freedom' to 'consist in the ability of each to carry on his own life without hindrance from others, so long as he does not hinder them?' Surely that is a most inadequate conception of 'real freedom.' For such freedom is merely negative. It has no root in itself. It is the freedom of the wild beast, the savage; physical, not rational; chaotic, not constructive. Real freedom, positive liberty, means a great deal more than that: it means the possession of an interior rule, of a moral curb. It is the endowment which specially distinguishes the civilized man. It is the peculiar product, the chief object of polity. And so Spinoza, 'The end of the State is not to transform men from reasonable beings into animals or automata; its end is so to act that the citizens may develop in security soul and body, and make free use of their reason; the end of the State is, in truth, liberty.' The same thought has been admirably expressed, with greater amplitude, by an English writer, whom we regard as the most considerable philosopher that has arisen among us since Coleridge.

'Freedom,' writes the late Professor Green, 'forms the true goal of social effort. . . . The ideal of true freedom is the maximum of power for all members of human society alike to make the best of themselves. . . . Freedom, in all the forms of doing what one will with one's own, is valuable only as a means to an end. That end is what I call freedom in the positive sense: in other words, *the liberation of the powers of all men, equally, for contributions to a common good*. . . . When we speak of freedom as something to be so highly prized, we mean a positive power or capacity of doing or enjoying, something worth doing or enjoying, and that, too, something which we do or enjoy in common with others. We mean by it a power which each man exercises, through the help or security given him by his fellow men, and which he, in turn, helps to secure for them. When we measure the progress of a society by its growth in freedom, we measure it by the increasing development and exercise, on the whole of these powers of contributing to social good, with which we believe the members of the society to be endowed; in short, by their greater power . . . as a body, to make the most and best of themselves.'[*]

[*] 'Works,' vol. iii. pp. 371-2. The italics are our own.

This

This is 'real freedom,' as we account of it. This is the only liberty worthy of that august name. This rational liberty all social institutions and political machinery should subserve; and they are of value only in proportion as they do subserve it. How far has the French Revolution vindicated such liberty? Its achievements may be divided into two classes: the destructive and the constructive. Certainly its power for destruction is without parallel in the world's history. It has gone as near as possible to the effacement of the France which existed before 1789. We say 'as near as possible.' For the past is really indestructible. You do not destroy it by destroying its symbols. 'Far off, yet ever nigh,' it lives in the present, in a thousand ways, and most notably in national character: in those instincts, aptitudes, passions, which heredity transmits in such ample measure. Each infant born into France to-day, unquestionably bears imprinted on its brain many of the intellectual dispositions, of the spiritual qualities, of the physical habits, of its parents, of its remote ancestors, of the whole race. It was no effervescence of rhetoric, but a simple statement of fact, when the French philosopher wrote, 'nous sommes non seulement les fils et la postérité, de ceux qui ont déjà vécu, mais au fond et réellement ces générations antérieures elles-mêmes.' The Revolutionary legislators could not 'unget' themselves—if we may borrow a phrase from Sir Anthony Absolute; they could not rid themselves of those things past of which they were made and moulded. But of the public institutions of their country which they found existing, hardly any escaped their rage for indiscriminate destruction. What is the gain to freedom? It may be easily summed up. The arbitrary power of the monarch has passed away. The outworn machinery of government, 'an expensive anarchy,' D'Argenson called it, has disappeared. The oppressive and irrational privileges of the aristocratic caste—privileges which, long divorced from duties, were justly and passionately hated by the great mass of Frenchmen—are gone for ever; the roturier is free from 'his birth's invidious bar': 'la carrière est ouverte aux talens.' The guilds and companies which, if they, in some sort, protected the individual artisan, also hampered him by antiquated restrictions, have ceased to exist. The peasant, too, like the skilled labourer, is lord of himself; he may do as he likes, so far as his fellow-men are concerned, and pursue his own good, or what he accounts such, in his own way. Add to this, that religious intolerance and religious persecution—we can hardly say the same of irreligious—have vanished, together with the iniquities and cruelties of the old penal laws and the old criminal procedure and

and you have a tolerably complete account of 'the conquests of 1789.' But what the Revolution did in these respects for France, primarily and most largely, it has done, in greater or less measure, for much of Continental Europe. The march of Napoleon, though devastating as Attila's, from Madrid to Moscow, had in it something electric: it brought down in a common ruin the feudal or despotic polities, founded on a fictitious 'right divine of kings to govern wrong,' and associated everywhere with a legalized inequality which did not correspond with the nature of things. It shook, so to speak, the idea of freedom into the air.

But must we not say that in the air that idea remains, for the most part? Where has the Revolution constructed anything stable? Where has it achieved, practically achieved, liberty in the higher and positive sense? Take France, where it has had its most perfect work. Do we find there 'the liberation of the powers of all men, equally, for contributions to a common good'? 'the increasing development and exercise, on the whole,' of those powers for that end? What a satire is in the question! Of the seven millions of adult males in France, five and a half are peasant proprietors. What manner of men are these? Let us on this subject hear M. Vacherot, one of the chief apostles and confessors of the democratic faith. 'Les petits propriétaires,' this distinguished writer testifies, 'vivent très difficilement de leur travail. . . . Il faut prendre garde aux idylles sur le bien-être, l'indépendance, la moralité du paysan. La vérité générale est qu'il vit misérablement, qu'il est abruti et mécontent. Et cet état de choses ira en empirant.'* This state of things has gone on getting worse, since M. Vacherot wrote these words a quarter of a century ago. Taxes have increased, times have grown harder, and as the sectaries of Atheism have achieved ever-increasing success in their efforts for the proscription of religion, the one element of refinement and poetry, the one source of self-discipline in rural France has lost its power, and the peasant has sunk lower and lower in a depravation which we hardly like to call brutality; it is unfair to the brutes. If any one desires to know the truth on this subject, let him gird himself up to read M. Zola's 'La Terre,' the vilest and the most 'realistic' of that master's productions. He will not be amused; the book is deadly dull. But he will find a gallery of photographs, a collection of 'documents' (to use the author's phrase), the accuracy of which only crassest ignorance or superlative mendacity can deny. The French peasant will

* 'La Democratie,' p. 209, 2nd edition.

stand revealed in all the repulsiveness of actual life; his intellectual horizon the narrowest conceivable; his life spent in incessant manual toil; consumed with 'the furious passion for possessing land'; avaricious, penurious, dishonest, tyrannical, foul. Of the common good he never so much as dreams. His one idea in respect of public affairs is dread of any political movement which may jeopardize his holding. The Revolution—especially as embodied in the first Napoleon, who curiously enough lives in rural memory as a lover of the people—

'Napoléon aimait la guerre
Et son peuple comme Jésus.'

a song still popular in some provinces—is the sole tradition which he cherishes. He knows, in some dim way, that the effect of that great upheaval was to convert his copyhold into freehold. Utterly selfish, completely indifferent to any except the pettiest and most sordid personal interests, blindly hating and ignorantly fearing everything above their own social and intellectual level, the French peasantry are the facile prey of the charlatan who can most adroitly appeal to these passions. In a political crisis they are absolutely helpless. They are utterly incapable of realizing their powers in common for the social good. They have no principle of cohesion. Shall we predicate liberty of these human automata, these voting animals, driven to the ballot-box as sheep to the slaughter, at one time by the Government official, at another by the professional demagogue? It is, to say the least, open to grave doubt whether they did not, on the whole, enjoy under the *ancien régime*, in some Provinces, a greater degree of positive freedom than that with which the Revolution has endowed them.*

Turn we now to the French urban population. Is the case any better with them? Their average of physical comfort is higher. Their ethical standard is even lower, and is rapidly sinking. A short time ago a very able journalist, discoursing in the 'Figaro' of 'Les Mœurs Brutales,' observed, 'Le peuple des grandes villes incontestablement se corrompt de plus en plus.' 'Incontestablement.' Yes: that this witness is true, no one who has a competent knowledge of the life of French cities can honestly deny. 'Jouir et mépriser,' said a great French orator, is now the accepted rule of life there. 'And not to be

* On this subject M. Babeau's excellent works, 'La vie rurale dans l'ancienne France' and 'Le village sous l'ancien régime' should be consulted, and also a very suggestive article by M. Brunetière, 'Le Paysan sous l'Ancien Régime' in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' of the 1st of April, 1883.

corrupted

corrupted is the shame.' But a republic, more than any other form of government, stands in need of virile virtue. Liberty is a moral good: its root in the elemental reason, in virtue of which a man is a law unto himself. It is incompatible with the sovereignty of the passions. But the passions it is, not the rational faculties, of the masses congregated in French cities, that have been universally liberated. And assuredly, it is not to 'the common good' that they are directed. The proof is before our eyes. Go on almost any Sunday evening to the Tivoli Wauxhall, or any other large place of meeting in Paris —it is the same in the other great towns of France—and there you will find the workmen, in their thousands, listening greedily to inflammatory attacks upon the primordial principles of social order; breathing out threatenings and slaughter against capitalists, public functionaries, priests; cheering the boldest declamations, the most insensate rodomontade, with a vehemence which shows how deeply they have learnt the lessons of the charlatans who traffic in their greed, their envy, their hatred. The late M. Gambetta, whose angry utterances, at all events, had the ring of truth, described his constituents at Belleville, upon one occasion, as drunken slaves, (esclaves ivres). Slaves indeed! And drunken with the deadly wine of the anarchical doctrines which were his own stock-in-trade: 'la politique de l'impossible, la théorie de la folie furieuse, le culte de l'audace aveugle.' It is significant that the French artisan will very seldom give his vote to an employer of labour, however liberal and philanthropic: that he will never give it to a fellow operative, however trustworthy and intelligent. His favourite candidate is the professional demagogue, copious in phrases and gesticulations, who can most fluently repeat his pet shibboleths, and most seductively enlarge upon them, who promises him 'equality in fact,' and 'the completion of the work begun by the giants of 1792.'

Of such demagogues the Chamber of Deputies is chiefly composed. The Revolution, so far from having liberated the powers of all Frenchmen, equally, for contributions to a common good, has produced among the best of them that political indifference which is the worst curse that can fall upon a nation. It has issued in the uncontrolled domination of those who, at the best, must be described as the most mediocre of mediocrities. Consider the five hundred and seventy-five sovereigns of France, as they sit grouped in their parties; listen to the vapid sophisms, the gross personal insults, the vulgar gibes, which resound as their sterile debates proceed and 'quack out-bellows quack.' Lives there the man who will

affirm that their vocal and other powers are liberated for contributions to a common good? Nay, that the thought of a common good so much as enters their minds? that they are possessed by any other thought than the triumph of their faction—that is of themselves? M. de Tocqueville told Mr. Senior in 1858, that seventy years of Revolution had destroyed public spirit in France: that only the most selfish vanity and covetousness remained. M. Renan, surveying his country now with calm philosophic eye, describes it as 'l'affreux marécage où glapissent et croupissent, pêle-mêle, toutes les ineptes, toutes les grossièretés, toutes les impuretés.' The Revolution has endowed every adult French male with an infinitesimal fraction of political authority, represented by the right to deposit a voting paper in the electoral urn. But how far has it conferred upon him a positive power or capacity of doing or enjoying something worth doing or enjoying, and that, too, something which he does or enjoys in common with others? If the progress of society, the advance of freedom in a nation, is to be measured by the increasing development and exercise, on the whole, of individual powers of contributing to social good, what progress has society, what advance has freedom made in France during a century of Revolution?

It is enough to ask the question. Let us go on to consider to what we must attribute the failure of the high hopes which arose in so many generous hearts, a hundred years ago,

> 'When France, in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
> And with that oath which smote earth, air, and sea,
> Stamped her strong foot, and swore she would be free.'

Alas, freedom is not to be had for stamping and swearing. True liberty dwells only with right reason. It is the truth that makes us free. Why has the Revolution failed? The answer may be given in a dozen words of the greatest man that adorned English public life in the eighteenth century. 'The improvements of the National Assembly,' wrote Burke, 'are superficial, their errors are fundamental.' The Revolution was an attempt to realize an idea of man and society which was not a reality, but, to employ the euphemism of the virtuous Houyhnhnms, 'the thing that is not.' And 'of Nothing you can in the long run, and with much lost labour, make only—Nothing.' Time is the test. 'In time,' 'the master of those who know' warns us, 'from the falsely good, must result the truly evil.' The unpardonable sin of the Revolution is not the shallowness of the pedants, nor the vulgarity of the buffoons, nor *the ferocity* of the butchers who have played their ignoble parts in

in it, but the false dogma of which it is the embodiment, the dogma of the sovereignty of the individual. That complete freedom or lawlessness—for the two things were supposed to be identical—is the natural condition of man, that all men are born and continue equal in rights, that civil society is an artificial state resting upon a contract between these sovereign units, whereby the native independence of each is surrendered, and a power over each is vested in the body politic, as absolute as that which nature gives every man over his limbs, 'that human nature is good, and that the evil in the world is the result of bad education and bad institutions,'* that man, uncorrupted by civilization, is essentially reasonable, and that the will of the sovereign units, dwelling in any territory under the social contract, that is of the majority of them, expressed by their delegates, is the rightful and only source of justice and of law—such is the substance of the Revolutionary dogma. Let us examine it a little in detail.

The first question we naturally ask is, where did it come from? And the answer of course is, from the writings of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.† The first Napoleon went so far as to say, that without Jean-Jacques there would have been no Revolution. That we take leave to doubt. 'The Revolution,' M. Littré has well observed, 'was inevitable, although it might have been different.' But unquestionably the legislators of the Revolution derived their inspiration almost exclusively from Rousseau; and there is no exaggeration in Quinet's remark that, as the movement advances, it seems like an incarnation of him. The Jacobins were, to a man, his enthusiastic disciples. Robespierre gratefully acknowledges himself to have been formed by the continual study of his works. But Rousseau's ideas, though new for the vast majority of his readers, were for the most part not original. His originality lies in the passionate enthusiasm which spoke straight to the heart. On the ears of a generation, jaded by sensuousness and tired of persiflage, his words fell as the voice of Nature herself.‡ The very simplicity of his social theory seemed to vouch for its truth. Men felt that a prophet had at last arisen to give light to them that sat in darkness and the shadow of death, to guide their feet into the way of peace. As a matter of fact, his doctrine of the Social Contract and of the illimitable Sovereignty thence resulting, is borrowed from Hobbes, though for the English thinker the despot is the

* Morley's 'Diderot,' vol. i. p. 5. Mr. Morley rightly regards this proposition as 'the central moral doctrine of the Revolution.'

† On this subject see Lady Blennerhassett's work, vol. i. p. 249.

‡ See some very just observations of Lady Blennerhassett, vol. i. pp. 250-252.

Prince,

Prince, for Rousseau 'the people.' The notion of the omnipotence of the State, it should be remembered, was a commonplace of Renaissance Cæsarism, and had been nowhere more uncompromisingly taught than in France; the *ancien régime* in this, as in so many other particulars, providing, in M. de Tocqueville's phrase 'the education of the Revolution.' Louis XIV. believed himself absolute master of the consciences, the property, and the liberty of his people, because he was persuaded, as he himself said, that 'la nation ne faisait pas corps en France, et qu'elle résidait tout entière dans la personne du prince.' Again, the all-sufficiency of reason was a tenet of the Cartesian philosophy, which directly, and still more through the influence of Locke, had widely and deeply penetrated the French mind. To a like source must be referred the doctrine of man's natural goodness and perfectibility. Rousseau himself attributes it to a sort of inspiration. He was walking, he tells us, on the road from Paris to Vincennes, on a visit to Diderot, when he came upon an announcement, in a newspaper, that the academy at Dijon had offered a prize for an essay on the theme, 'What is the origin of inequality among men, and is it authorized by natural law?' 'If anything ever resembled a sudden inspiration,' he continues, 'it was the movement which began in me as I read this. All at once I felt myself dazzled by a thousand sparkling lights, crowds of vivid ideas thronged into my mind with a force and confusion that threw me into unspeakable agitation. I felt my head whirling in a giddiness like that of intoxication. A violent palpitation oppressed me; unable to walk for difficulty of breathing, I sank under one of the trees of the avenue, and passed half an hour there in such a condition of excitement that, when I arose, I saw the front of my waistcoat was all wet with my tears, though I was unconscious of shedding them. Ah, if I could only have written the quarter of what I saw and felt under that tree, with what clearness should I have brought out all the contradictions of our social system, with what simplicity should I have demonstrated that man is naturally good, and that by institutions only is he made bad.' Mr. John Morley appears to receive in undoubting faith the account of the revelation thus made to the sage, whom he venerates as his 'spiritual father.'* 'This ecstatic vision of Rousseau's,' he writes, 'was the opening of a life of thought and production which only lasted a dozen years, but which in that brief space gave to man a new gospel.'† As a

* 'Rousseau,' by John Morley, vol. i. p. 5.

† Ibid. p. 136.

matter

matter of fact, Rousseau's optimist view of human nature was in the air of the century. Never, perhaps, has the moral level of society been lower than it was among the cultivated classes of France in the eighty years which preceded the Revolution. And never was the Aristotelian dictum, concerning the ease with which vicious men can repeat fine phrases about virtue, more signally exemplified. The tendency everywhere was to bestow fair names on foul things; to make 'agreeable feeling' the standard of duty and the end of life; to enthrone concupiscence, masked as reason, in the place of conscience. It must be remembered that the Cartesian philosophy dominated men's minds. And in that philosophy ethics can hardly be said to have place; 'l'indifférence morale,' it has been observed, 'est le principe de sa morale même.' Even the accredited exponents of Christianity had greatly toned down the strictness of its precepts. On two occasions Bossuet had obtained from the Assembly of the French Clergy the condemnation of those casuists whom he accused 'de porter les coussins sous les coudes des pécheurs.' In the severe teaching of the school which found its greatest exponent in Pascal, we seem to catch an echo of the preaching of the early Calvinist Reformers to a frivolous and lubricious people. The response was the destruction of Port Royal, with circumstances of scandalous barbarity and revolting profanation. Rousseau's opinions did but formulate, and justify, this 'morale relâchée' which abounded on all sides. 'It is difficult to be good,' says the adage of Hellenic wisdom. 'Not at all,' replies Rousseau, 'it is quite easy. Only follow nature, and you will be virtuous. Look at me, for example; read my Confessions: I challenge the universe to produce a man who can sincerely say "Je fus meilleur que cet homme-là."' Nothing is more significant in the history of the eighteenth century than the way in which this filthy dreamer was glorified as an ethical teacher. Voltaire, indeed, 'rich in saving common-sense,' in whatever else deficient, declined to bow the knee before 'ce polisson de Jean-Jacques,' who, as he judged, bore the same sort of resemblance to a philosopher that apes bear to men.* But it was destined that Voltaire should decrease, and that Rousseau should increase. In 1789 his 'new gospel' reigned paramount in the general mind of France. 'To make the constitution,' meant, for the Revolutionary legislators, to translate his political dogma into institutions.

* 'Il ne ressemble aux philosophes que comme les singes ressemblent aux hommes.' The words occur in a letter of Voltaire's to the Comte d'Argental, written in 1766.

And

And what a dogma it is! Is there in the whole history of human error anything more amazing than this: that a nation, priding itself on its good sense,* should unquestioningly accept, as axiomatically true, a series of propositions, every one of which is demonstrably, is obviously false? That 'great central moral doctrine' of the natural goodness of man—especially the man of the people, as less spoilt by civilization—can anything be imagined more utterly opposed to the plainest facts of life? The natural man, uncorrupted by civilization, good? Why, the more natural, that is the more animal he is, the worse is he. The very law of ethical progress is to

> 'Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die.'

You may get rid of the name of original sin. But the thing which the name represents is a primordial, permanent ingredient of human nature, explain it how you will. The old Hebrew legend is, at all events, the allegory of a moral fact† 'Radicale Bose,' Kant called it, truly enough. It is aboriginal, not adventitious; an infection of nature, not the product of bad laws or of bad education. It is more in one and less in another. There are those human monsters in whom it overshadows the whole ethical character. There are those fair souls in whose 'all but utter whiteness' it is hardly traceable. But, in whatever proportion, it is always there, a taint, a perversion, transmitted by heredity; a wild beast within us, Plato said, which must be chained. The philosophy of Rousseau lets the wild beast loose. No. The doctrine of the unalloyed natural goodness of man is as false as the Calvinistic doctrine of his total depravity. The sense of moral imperfection is just as much a fact of our nature as the sense of ignorance. It is the best who are most sensitively conscious of an evil element innate in them, just as it is the wisest who feel most severely the inadequacy of reason. For the view of man as an essentially rational animal is as untenable as the view of him as an essentially virtuous animal. Unquestionably men are capable of ratiocination, in degrees varying indefinitely

* 'Le bon sens est le trait distinctif du genie français,' M. Guizot tells us in his 'Lectures on Civilization.'

† 'The candid incline to surmise of late,
That the Christian faith may be false, I find.
I still to suppose it true, for my part;
See reasons and reasons, this, to begin:
'Tis the faith that launched point blank her dart
At the head of a lie; taught Original Sin,
The Corruption of Man's Heart.'
Browning, 'Gold Hair: a Legend of Pornic.'

indefinitely upwards from little more than zero. But who that is not theory-blind can ignore the fact, that human life, taken as a whole, is dominated by physical temperament, corporal instinct, prejudice, imagination, passion, interest, far more than by reason? Who can deny the vast amount of truth in M. Taine's indictment, unpalatable as it is?—

'Qu'est-ce que l'homme une fois connu? Est-ce en lui que le sublime abonde? La vérité est qu'il emploie le meilleur de son temps à dormir, à dîner, à bâiller, à travailler comme un cheval et à s'amuser comme un singe. C'est un animal: sauf quelques minutes irrégulières, ses nerfs, son sang, ses instincts le mènent. La routine va s'appliquer par-dessus, la nécessité fouette et la bête avance.'

Will it be said that this Rousseauan fiction of man's essential goodness and rationality is, at all events, a harmless lie? No lie is harmless. And this particular lie, as a matter of fact, has been the source of unnumbered woes to France and the world. We think it is Quinet who somewhere observes, that the Revolution, like its philosopher, began by proclaiming that all is good in man, and finished by finding the human race suspect. 'Slighted hope will be avenged.' Mr. John Morley, in a characteristic passage, sets off against Chaumette's atrocities his 'generous faith in humanity.'* There are various kinds of generosity—'généreux comme un voleur,' said Beaumarchais; and there are many objects of faith, which, according to an ancient doctrine, is best judged by its works. It was, in truth, because the inventor of the worship of Reason was given over to a strong delusion to believe the lie which his English apologist thus bedizens, that his feet were so swift to shed blood. Take another example. In the dreary *fasti* of the Revolution there is one fair figure, whose 'large black eyes, full of sweetness and expression,' irresistibly win our sympathies. Madame Roland, in her freshness, her youth, her enthusiasm, her simplicity, her tragic fate, is the noble and touching personification of the Girondist party, the living image of all that was best in it. But she was the spiritual child of Rousseau,† and the ferocity latent in his sentimentalism must come out in her. Even in 1789 we find her panting for blood, and inveighing bitterly against the Assembly for holding back from the murder of the King and Queen. 'On commence par être insensé, on finit par être atroce.' The best way to keep on good terms with human nature is to expect little from it. Let us go on to the next of

* 'Miscellanies,' vol. i. p. 79.

† This subject has been well dealt with by Lady Blennerhassett, vol. i. p. 270.

the

the Revolutionary postulates concerning man: its egalitarian doctrine. 'Equality,' says Bailleul, 'which is nothing but strict justice, was the aim of the Revolution from the beginning.' But equality is a question-begging word. And it is precisely the opposite of strict justice, as Plato observed two thousand years ago, to dispense equality alike to equals and unequals. Here, again, the 'new gospel' ignores the facts of life. Men are no more absolutely equal than they are absolutely good or absolutely reasonable. Equal in their common nature they are. Equal before the law they ought to be. Equal, in the sense of equivalent in the body politic, they certainly are not, and never will be until doctrinaires succeed in radically transforming mankind. This appears to have been more or less clearly apprehended by one of 'the giants of 1792,' a certain Armand de la Meuse, who is recorded to have demanded the introduction of mental equality. This sage was certainly within his logic. He went to the root of the matter. The great, the perennial source of inequality among men, lies in difference of intellectual constitution and of psychic power. To recognize this difference is essential to liberty; for liberty means the freedom of all to make the most and best of themselves. In the social state, as in the physical order, the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest are primary laws. It is strictly true that rights are proportionate to mights. Society is necessarily hierarchical. What justice requires is not that a dead level of equality should prevail, but that inequalities should be real, not artificial; true, not false; correspondent with reason, with the nature of things. The strong, the wise, are the leaders of their fellows by a natural right divine, not to be set aside under grievous penalties. Individual freedom means complexity, differentiation, subordination in the social organism. The egalitarian doctrine of Jacobinism strikes at the very root of liberty, because it is destructive of that gradation which, as Mirabeau's keen eyes discerned, is the best barrier against tyranny. Its practical issue is this: a multitude of unrelated human units, theoretically sovereign, really slaves, on the one hand, and an omnipotent bureaucracy on the other. It means discontent, disgust, mutinous despair among the masses, who aspire, reasonably enough, to translate equality of right into equality of fact. It means anarchy, whether in the Communistic or some other form, unless a 'Saviour of society' arise in time, to proclaim from the cannon's mouth the primordial political truths to which the Revolution gives the lie. 'Il savait juger l'homme, et il savait le gouverner,' was Lamartine's unwilling tribute to the first Napoleon. That was precisely what the Rousseauan doctrinaires,

trinaires, whom he ousted from the seat of power, did not know.

So much as to the attributes ascribed by the 'new gospel' to 'the man and the citizen,' as its cant phrase is. Next, as to its theory of the public order. Does civil polity rest upon the Social Contract? It is enough to ask the question. There is no instance upon record in any age, in any country, of a number of men saying to one another, 'Go to; let us enter into the Social Contract and found a state.' Political society is no contract. It is a necessary historical product, uniting might with right, and establishing human freedom by their union. Man comes into the world under the law of solidarity. Society is to him what the soil is to the plant. The individual is not the starting-point, but the goal of human progress. The most important relations of life, public and private, do not arise out of convention; we are born into them. 'Nascitur non fit,' is the true account of the social order, in fact: while, philosophically considered, we may regard it with Kant, as the union of a multitude of men under the laws of Right—'die Vereinigung einer Menge von Menschen unter Rechtsgesetzen.' But what is Right? We may reply, that the only adequate conception of Right is that which founds it upon necessity. It issues from the nature of things, from that *θειος νοῦς*, which is the supreme reason. But for the inner assent which the human intellect is bound, by its very laws, to give when Right is thus apprehended, Rousseau substitutes the imaginary adhesions of the multitude to a fictitious convention. He deduces Right from what is accidental and changeable, instead of from what is necessary and immutable; and in doing this he performs a mortal operation upon it. Natural Right – Natur-Recht—is the absolute law which is, or should be, the pattern of all existing law. To deny it is to deny that Right, in any philosophical sense, exists at all. Let us not be misunderstood. We are well aware that in discussing any question of natural right we cannot dispense with data, whether we approach it synthetically or analytically. A principle is like a seed. It grows in the soil into which it is cast, and seeks its nourishment from without. We cannot uproot it, so to speak, in dealing with the concrete, and deduce by mere abstract ratiocination, the proper course of its development, or indicate the conditions of its application. This, as we shall shortly have occasion to observe, is precisely what the Jacobins endeavoured to do. At the present moment we are merely concerned to point out, that what the Revolutionary dogma predicates of the individual reason, is true only of the abstract reason.

reason. And the individual reason is apt, in practice, to mean the individual passions.* Hence the appropriateness of Chaumette's choice of 'Mdlle. Candeille of the Opera,' to personify, on the altar of Notre Dame, the Deity of the 'new gospel.' Lastly of the Rousseauan conception of sovereignty we may safely affirm, that it has no more place than his conception of right in any philosophy worthy of the name. For unlimited dominion belongs only to perfection. It is an attribute of the Absolute. To the Infinite and Eternal, and to conscience, as His aboriginal Vicar and perpetual representative in the heart of man, alone is due unrestricted obedience. All the great religions of the world proclaim—it is their *raison d'être*—that there is a bound to human sovereignty, a sphere in which it does not enter. And, even in its proper sphere, it is essentially limited and fiduciary. The claim that all is Cæsar's, whether the Cæsar be Emperor or King, a ruling caste or 'the sovereign people,' strikes at the very root of liberty. And here alone is a sufficient explanation of the gigantic failure of the Revolution. As a matter of fact, its theory of the public order issues in the apotheosis of the worst of tyrants; a mob which strikes and will not hear. 'What the people wills is just,' the Jacobins insisted a hundred years ago; and insist now. That is the conclusion of the whole matter in the 'new gospel.' Even Madame Roland does not shrink from palliating the hideous September massacres. In a letter to the National Assembly regarding them, which she prepared for her husband, she makes him assert, 'Je sais que le peuple, terrible dans sa vengeance, y porte encore une sorte de justice.' Well may we echo her own dying words, 'O Liberty, what things are done in Thy name!'

But false as the Rousseauan dogma is, in all its articles, it veils two truths of transcendent importance. The doctrines of natural right and of government by consent of the governed are primary verities of political science. But they are by no means the invention of Rousseau, who indeed did but misapprehend, distort, and deface them. They issue from the principle, which Christianity has done more than any other of the world's teachers to enforce: the principle of the ineffable worth of human personality. They are explicitly and fully taught by Aquinas and other masters of the medieval school. The reason why the assent of the individual, express

* The 'Declaration of Rights,' Professor von Sybel justly observes, in his 'History of the Revolutionary Period,' 'raised to the throne not the reason which is common to all men, but the aggregate of universal passions': 'nicht die Allen gemeinsame Vernunft, sondern die Masse der individuellen Leidenschaften,' B. II. c. 3.

or implied, is necessary to a just regimen—an assent not necessarily, nor, as a rule, best given by voting—is that he is a person, not a thing. This truth, dimly, almost unrecognisably underlying the 'new gospel,' no doubt contributed to its success, and at the same time added vastly to its power for evil. It has been well observed by Sydney Smith, an acute, if not a very profound, student of human nature, 'Errors to be dangerous must have a great deal of truth mingled with them; it is only from this alliance that they can obtain an extensive circulation; from pure extravagance and genuine unmingled falsehood, the world never has and never can sustain any mischief.' These are the words of truth and soberness.

So much may suffice to show, why the Revolution has done so little for the cause of human freedom. It is worth while, however, to add that, had the Revolutionary ideal been as true as it was false, the attempt to translate it off-hand into fact, to remake man, society and the map of France in a few days, would have still been infinitely absurd. We are far from saying that *à priori* conceptions have no value in politics. But we very strongly insist, that they mus be viewed in the light of experience. We are shocked by the errors, the anomalies, the abuses in existing institutions? Well and good. But shall we therefore seek reality in abstractions? To do that is to substitute nonentity for realsty. Politics are a concrete science where the mathematical method is inapplicable. Logic, even if it happens to be good, is by no means an all-sufficient guide in the practice of life. The most extravagant of those casuists whom Pascal has damned to everlasting fame were reasoners of almost faultless precision. The speculative notions and ratiocinative conclusions of the understanding may well supply to the statesman hints for criticism, suggestions for reform, but not plans for reconstruction. In the ideal resides the *ἀφανὴς ἁρμονία* of things, of which the *φανερὴ ἁρμονία* must always fall short. All this was hidden from the eyes of the Jacobin politicians. But indeed it was no mere political theory that they strove to realize; it was in Mr. John Morley's accurately descriptive phrase, 'a new gospel'—'aliud Evangelium, quod non est aliud'—which they laboured, in the intensest spirit of fanaticism, to propagate. 'It is necessary,' said Billaud-Varennes, 'to create anew, in some sort, the nation that we would restore to liberty, for we have to destroy ancient prejudices, to change old habits, to cure depraved affections, to curb superfluous wants, to extirpate inveterate vices.'* This in

* Quoted by M. Taine: 'Origines de la France Contemporaine,' vol. iii. p. 79.

Robespierre's

Robespierre's judgment was 'the satisfaction of the aspirations of nature, the accomplishment of the destinies of humanity, the fulfilment of the promises of philosophy.'* To that end the omnipotence of the State was directed. 'We will turn France into a cemetery,' Carrier said, 'rather than not regenerate it after our own fashion.'† After a century of effort they have failed to regenerate France after their fashion. Their theoretical man, good and reasonable and equal, and thirsting to enter into the social contract, delays his coming. They have not succeeded in changing the essential nature of right, the essential nature of sovereignty. But they do appear to have succeeded in slaying that public spirit which is the life of a nation. For to constitute a nation there is need of common traditions, common feelings, common modes and ends of action. In the present chaotic condition of France all the bonds of thought are loosened, all classes are in antagonism, all interests are jarring and inimical. In every department of French life are the signs of dissolution; everywhere is the odour, more or less pungent, of that *pourriture sociale* which Mademoiselle Louise Michel scents with delight. The handwriting, in its letters of fire, is plain on the wall. And one of the most accomplished and philosophical of French Liberals is the Daniel who interprets it. 'The Democratic Republic,' the late M. Scherer tells us, 'is bound by the very law of its being to make trial of Communism.' It is no wonder if men's hearts fail them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth; no wonder if, in their despair, they turn even to a General Boulanger, in default of any better deliverer.

We too in England have had our Revolution in these latter days. But it has been, in the Duke of Wellington's happy words, 'a Revolution in due course of law.' With us liberty has 'slowly broadened down,' during the present century; liberty not in the merely negative, but in the positive sense. As the conditions of our national life have changed, so have the forms changed, in adaptation to those conditions. The old framework of the Constitution has been expanded to admit within its pale all classes and interests. There has been an increasing development and exercise, on the whole, of those powers of contributing to the common good, with which the members of the commonwealth are endowed. That all the changes, which have been made among us in the public order, have been sagaciously planned, or wisely carried out, will probably be asserted by no one possessed of even an

* M. Taine: 'Origines,' vol. iii. p. 79. † Ibid. p. 80.

elementary

elementary knowledge—such knowledge is not so widely diffused as might be desired—of the primordial principles of political philosophy. That the net result has been to bring English institutions into harmony with that democratic movement which is no mere theory, or mechanism, but the capital social fact of the age, is too plain to escape the attention even of the dullest. Our ancient monarchy has become a crowned republic without solution of historical continuity. But it should never be forgotten that there are two kinds of democracy. There is the democracy that has grown up among ourselves by the natural process of 'persistence in mobility,' which is the law of the social organism as of the physical; a democracy recognizing the differences naturally springing from individuality, allowing full room for the free play of indefinitely varying personalities, and so constructive and progressive, the nurse of patriotism and the tutor of freedom. There is the Jacobin democracy of France, the artificial contrivance of doctrinaires, crammed with false theories of man and the State, which in the name of a spurious equality assassinates liberty; a democracy which depersonalizes man, disintegrates society, and leads back to barbarism.

That is the difference between the two kinds of democracy, and we shall do well to lay it to heart. One of the most notable features of English public life during the last quarter of a century, has been the growth of a sect which, in its fundamental principles, is essentially Jacobin. Lady Blennerhassett, in a thoughtful page * of her work, points out how in England Rousseau has become a touchstone (ein Prufstein). The great Liberal party, a hundred years ago, shunned him as one of the most dangerous foes of freedom. The latest school of British Radicalism draws its inspiration from him. Mr. John Morley, who is by way of doing the thinking for these politicians—and who, however we may judge of his pretensions to philosophy, is undoubtedly a skilful littérateur—has for years laboured abundantly, to introduce into this country, to acclimatize among us, that 'new way of understanding life' which is 'at the heart of the Revolution;' † the 'new gospel,' of which Rousseau was the chief Evangelist, and Robespierre 'the fiery apostle,' ‡ 'the great preacher'. § Mr. Morley's labour has not been in vain. He has made a certain number of converts, and not exclusively from the filth of the world, the offscouring of all men, whose enthusiasm for his 'new gospel' is

* Vol. i. p. 218. † 'Rousseau,' by John Morley, vol. i. p. 4.
‡ 'Miscellanies,' by John Morley, vol. ii. p. 42. § Ibid. vol. i. p. 48.

intelligible

intelligible enough. There are among his proselytes those whose characters are unstained, whose standing in society and in public life is assured, of whom we can by no means say, as of the rank and file of the Jacobin host,' 'guarda e passa.' Perhaps we should not err in regarding Mr. Gladstone as the most notable of these; but upon this point we cannot dwell. We are now dealing with principles rather than with men. It would be interesting and instructive to dwell upon those 'notes' of Mr. Gladstone's mind which present an analogy with the psychological characteristics of the Jacobin. But it will be more in accordance with our present purpose to indicate the real nature of the new departure in English politics by that section of the Liberal party which follows Mr. Gladstone's lead—or perhaps, we should rather say, whose lead Mr. Gladstone follows: 'puisque je suis leur chef il faut bien que je leur suive.' Lord Macaulay, in a speech delivered at Edinburgh in 1839, spoke of his devotion to what Sidney on the scaffold called 'the good old cause.' That 'good old cause' was the cause of civil and religious liberty, and for Lord Macaulay it was identified in a special manner with the Whigs. 'It seems to me,' he said, 'that when I look back upon our history, I can discern a great party which has through many generations preserved its identity; a party often depressed, never extinguished; a party which, though often tainted with the faults of the age, has always been in advance of the age; a party which though guilty of many errors and some crimes, has the glory of having established our civil and religious liberties on a firm foundation; and of that party I am proud to be a member.' We will not now enquire how far Lord Macaulay was warranted in these claims on behalf of the Whig party, but no one can deny that the eloquent orator himself worthily represented the historical traditions and accredited doctrines of British Liberalism. And assuredly he was right when he wrote in his essay on Mirabeau:—

'The English revolutions have been undertaken for the purpose of defending, correcting, and restoring—never for the purpose of destroying. Our countrymen have always, even in times of the greatest excitement, spoken reverently of the form of government under which they lived, and attacked only what they regarded as its corruptions. In the very act of innovating they have constantly appealed to ancient prescription; they have seldom looked abroad for models; they have seldom troubled themselves with Utopian theories; they have not been anxious to prove that liberty is a natural right of men; they have been content to regard it as the lawful birthright of Englishmen. Their social contract is no fiction.

fiction. It is still extant on the original parchment, sealed with wax which was affixed at Runnymede, and attested by the lordly names of the Marischals and Fitzherberts.'

This is beyond all doubt true. It would be difficult to express more correctly the way in which reforms have been made from time to time in the English public order, or the spirit by which the Liberal party, whose name is no doubt chiefly connected with those reforms, has ever been animated. 'A sort of bit by bit reform,' Mr. Freeman calls it, 'which has saved us alike from magnificent theories and from massacres in the cause of humanity.' Burke has at greater length expressed, in his incomparable way, the doctrine of which our 'civil and religious liberty' is the translation into fact:

'Government is not made in virtue of natural rights, which may and do exist in total independence of it, and exist in much greater clearness, and in a much greater degree of abstract perfection; but their abstract perfection is their practical defect. By having a right to everything, they want everything. Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human *wants*. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom. Among these wants is to be reckoned the want, out of civil society, of a sufficient restraint upon their passions. Society requires not only that the passions of individuals should be subjected, but that even in the mass and body as well as in the individuals, the inclinations of men should frequently be thwarted, their will controlled, and their passions brought into subjection. This can only be done by a power out of themselves, and not, in the exercise of its function, subject to that will and to those passions which it is its office to bridle and subdue. In this sense the restraints on men, as well as their liberties, are to be reckoned among their rights. But as the liberties and the restrictions vary with times and circumstances, and admit of infinite modifications, they cannot be settled upon any abstract rule; and nothing is so foolish as to discuss them upon principle. . . . When I hear the simplicity of contrivance aimed at and boasted of in any new political constitutions, I am at no loss to decide that the artificers are grossly ignorant of their trade, or totally negligent of their duty. . . . The pretended rights of these theorists are all extremes; and in proportion as they are metaphysically true, they are morally and politically false. The rights of men are in a sort of *middle*, incapable of definition, but not impossible to be discerned. The rights of men in governments are their advantages; and these are often in balances between differences of good and evil, and sometimes between evil and evil. Political reason is a computing principle; adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, morally and not physically or mathematically, true moral denominations. . . . It is said that twenty-four millions ought to prevail over two hundred thousand. True, if the constitution of a kingdom be a

problem of arithmetic. This sort of discourse does well enough with the lamp-post for its second: to men who *may* reason calmly, it is ridiculous. The will of the many, and their interest, must very often differ; and great will be the difference when they make an evil choice. . . . By these theorists the right of the people is almost always sophistically confounded with their power. The body of the community, whenever it can come to act, can meet with no effectual resistance; but till power and right are the same, the whole body of them has no right inconsistent with virtue, and the first of all virtues, prudence. Men have no right to what is not reasonable, and to what is not for their benefit.' *

Such was the accepted constitutional doctrine supposed to be pre-eminently dear to the great historic party, which was to Lord Macaulay the object of such proud boasting. It is manifest how utterly opposed that doctrine is to the Jacobin dogma of the sovereignty of the individual. We quoted at the beginning of this article Professor Green's account of Liberty. Let us turn to the same thinker for an estimate of the Rousseauan principle of Sovereignty.

'The practical result' [of it], he writes, 'is a vague exaltation of the prerogatives of the sovereign people, without any corresponding limitation of the conditions, under which an act is to be deemed that of the sovereign people. The justifiability of the laws and acts of Government, and of the rights which these confer, comes to be sought simply in the fact that the people wills them, not in the fact that they represent a true "volonté générale," an impartial and disinterested will for the common good. Thus the question of what really needs to be enacted by the State in order to secure the conditions under which a good life is possible, is lost sight of in the quest for majorities, and as the will of the people, in every other sense than the measure of what the people will tolerate, is really unascertainable in the great nations of Europe, the way is prepared for the sophistries of modern political management, for manipulating electoral bodies, for influencing elected bodies, and for procuring *plébiscites*.' †

These are the words of no 'hide-bound Tory,' but of one of the freest of free-thinkers, usually reckoned an advanced Radical. We beg our readers to ponder them. 'The justifiability of the laws and acts of government, and of the rights which these confer, comes to be sought simply in the fact, that the people [that is the numerical majority] wills them.' 'The question of what really needs to be enacted by the State to secure the conditions under which a good life is possible is lost sight of in the quest for majorities.' 'The way is prepared for the sophistries of modern political management.' Is it possible

* 'Works,' vol. v. pp. 109–127. Ed. 1815. † 'Works,' vol. ii. p. 388.

better

better to describe the action, the ethos of that section of the Liberal party for which Mr. John Morley philosophizes?

Let us consider it a little. What is the reason assigned—as to the real reason we will not at present enquire—for the Gladstonian surrender to Mr. Parnell? It may be syllogistically stated thus. The desire of the numerical majority of the inhabitants of a country ought to prevail. The numerical majority of the inhabitants of Ireland desires Home Rule. Therefore Home Rule ought to be conceded to them. This is the highest line of argument taken by the chief speakers of the Gladstonian persuasion. What are we to say to it? Very possibly the middle term of this syllogism may be true. There can be no question whatever that Mr. Parnell gave utterance to the sentiments of a considerable number of the inhabitants of Ireland when he announced,* nine years ago, 'None of us, whether we are in America or Ireland, or wherever we may be, will be satisfied until we have destroyed the last link which keeps Ireland bound to England:' or when, five years later, he said: 'Speaking for myself, and I believe for the Irish people, and for all my colleagues in Parliament, I have to declare, that we will never accept, either expressly or impliedly, anything but the full and complete right to arrange our own affairs, to make our land a nation, to secure for her, free from outside control, the right to direct her own course among the peoples of the world.'† Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that in these candid utterances—more candid than some of his recent declarations—Mr. Parnell formulates the desire of the numerical majority of the population of Ireland. But why ought the desire of the majority of the population to prevail? Surely the only 'ought' is a moral ought. The mere desire of a multitude of men, however large, is no more capable of giving birth to any *right* than is the desire of the most foolish of the units of whom it is composed. The moral value of the majority depends upon the moral value of the elements which make up the majority. Some of the wisest have been of opinion that this value must of necessity be infinitesimal. 'Nothing,' says Goethe, 'is more abhorrent to a reasonable man than an appeal to a majority; for it consists of a few strong men for leaders, of knaves who temporize, of the feeble who are hangers on, and of the multitude who follow without the slightest idea of what they want.' We do not press this view. But we do say, that to regard the desire, whether of one man, or of any number of men, as the source or

* In his speech at Cincinnati on February 23rd, 1880, reported in the 'Irish World.'

† Speech at Mayo on November 5th, 1885, reported by 'United Ireland.'

norm

norm of right, is, to borrow Pontifical language, a *deliramentum*: a stupid and delirious blasphemy against primary ethical truth, necessarily fatal to all which the wise have ever venerated as liberty. The sovereignty of the masses—not the sovereignty of the people which is quite another thing, for the masses are not the people, nor the most important constituent thereof—represents the self-same principle as Cæsarism: the domination not of the moral idea, but of brute force. And this is the principle upon which the new school of English Liberalism is founded. That nothing is sacred against the will of the majority—miscalled the people; that it is the unique source of all power, of all right; that the only real crime is to gainsay its wishes—such is the cardinal doctrine of that 'new gospel' borrowed by British Radicals from Rousseau and the Jacobins, which reduces political philosophy to a sum in addition. Hence their desire, variously manifested, but ever informed by the self-same spirit, to destroy historic institutions, with their innumerable diversities attaching to them, and to reconstruct the public order on the arithmetical basis which they esteem pure reason. We take leave to say it is pure—or impure—unreason. To speak merely, just now, of the case of Ireland. Of course no statesman, worthy of the name, could leave out of consideration the rights and interests of England in that island, and deal with the Irish question as if they did not exist. But let us for the sake of the present argument put them aside, or 'prescind' from them, and look at the Home Rule question solely from an Irish point of view. We say then, that the numerical majority of the inhabitants of Ireland is not the Irish people, and is not entitled to speak on behalf of the Irish people. We say, that the desire of that majority does not give rise to any right whatever. We say that 'self government' if a nation is sufficiently civilized for it should be not numerical, but dynamical: giving due place, according to their importance, to the various classes which make up the combination and subordination of civil life and guarding against the undue preponderance of any. We say that to vest supreme power in the three millions of Irish peasantry, or rather in the political adventurers who trade upon their greed and hatred, to subjugate to the brutal tyranny, of which the Land League has given the world a foretaste, the well-nigh two millions of Irish Protestants who represent the wealth, the industries, the culture of the island, would be a far worse outrage on liberty than any ever perpetrated by the French Jacobins, the elder offspring of Mr. John Morley's 'spiritual father.'

This doctrine, that the will of the majority is the alone source

source of law and right, is the master error which British Radicalism has borrowed from the Rousseauan Gospel. It underlies the whole teaching of the Parnellite agitators and of their English allies. M. Taine has described the primitive Jacobin as 'the constant and systematic apologist of insubordination and revolt' That is the precise description of the Jacobinism now naturalized among us. And the ground of apology is ever the same: 'What the people wills is just.' It is impossible to conceive of grosser outrages upon the elementary principles of Right than boycotting and the Plan of Campaign. Nothing is more significant than the condemnation pronounced by the Supreme Pontiff upon these practices. Leo XIII. knew well how seriously that condemnation would try the allegiance of the most devoted spiritual subjects he has in the world: the Irish peasantry, and the Irish priesthood almost exclusively recruited from the peasantry, who, in exchanging a frieze coat for a cassock, or a shillelagh for a crozier, by no means rid themselves of traditions and passions, burnt, so to speak, by centuries of English tyranny into their blood and bones. But necessity was laid upon the Pope. 'The championship of moral law,' according to Cardinal Newman, 'is his very *raison d'être*.' Not even the most ultramontane of ultramontane theologians would presume, for one moment, to contend that he can dispense from it. Mr. Gladstone assumes a more than Pontifical authority. He tells the Irish peasantry, in effect, that they have a right to break their contracts and to rob their landlords if they choose: yes, and to coerce into submission those of their fellows who refuse to become confederate with them. We say *in effect*. Of course, Mr. Gladstone does not declare this plainly. He wisely leaves that to subordinate agitators. It is quite sufficient for his purpose to let the world know that boycotting appears to him 'exclusive dealing,' the Plan of Campaign 'a substitute without authority, for the law.' 'Far be it from me,' he adds, 'to assert, that such a plan, in the abstract, is an evil.' * 'In the abstract'! As though the question were not the most concrete in the world. But six months later Mr. Gladstone descends from his Cloud Cuckoo Town of abstractions, and boldly challenges all the human race to condemn his Hibernian allies. 'How can you say,' he demands, 'that those men were wrong, who, by the Plan of Campaign, saved people from eviction and starvation?' † On the 1st of last March, however, we find him assuring the House of Commons, 'I have never vindicated the Plan of Campaign

* Speech in the House of Commons, February 17th, 1888.
† Speech at Hampstead, July 1st, 1888.

or vindicated breaches of the law in any shape or form whatever.' 'Vindicated?' Formally, no. Really, yes. To insinuate the innocence of a criminal is often a more effective vindication than to assert it. Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards 'the masses' is precisely indicated by certain words of Robespierre's: 'Quand le peuple souverain, reprenant les pouvoirs qu'ils ont délégués, exerce son droit inaliénable, nous n'avons qu'à nous incliner.' It is a doctrine which lays the brutal axe of Revolution to the very root of liberty. 'To be free,' said a great English judge, 'is to live under a government by law.'

Such is the new departure in English politics, which has been made by the Gladstonian section of the Liberal party. It is well that we should understand its true character. There can be no question whatever that the political and social doctrines, now preached to the Irish peasantry by Parnellite agitators, and their English allies, are the essential doctrines of Jacobinism. M. Taine has pictured for us in a striking sentence the immediate results of the 'new gospel' in France. In the first years of the last decade of the last century, he tells us, there reigned throughout the country, 'a universal and permanent *Jacquerie*.' Everywhere, he goes on to say, 'une minorité de fanatiques et d'ambitieux accapare la parole, l'influence, les suffrages, le pouvoir, l'action, et autorise ses usurpations multipliées, son despotisme sans frein, ses attentats croissants par la Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme.' And if this is ceasing to be true of Ireland, it is simply due to the courage and vigour shown by the present Government, in spite of every conceivable obstacle which British Radicalism has put in its way. What is in progress there is—to borrow the Duke of Liancourt's phrase—not a revolt, but a Revolution. The first Act is now well advanced. What will the second Act be? There can be no doubt as to what it would be, if the rank and file of Mr. Parnell's supporters could shape it as they desire. Fanaticism, Fraud, and Folly, are as busy in Ireland now as they were in France upon the eve of the Jacobin Conquest. And they are working to the same end. Behind the agrarian question, Mr. Parnell told us years ago, is the national question. Yes. And behind the national question is the social question, as we suspect Mr. Parnell is well aware. There are those among his followers—he has the best reason for knowing it—who are prepared to throw him over with little ceremony when he has served their purpose; who look forward to the day when their Rousseauan dogma shall be fully translated into fact, and their work of robbery and assassination shall be crowned by the proclamation of the Socialist Republic in Ireland.

INDEX.

INDEX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A.

African Missions. *See* Universities.
Allen, Miss, graphic account of Bishop Steere, 259 *See* Universities
Alnwick Castle, rebuilt by Henry de Percy, 398
America, betting and gambling in, 151.

B.

Beaconsfield, Earl of, early life of, 1—complex character, 2—delightful letters, 3—confidence in his future career, *ib.*—birth and ancestors, 4—his father's secession from the Jewish faith, 6—baptism, *ib.*—taste for letters and fine arts, 7—athletic exercises, 8—acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Austen, 9—'Vivian Grey,' 10—bad health, 11—travels with the Austens, 12—imitates Byron's eccentricities, 13—at Milan, *ib.*—Florence, 14—'Captain Popanilla,' 15—the 'Young Duke,' 16—predilection for a country life, *ib.*—impaired health, leaves England for Gibraltar, 17—admiration for Murillo's paintings, 18—describes travelling in Spain, 19—at Malta, 20—Corfu, *ib.*—visits Reschid Pasha at Janina, 21—his gorgeous garments, *ib.*—at Athens, 22—enthusiasm for Constantinople, 23—predilection for the Turks, *ib.*—at Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Cairo, 24—ascent of the Nile, *ib.*—return to England, 25—'Contarini Fleming,' *ib.*—petted by the fashionable world, *ib.*—stands for High Wycombe, 26—'Wondrous Tale of Alroy,' 28—'Rise of Iskander,' scheme of the 'Arabian Nights,' and plan of a 'Revolutionary Epic,' *ib.*—fantastic style of dress, 30—pecuniary difficulties, attack of illness, *ib.*—stands for Taunton, 31—quarrel with O'Connell, 32—the 'Globe' correspondence, 32—'Runnymede Letters,' 33—his portrait by Count d'Orsay, *ib.*—'Henrietta Temple,' 'Venetia,' 34—M.P. for Maidstone, *ib.*—apology to Mr C. Austen, 35—marriage, *ib.*—Prime Minister, 36—on the vital importance of maintaining the independence of the Ottoman Empire, 36, 37—efforts to maintain peace, 37—thwarted by Mr Gladstone, 38—fall of Adrianople, 39—Congress of Berlin, 40—acquisition of Cyprus, 41.
Betting, facilities of, 158. *See* Gambling.
Bismarck, Prince, friendship for and letters to Motley, 301.
Blennerhassett, Lady, 'Madame de Staël, her Friends and her Influence on Politics and Literature,' 532—entitled to high consideration, 534.
Brest, the betrayal of, 206. *See* Godolphin
Brougham, Lord, described by Motley, 315.
Brown, Horatio F., 'Life on the Lagoons,' and 'Venetian Studies,' 71.
Burgon, Dean, 'Lives of Twelve Good Men,' 167—Routh, Dr., his birth, 168—at Oxford, and takes his B.A., 169—his first book, 170—advice to Dr. S. Seabury, *ib.*—prospectus of his 'Reliquiæ Sacræ' and other works, 171—opinion of Burnet's writings, of Macaulay's, *ib.*—President of his College, 172—marriage, *ib.*—regard for Newman, *ib.*—laborious study and peaceful end, 173—Miss Mozley's description of him, *ib.*—dress and phraseology, 174—Toryism, *ib.*—testimony against Roman claims, 175—Rose, Rev Hugh James, birth and delicate health, 175—at Cambridge, 176—marriage, *ib.*—sermons, *ib.*—Rector of Hadleigh, editor of the 'British Magazine,' 177—Professor of Divinity at Durham, controversy

with the other authors of the 'Tracts for the Times,' 177—duties at King's College, 178—resignation and death at Florence, 179—Wilberforce, Bishop, 180—his influence on the manner of administering ordination and confirmation, ib.—Lenten sermons, 181—personal affections, horsemanship, ib.—rectitude of purpose, 182—Marriott, Rev. Charles, birth and early life, 183—at Oxford, ib.—Principal of the Theological College at Chichester, ib.—returns to Oxford, Vicar of St. Mary-the-Virgin, 184—illness and death, ib.—Cox, Henry Octavius, 185—Bodleian Librarian, his treasures, ib.—power of sympathy, genuine piety, 186—reply to Jowett, 187—death, ib.—Jacobson, William, his early years, 187—Regius Professor at Oxford, 188—select preacher, Bishop of Chester, ib.—his rigidly exact temper, 189—death, ib.—Gleswell, Richard, 189—at Oxford, 190—the Tractarian movement, scheme of national education, ib.—love for Mr. Gladstone, 191—Eden, Charles Page, birth and early struggles, 192—fellow of Oriel, ib.—peculiar character, 193—Vicar of Aberford, ib.—death, 194—Higgins, Charles Longuet, the 'Bay-Bishop,' birth, 194—at Cambridge, forbidden by his father to take Holy Orders, 195—studies medicine, ib.—his various acts of usefulness and mercy, 196—death, ib.—brief sketches in the preface, 197

Burke on the doctrine of 'civil and religious liberty,' 553. *See* Jacobinism.

C.

Cavour, Count, Letters and Diary of, 103—his sense of fun, 104—peculiar character, ib.—his grandmother, 105—parents, 106—affection for his mother, 107—in the military academy, 108—his soldier-life, ib.—love for the literature of France and England, 109—interest in the Greek insurrections, ib.—discontent with his lot, 110—transferred to Genoa, ib.—the revolution of 1830, 111—summoned to Turin and ordered to the Fort of Bard, 112—his incognita, 113, 114—leaves the service, 115—letter to De la Rive on the state of Italy, ib.—his moderation, 116—the salons of Paris, 117—attends lectures, 118—the state of France, 118—intercourse with Protestant ministers, 119—the new Catholic and Democratic school, 120—partial suppression of monastic bodies, 121—combats the secularising of Church property, 122—attitude towards Victor Emmanuel, ib.—first visit to England, 123—on the Poor Laws and Irish Question, 123, 124—statutory charity, 124—on Ireland and O'Connell, 125—abolition of the Corn Laws and protection tariffs, 125-127—his agricultural pursuits, 127—result of his loss on the Bourse, 128—advocates the introduction of railways, 128, 129—various improvements and institutions, 129—the Agricultural Association, 130—rejoinder to the Deputy Sineo, ib.—starts 'Il Risorgimento,' 131—opposed by Valerio, 132—the monster petition, 132, 133—his election opposed, 133—Minister of Finance, Premier, 134

Chambord, Count de, at Rome, 49—his manifesto, 57—letter to the Princess, 60. *See* Falloux

Charles X., his life at the Hradschin, Prague, described by M. de Falloux, 46—Berryer on his character, 61

Civil Service, the, its Organization and Competitive Examinations, 449—new type of statesmen, ib.—Mr. Goschen at the annual dinner, 450—limited range of former operations, 451—abuse of patronage, 452—result of the Report drawn up by Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, 453—division of the service into different classes, 454—competitive examinations, 455—promotion by seniority, 456—selection by merit, 457—appointment of four grades, 458—the Playfair Commission, commencement of, 459—the former system not adapted to the requirements, 460—scheme of Duty Pay, 463—method of selection, 464—plan for the superior grade, 465—principle of competition, 466-468—Orders in Council, 469—Upper and Lower Divisions, 469-471—the intermediate grade, 471—Commission of 1886, 472—the first Report, 473—second, ib.—advantage to the Upper Division Civil servant, 476—entrance to the service, 477—initial salary, 478—sliding scale for the Lower Division, 479—French writer on M. Flourens' appointment, 480—danger of political bias, 481.

Coal, waste of, 369. *See* Waste.
Cœur, Abbé, described by Cavour, 120.
Competitive Examinations adopted for Civil Service, 455.
Congress of Berlin, 40. *See* Beaconsfield.
Coxe, Rev Henry O., 185. *See* Burgon.
Crockford's gambling-house, 144.
Cyprus, acquisition of, 41. *See* Beaconsfield.

D.

De la Rive, letters from Cavour, 115, 118
De Quincey on Goethe's tone of mind, 348—moral temperament, 358.
Disraeli, Benjamin, grandfather of Lord Beaconsfield 5.
Disraeli, Benjamin. *See* Beaconsfield, Earl of.
Disraeli, Isaac, father of Lord Beaconsfield, 5, 6.

E.

Eden, Rev. Charles P., 192. *See* Burgon.
Eliot, Hon Hugh, 'Life of Sidney, Earl of Godolphin,' 198. *See* Godolphin.

F.

Fallouz, Comte de, 'Mémoires d'un Royaliste,' 43—birth and early years, 44—admiration for Talma, 45—at Prague, *ib.*—describes Charles X at the palace of the Hradschin, 46—at Rome, describes Pope Gregory XVI., *ib.*—in England, 47—the Duke of Wellington, *ib.*—friendship for de Peyronny, 48—resides in Paris, *ib.*
Maria Theresa, Napoleon's widow, described, 49—his marriage, 50—advocates free education and reduction of postal rates, *ib.*—describes the King's abdication, 51—elected to a seat in the Constitutional Assembly, 52—the Revolution of 1848, 53—offered the Ministry of Education and Public Worship, 55—relinquishes office, 56—'Circular of Wiesbaden,' 57—coup d'état, 58 imprisoned, 59—retires from political life, 60—account of MM Thiers' and Berryer's conversation about Charles X. and the Revolution in July, 60-63—anecdote of Thiers, 63—interviews with Napoleon III., 64—resides at Versailles, 65—Count de Chambord's manifesto, 67—visits M Thiers, *ib.*—his judgment of the Count de Chambord, 69—death, 70.
Farley, Archdeacon, his influence at Magdalen, 241. *See* Universities.
Fonblanque, E. B., 'Annals of the House of Percy,' 393.
Fox, Charles James, early initiation into gambling, 145 persistent ill-luck, 146—passion for play, 147.
France. *See* Fallouz; Jacobinism. Gambling in, 141.

G.

Gambling, 136—prevalence of betting, 137—productive of evil and waste of time, 138—universal in every era and clime, 138, 139—attempts to prevent it in the fourteenth century, 140—encouraged by the 'Grand Hazard,' *ib.*—invention of cards, 140 *n*—prevalence in France, 141, 142—in England, 142—eschewed by the Puritans, 143—restrictions in Charles II.'s reign, *ib.*—also under George II and George III., 144—C. J. Fox's early initiation, 145, 146—Lord Kenyon's threat of the pillory, 147—anecdotes of gamesters, 148—the betting-book at Brookes's, *ib.*—Lord de Ros, 149—Almack's, White's, Wather's, Crockford's, *ib.*—case of a remarkable wager, 150—Beau Brummell and Tom Duncombe, 151—the Duke of Wellington, *ib.*—play in disfavour in England and France, 152—developed in German watering-places, *ib.*—Bill for suppressing the gaming-tables at Wiesbaden, Ems, and Homburg, 153—in America, 154—Baccarat, 155—play-establishments in London, *ib.*—horse-racing, 157—professional bettors, 158—facilities for betting, 158, 159—ring-men, 159—bookmen, 159-161—sporting newspapers, 161—influence of the Church and lay opinion, 162—considerations and disadvantages, 163
Gertruydenberg, Congress of, 211. *See* Godolphin.
Gladstone, Mr, and the 'Bulgarian Atrocities,' 38. *See* Beaconsfield On boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, 557. *See* Jacobinism.
Godolphin, Lord, 198—ancestors and birth, *ib.*—page at Whitehall, 199—marriage, personal appearance, *ib.*—character of the statesmen of the Revolution, 200, 201—Envoy Extraordinary to the Spanish Netherlands, 201—knowledge of finance, 202—raised to the peerage, *ib.*—Chamberlain to Mary of Modena, 203—takes

office under William III., 204—relations with the Jacobite party, *ib.*—advice to William, 205—the Brest expedition, 206—difficulties in the Treasury, 207—persuaded to resign, 208—at the head of Queen Anne's first ministry 209—co-operates with Marlborough, 210—down for peace, 211—connection with the war, 212—takes a leading part in the Union with Scotland, 213—the 'Act of Security,' 213, 214—reasons for assenting to it, 214—Act of Union, 215—William III.'s system of government, 215-217—reconstructions of his Cabinet, 219, 223—Tackers and Non-tackers, 219—Whig appointments, 220—distrusts Harley, 221—the 'Junto,' 222—retirement of Harley, 223—violence of the Whigs, 224—dismissed from the Cabinet, 225—death, 227—Pope's tribute to his political honesty, 228.

Goethe, the Old Age of, 332—friendship for Zelter, 333—early senescence, *ib.*—uneventful life, 334, 335—F. Mendelssohn's portrait of him, 336—friendship for Schuller, *ib.*—incapable of jealousy, 337—comments on Niebuhr's work, *ib.*—Scott's 'Life of Napoleon,' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 338—his 'Opportunity,' 339—interest in natural science, 340—use of experience, *ib.*—general knowledge, 341—false standard of morality, 342—relations with women, 343—Christiane Vulpius, 343, 344—Charlotte von Stein, 345—Frederike Brion, 346—his views of love, 347—De Quincey's remarks, 348—object of the second part of 'Faust,' 349—ideas about piety, 350—philosophy or religion, 351, 352—hatred to sectarianism, 353—indifference to politics, 354, 355—wealth and spend the aim of the world, 356—death of Schiller, 357—earlier works, 358—avoidance of pain, 359.

Green, Prof., on 'real freedom,' 385—the Rousseauan principle of sovereignty, 354. *See* Jacobinism.

Gregory XI., Pope, his five Bulls against Wiclif, 515.

Gregory XVI., Pope, his simple life and benevolence, 16. *See* Faillon.

Greswell, Richard, 189. *See* Burgon.

H.

Higgins, Charles Longuet, 194. *See* Burgon.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 'John Lothrop Motley,' 559.

Horse-racing, enormous development of, 137. *See* Gambling.

Housing of the Poor, the Prince of Wales' interest in, 288.

I.

Irish petition in 1703, for a union with England, 215. *See* Godolphin, The Plan of Campaign, 557.

J.

Jacobinism, French and English, 532—number of works on the French Revolution, 533—Lady Blennerhassett's 'Madame de Staël,' *ib.*—Prof. Green's explanation of 'freedom,' 535—the destructive and constructive achievements of the French Revolution, 536—state of rural France, 537—of the French peasant and urban population, 538—Sunday meetings, 539—the Chamber of Deputies, *ib.*—destruction of public spirit, 540—influence of Rousseau's writings, 541—his ecstatic creed, 542—'new gospel,' 543—original sin, 544—Madame Roland, 545—'Equality,' 546—Armand de la Meuse, *ib.*—Kant on the Laws of Right, 547—explanation of the failure of the Revolution, 548, 549—chaotic condition of France, 550—England's revolution, *ib.*—Mr Morley's converts, 551—Lord Macaulay on the English revolutions, 552—Burke on 'civil and religious liberty,' 553—Prof. Green on the Rousseauan principle of sovereignty, 554—Mr Parnell on the severance of Ireland from England 555—the sovereignty of the masses, 556—Mr Gladstone and the Irish people, 557—M. Taine on the immediate results of the 'new gospel' in France, 558.

Jacobson, William, Bishop of Chester, 187. *See* Burgon.

K.

Kenyon, Lord, on the vice of gambling, 147.

L.

Law, Dr., hints about climate and health in Central Africa, 246.

Lechler, Prof., 'John Wycliffe and his English Precursors,' 503.

Livingstone, David, 229—his curious

to put down slave-trade, 230. *See* Universities.
Louis Napoleon's attempt at Boulogne, 50—relations with his ministers, 54. *See* Falloux.

M.

Macaulay, Lord, described by Morley, 312, 313—Mr Morley's essay on, 252—on the aim of the English revolutions, 532. *See* Jacobinism.
Mackenzie, Bishop, expedition to Africa, 231. *See* Universities.
Maples, Archdeacon, account of Mr. Janson's death, 242. *See* Universities.
Maria Theresa, described, 49.
Marriott, Rev. Charles, 182. *See* Burgoo.
Morley, Mr. John, and Progressive Radicalism, 249—exponent of the Radical movement, 250—style of his writing, *ib.*—as a literary critic, 251—Essay on Lord Macaulay, 252—on spoken and written language, 253—Rousseau's 'musings,' 254—philosophic biography, *ib.*—contempt for literature as literature, 255—the philosophy of Radicalism, 256—destruction of Christianity, 257—hatred of the Christian religion, 258—and its ministers, 259—reasons for hating, 259, 260—theory of Radicalism as applied to politics, 260–264—importance of a superior minority, 263—advocates a select political oligarchy, 264—the Press, 265—inconsistency between his politics in the study and at the public meeting, *ib.*—religion of progress, 266—estimate of humanity, 267—self-regarding actions, 268—psychology and moral philosophy, 269—on Sir James Stephen's views, 270—changes in the solar system, 271—free-will, 272—Abstract Truth, 273—character as a politician, 274—privileges to be combated, 275—his programme at Clerkenwell, 276, 277—Privilege and Caste Ascendency, 277—land question, 278—inconsistency of his speeches at Birmingham, 279.
——, and the 'new gospel,' 551. *See* Jacobinism.
Motley's Correspondence, 297—favourable idea of English civilization, 298—personal appearance, *ib.*—his memoir by O. W. Holmes, 299—birth, *ib.*—ancestors, quickness of observation, 300—at Harvard, 301—Göttingen, *ib.*—letters from Bismarck, 301, 302—their friendship described, 302—travels in Europe, 302, 303—return to Boston, marriage, 303—first novel, *ib.*—at St. Petersburg, its society, 304—the Czar, and a ball at the 'Salle Blanche,' *ib.*—Thiers, his voice and appearance, 305—essay on Peter the Great, *ib.*—interview with Prescott, 306—describes Holland, 307—work at Dresden, *ib.*—the Hague, 308—comes to London with his MS., *ib.*—visits Bismarck, 308, 309—the 'United Netherlands,' 310—comments on London society, 311—Thackeray, Lady William Russell, 312—Macaulay, 312, 313—Mrs. Norton, 314—English grandmothers, *ib.*—Lord Palmerston, *ib.*—Louis Lyndhurst and Brougham, 315—portraits and descriptions of notable persons, 316—returns to Holland, 317—first two volumes of the 'History of the Netherlands' published, *ib.*—American Civil War, 318—letter to the 'Times,' 319—United States Minister to Austria, 320—first experiences, *ib.*—etiquette of society, 321—letter from Bismarck, *ib.*—reasons for resigning, 322—letter to O. W. Holmes, *ib.*—publishes the two concluding volumes of the 'United Netherlands,' 325—United States Minister to England, *ib.*—dismissed, 326—at the Hague, *ib.*—tour in Germany, 327—visits Bismarck at Varzin, 327, 328—death of his wife, and his own, 329—letter to Dean Stanley, 331.

N.

Norris, Mr., his Novels, 419—'Thirlby Hall,' description of a Sunday in an English village, 419, 420—his scholarly writing, 421—outrage on the English syntax in the present generation, 422—feeling against sensationalism, 423—its injury to the legitimate novel, 424—compared with Thackeray, 425—'My Friend Jim,' 426—'Adrian Vidal, *ib.*—'Mademoiselle de Mersac,' 'No New Thing,' 427—'Heaps of Money,' 'Matrimony,' 'Chris,' and 'The Rogue,' 428—compared with Anthony Trollope, 429—Mrs. Winnington's interview with Colonel Kenyon, 430–432—Philip Marsealch, 432—Margaret Stanforth, 433—influence of Miss Austin's novels,

434—his heroines and plots, 435—the 'Bachelor's Blunder,' 436—Jeanne de Mersac, 436, 437—characters in 'The Rogue,' 438—Lord St Austell, Mainwaring, 439—Lady Hester and Tom Heywood, 441—Mr Flemyng, 442—Mr. Turner, Stella Montray, 443—some of his tales dramatized, 445—Mr and Mrs. Herbert, 446—death of the little Lord Sunning, 447, 448

Northumberland, Dowager Countess of, her guardianship of Lady Elizabeth Percy, 400. *See* Percy.

Norton, Mrs., described by Motley, 314.

O.

O'Connell, Daniel, quarrel with Disraeli, 52. *See* Beaconsfield. Cavour's judgment on him, 125

Oliphant, Mrs., 'The Makers of Venice,' 71.

Oxford Celebrities. *See* Burgon.

P.

Palmerston, Lord, described by Motley, 314.

Percy, the House of, 393—the first Baron, and origin of Algernon as a Christian name, *ib.*—William, the 4th Baron, his daughters, 394—Jocelyn of Louvaine takes the name of Percy, 395—William and Richard, *ib.*—Henry, *ib.*—rebuilds Alnwick Castle, and is styled Lord Percy of Alnwick, 396—Henry, 2nd Lord, *ib.*—Henry, 3rd, 397—Henry, 4th, created Earl of Northumberland, *ib.*—Henry Percy, 2nd Earl, *ib.*—3rd and 4th Earls, 398—Henry Algernon, surnamed the 'Magnificent,' 5th Earl; Henry Algernon, 6th, the 'Unthrifty,' his love for Anne Boleyn, Thomas Percy, 7th Earl; Percy, 8th and 9th Earls, 399—Algernon, 10th, 399—Jocelyn, 11th, *ib.*—claims of James Percy, a trunk maker in Dublin, *ib.*—Lady Elizabeth succeeded to the Barony, and placed under the guardianship of the Dowager-Countess, 400—married to Lord Ogle, then to Thomas Thynne, *ib.*—and to the Duke of Somerset, 402—Swift's lampoon upon the Duchess, 403—Algernon, Earl of Hertford, succeeds, *ib.*—Lady Elizabeth Seymour's marriage with Sir Hugh Smithson, 404—he succeeds to the Barony, 405—domestic and public life, 406—created Duke of Northumberland, 407—death of his wife, 408—Lord Beaconsfield's description of him in 'Tancred,' 409—Lord Percy, *ib.*—sails with his regiment to Algiers, 410—his gallantry and sagacity, 411—returns to England, *ib.*—succeeds to the Dukedom, 412—his two marriages, 413—Hugh 3rd Duke, Ambassador Extraordinary at the coronation of Charles X., Viceroy of Ireland, *ib.*—Algernon, 4th Duke, *ib.*—patronage of learning and art, 414—death without issue *ib.*—George, 5th Duke, and Algernon, 6th, *ib.*—influence of feudalism, 417.

Perrigny, Vicomte de, friendship for M. de Falloux, 48.

Playfair, Sir Lyon, Commission of Enquiry, 459. *See* Civil Service.

Progressive Radicalism, 249. *See* Morley.

R.

Radicalism, philosophy of, 256 *sqq.*

Raleigh's Poetry and Life, 483—the imperfect and redundant verse printed at the Lee Priory Press, 484—his character as a poet, 485—style of his early poems, 486—'The Excuse,' 487—'The Silent Lover,' 489—three other pieces, 489, 490—Spenser's opinion of his 'Cynthia,' 491—'Farewell to the Court,' 492—the Hatfield fragment, 493—the 'Twenty-first Book of Cynthia,' 494—497—'History of the World,' 497—pieces ascribed to the night before his death, 498—three poems, one in 1592, 498—'Sir Walter Raleigh's Pilgrimage,' 499—the third found in his Bible, 500—the representative of his age, 501.

Ross, Rev. Hugh James, 175. *See* Burgon.

Rousseau's writing, 254—influence on the legislators of the Revolution, 541. *See* Jacobinism.

Routh, Dr. Martin Joseph, 168. *See* Burgon.

Rowley, Rev. H., 'The Story of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa,' 233.

Royalist, Memoirs of a, 43. *See* Falloux.

S.

Sala, Mr. G., on the company at the gambling-tables at Homburg and Baden, 153.

Schiller's friendship for Goethe, 336—death, 357 *See* Goethe.
Sidney, Sir Philip, epitaph on, by Sir W. Raleigh, 489
Smythies, Bishop Charles A., 241. *See* Universities.
Spenser's description of Sir W. Raleigh's 'Cynthia,' appended to the 'Faery Queen,' 491
Steere, Bishop, exertions at Zanzibar, 235. *See* Universities.

T.

Taine, M., on the immediate results of the 'new gospel' in France, 558. *See* Jacobinism
'Tempted London,' 155. *See* Gambling
Thackeray described by Motley, 312
Thiers, M., on the Revolution of July, 60—anecdote of, 63—contrasted with Guizot, 68—described by Motley, 305
Tozer, Bishop, removes the Mission to Zanzibar, 233. *See* Universities.

U.

Universities' Mission to Central Africa, 229 — Livingstone's appeal, 230 — Bishop Mackenzie's expedition, *ib.* —horrors of the slave-trade, 231—discomfiture of the slave-dealers, 232 —fever and dysentery, *ib.* —death of Mackenzie and Burrup, 233—succeeded by Bishop Tozer, Livingstone's recall, *ib.* removal to the island of Zanzibar, 234—Dr Steere, 235—his beautiful church, incessant work, *ib.*—Theological College, 236 —opening of the church, 237—the Bishop's illness and return to England, 238—return to Zanzibar, death, *ib.*—Miss Allen's graphic account of him, 239, 240—educational training of the children, 240—questions for the young men, 241—Dr Charles A. Smythies, *ib.*—the Scotch missions in Nyassaland, 242—Mr. Janson's death and solemn charge, 242, 243—the steamer 'Charles Janson' sent out, 243 — Magila station, 244—Archdeacon Farler's influence, and account of the manual work of the converted natives, 244, 245—prevailing type of ugliness, 245—Dr Law's hints about health and climate, 246—German colonists, 247—combined movement against slave-trade, 247, 248.
Union between England and Scotland, first proposal, 213 — accomplished, 215. *See* Godolphin.

V.

Venice, her Institutions and Private Life, 71 — Count Daru's untrustworthy work, 73—early history, 74 —tradition of the island of Rialto, 75—safety of her position, 76—water supply, *ib.* — gondolas, 77 — penal administration, 78—public Acts, *ib.* —prisons and prisoners, 79—case of Ser Petrus Pisanus, 80 — forms of judicial death, 81 — torture, *ib.*—Council of Ten, and the Lion's mouth, 82—the *Serrata*, 83—mistrust of individual ascendency, 84—the Doge's position, 84, 85—Fra Paolo Sarpi, 86—Pope Paul V., attempt to humble the Venetians, 87—his 'monitory' and the 'protestation,' 88—the Inquisition, *ib.*—Pietro Aretino, 89—character of the people, 90—zenith of prosperity, *ib.* —commercial success and honesty, 91—encounters with the Turks, 92—causes of decay, *ib.*—the 'Barnabotti,' 'Libro d'Oro,' 93—increase of wealth and luxuries, 94—feasts, 94, 95—edicts against dress, 96 — personal habits, the *cicisbeo*, 97 — manners at the theatre, 98—social liberty, *ib.*—amount of silver plate, 99—masks and pattens, or 'chiopines,' *ib.*—slaves, 100 — gambling, 101—ennui of the Republic, 102.
Vienna society described by Motley, 321.
Vinet, Pastor, his influence on Cavour, 149.
Volunteers, 381—without equipment, 382 *See* Waste
Vulpius, Christiane, 343—married to Goethe, 344.

W.

Wales, the Prince of, Public Life of, 281—deep affection for his father, and high sense of duty towards his mother, 282 — endless duties and responsibilities, 283—punctilious adherence to engagements, *ib.* —no indication given of his political convictions, 284—tact and judgment of his addresses, 285—exertions on behalf of the cab-drivers, *ib.*—visits Ireland, 286 —persistence of the Orangemen in Canada and in Ire-

land, 287—on providing decent homes for the Irish, 288—improvements at Sandringham, *ib.*—exertions for the housing of the poor, 288-291—speech at the House of Lords, 289—personal visits among the poor [illegible], 290—opens the Recreation Ground at Whitechapel, 291—the Prince's Palace for East London, 292—'Royal Literary Fund,' *ib.*—Theatrical Fund, 293—personal acquaintance with the N. American Colonies and Indian Empire, *ib.*—Imperial Institute, 294—speech at, 294, 295—his endless engagements, 295

Waste, 360—possibility of war, its enormous cost, 361—expenditure of time, 362—fashionable dinner-hour, 363—modern houses, *ib.*—defects in, 364—goods and furniture, 365, 366—dress, 366—working men's clothing, 367—food, 368—cooking, *ib.*—coal, 369—injury and dirt of smoke, 369, 370—smoke nuisance, 370—quantity of coal consumed in 1888 compared with that in 1828, 371—dirtiness of the London streets, 372—the dust-bin, 373—water and sewages, *ib.*—water supply, 374—duty of the County Councils, *ib.*—articles of luxury, 375—intoxicating and refreshing drinks, *ib.*—tea and coffee, 376—stimulants, 377—pretentious pauperism, 378—the working classes the greatest wastrels, 379—the railway system, 380—our home Volunteers, 381-384—lectures in the Arsenal at Berlin, 384—local interest, 385—dockyards, 386—necessity for preparation on sea and land, 387—poverty and deprivations of the London poor, 388—degenerating of the people in towns, 389—fogs from the Kent and Essex marshes, 390

Wiclif and his Works, 502—Dr Lechler's 'Life,' 503—the Wyclif Society, *ib.*—place of his birth, 504—at Oxford, *ib.*—known as the 'Evangelical Doctor,' 505—Master of Balliol, 506—appointed to the living of Fillingham, *ib.*—rights of the 'patrons,' *ib.*—controversy about the Vicar of Maybold, 507—resides at Canterbury Hall, 508—study of the law of England, *ib.*—Edward III's refusal to pay the arrears of tribute to the Pope, 509—tract of the speeches of the seven peers, 510—summoned to London, 512—his eloquent preaching, 513—Pope Gregory XI's five Bulls, *ib.*—'Theory of Dominion,' 514-516—trial at Lambeth, 516—the two rival Popes, 517—contest with the Mendicant Orders, 518—Transubstantiation, 519—his tracts, *ib.*—opposed on all sides, 520—insurrection of the peasantry, 521—Archbishop Courtenay's mandate, 522—Hereford and Repyngdon suspended, *ib.*—summoned before a Provincial Synod, 524—his 'Trialogus,' *ib.*—retires to Lutterworth, *ib.*—number of his works, 524—translation of the Bible, 525—his band of 'poor priests,' 526—last work, 527—attack of paralysis and death, *ib.*—opposed to relic-worship and the worship of the Virgin Mary, 529—importance of the Vienna manuscripts, *ib.*—his influence on the Reformation in Germany, 530.

Wiesbaden, Circular of, 57

Wilberforce, Bishop, 180. *See* Burgess.

William III, letter from Lord Godolphin to, 205—death, 209.

END OF THE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHTH VOLUME.

LONDON: WM. CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 007 828 739

DATE DUE			

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004